

REMINISCENCES



JOHN MASSEY



John Massey

AGE 70

REMINISCENCES

*Giving Sketches of Scenes Through Which
the Author Has Passed and Pen Por-
traits of People Who Have
Modified His Life*

BY
JOHN MASSEY

NASHVILLE, TENN.
DALLAS, TEX.; RICHMOND, VA.
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS
1916

COPYRIGHT, 1916
BY
SMITH & LAMAR

TO
THE ALUMNÆ OF
TUSKEGEE FEMALE COLLEGE
ALABAMA CONFERENCE FEMALE COLLEGE
AND
WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF ALABAMA

This volume is affectionately dedicated, with all the royalty that may accrue and with the earnest desire that the Alumnæ Association may be a great power in keeping the work of education thoroughly Christian.

JOHN MASSEY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	9
CHAPTER I.	
Birthplace—Family Name—Father's Family—Mother's Family.....	11
CHAPTER II.	
Country Life—Hunting—Trading Points—How We Preserved Fire— Games—Means of Travel—Drinking and Fighting.....	22
CHAPTER III.	
Our Neighbors	33
CHAPTER IV.	
My Early Education—My Teachers: Mr. John James, Dr. A. J. Gra- ham, Mr. James A. Kimbrough, and Dr. A. J. Allen—My School- mates in Dr. Allen's School—My First Attempt at Teaching—My Second Attempt at Teaching.....	47
CHAPTER V.	
Mr. George Frederick Mellen—Mrs. Alice Hayes Mellen—Experiences at the Springs—A Mob—How to Destroy Fleas—My First Original Speech	58
CHAPTER VI.	
My Third Attempt at Teaching—The Beginning of My Religious Life —Professor Seth Smith Mellen—Joining the Church—Religious Experiences—School at Choclahana.....	69
CHAPTER VII.	
Debating Society—Elected Assistant Teacher—Burial of Mr. Pierce— Miss Virginia Shaw, May Queen—Political Speaking—Fourth of July—Trip on Horseback—First Trip to Mobile.....	80
CHAPTER VIII.	
Mother and Brothers—Mrs. Susan Huntington (Bush) Mellen—Going to College—Dr. George Frederick Mellen—John Parker and the Erosophic Society	89

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE.

Tuscaloosa and the University—Religious Club—Mrs. Sarah Banks Sims	98
--	----

CHAPTER X.

Dr. Landon C. Garland—Professor John W. Pratt.....	108
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Professor George William Benagh, A.M.—Professor Archibald J. Battle, A.M.—Professor William S. Wyman, A.M.—Professor John William Mallet, A.M., Ph.D.—Professor Andre DeLoffre—Professor William J. Vaughn, A.M.....	119
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Colonel Caleb Huse—Colonel James Thomas Murfee—Captain C. L. Lumsden—Captain J. H. Morrison—Organization of the Alabama Corps of Cadets—Appointed Cadet Quartermaster—Dr. Basil Manly and Wife—The Secession of South Carolina.....	131
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

The Corps Presented to the Legislature—The Trend of Affairs—Speech of Judge A. B. Meek—Lack of Vision in Our Leaders—Firing on Fort Sumter—The Invasion of Virginia—Sent to Montgomery to Drill Troops—First Visit to Prattville—Dr. S. P. Smith—Mrs. Adelaide Julia (Allen) Smith—Promoted to State Lieutenant—Sent to North Alabama to Drill Troops—My Classmates.....	146
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Going into the Army—Colonel Henry W. Hilliard—Hilliard's Legion—Mrs. Mary L. Parker Thorington—Colonel J. Thorington—Legion Sent to Chattanooga, Knoxville, and Cumberland Gap—Experiences at Cumberland Gap—Excursion into Kentucky—Retreat from Kentucky—At Big Creek Gap during the Winter of 1862-63—Gracie's Brigade Formed	164
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

Encampment at Cumberland Gap—The Battle of Chickamauga.....	178
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Losses in the Battle—Consolidation of the Legion—Excursion across French Broad River—Three Men Shot for Desertion—Disillusioned of My Dreams of Military Glory—Return to the University—Captain D. Poynor, Professor Crawford H. Toy, Captain John Howard Murfee, and Mrs. Paul F. Tricou—Dr. Thomas Osmond Summers—Professors E. R. Dickson, B. F. Meek, and H. M. Somerville—Fight at Chehaw—Corps Sent to Blue Mountain, Pollard, and Blakely—Sent with a Guard to North Alabama.....	191
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

PAGE.

University Burned—Members of Corps Wounded—March to Marion—Corps Disbanded—Starting to Join General Lee's Army—The Assassination of President Lincoln—Back to Choctaw County—The School at Mount Sterling—The Oath of Allegiance—Rev. J. W. Rush—Marriage to Miss Fredonia A. Taylor—The Taylor Family..	210
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

Summerfield—Centenary Institute—Dr. A. H. Mitchell and Mrs. Fidelity (Douglas) Mitchell—Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Harrison—Rev. and Mrs. Greenberry Garrett—Dr. John S. Moore—Mrs. S. L. W. Daniel—Dr. S. W. Vaughan.....	230
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Bishop James O. Andrew—Colonel Robert A. Baker—Mr. Mark Canning and Wife—Friction between the Races—Personal Feeling toward the Negroes—Death of Mrs. Fredonia A. Massey—Trouble among the Students—Advice of Dr. Mitchell—Marriage to Miss Elvora Frances Dallas—The Dallas Family—Students Who Have Become Distinguished—Colonel Samuel Will John.....	245
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

Move to Mobile—Mr. William Otis—Father Abram J. Ryan—Dr. E. P. Gaines—Dr. Jefferson Hamilton—Dawn of a Brighter Day for the South—The Last Speech of Jefferson Davis.....	264
---	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

Move to Tuskegee—Lease of the College for Five Years—History of the College—Dr. Andrew A. Lipscomb—Dr. G. W. F. Price—Dr. Henry D. Moore.....	277
---	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

My First Year's Experience in Teaching Girls—Miss Mary A. Barker—Miss Mary Alice Caller—Dr. Mark S. Andrews—Mr. William H. Flowers—Miss Ella R. Smilie—Miss Mary Belle Dallas—College Sunday School—Inquiries Whether I Would Accept Other Places—Colonel D. S. Troy's Opinion—Fine Music Department.....	289
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

Conditions That Favored My Work—Loyalty and Cooperation of My Teachers—Professors of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute—Major W. W. Screws—Chautauqua, New York—Changed Conditions—Woman's College of Alabama—Booker Washington—Trials and Their Issue—On Entering My Eighty-Second Year—Our Home....	304
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Memoriam: Mrs. E. F. Massey.....	324
-------------------------------------	-----

PREFACE.

PERHAPS no man in the history of Alabama has lived more usefully or labored more wisely and productively than John Massey, the author of this book of reminiscences. The volume will yield both pleasure and profit to the very large circle of those who have learned to love and honor him both for his own and for his work's sake.

That work has been of immeasurable importance and benefit to the people of Alabama and of other States and has already during his lifetime borne much and rich fruit, which, we are persuaded, is but the promise and prophecy of a much larger harvest to be surely reaped in future years by the multitude of men and women he has taught, inspired, and guided in their school and college years and that other numerous company of us who, outside the privileged circle of those who have sat at his feet as students, have been touched and influenced by the example of his life and impressed with his high ideals and consecrated devotion to duty.

Dr. Massey has rendered one more distinguished service to his people by giving them this book. Its value is manifold.

It cannot fail to be helpful and inspiring to any young persons who, struggling against obstacles, however great and many, seek to secure an education which will fit them for honorable and useful life. The author has himself faced these difficulties and triumphed over them.

The judicious character sketches of well-known men and women who have figured in Alabama and helped to make the history of the last seventy years add much to the interest and value of this work and will be useful to the future historian of the State.

All former students of the University of Alabama, the Alabama Conference Female College (now the Woman's College of Alabama), and of other schools in which the Doctor has taught will be peculiarly interested in these reminiscences and profited and pleased as they read them.

One of the charms of the volume consists in the glimpses given the reader here and there into the heart of the writer, revealing all unconsciously the motives and ideals which have molded his character, shaped his life, and made him what he is.

The writer of this preface deems it not out of place to say that with characteristic generosity the author donates to the Woman's College of Alabama any royalties that may accrue from the sales of this book.

Assured that its influence will be productive of good, and only of good, to all who may read it, the writer commends it with the wish that it may be as enjoyable and profitable to others as it has been to him.

A. J. LAMAR.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, April, 1916.

REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

Birthplace—Family Name—Father's Family—Mother's Family.

ABOUT two miles from the State line between Alabama and Mississippi, twenty miles west of the Tombigbee River, and one hundred miles north of Mobile there is a spot that will always live in my memory. This was the scene of my childhood, a scene of sacred recollections, as I suppose every locality is in which a child first comes into conscious being. During the fourth decade of the last century this place was in almost an unmodified state of nature. It was not much changed from the state in which it had been familiar to the Choctaw Indians—for how long, no one could tell. The tribe had been moved to the Indian Territory, though some scattering ones still remained up to the time of my early recollection.

The place is four miles south of Okatuppa Creek, three miles west of Puscus Creek, and near three smaller creeks called Ratcliff Creeks, which are tributaries of Puscus. The country is hilly, with scarcely a level spot, except along the hammocks and creek bottoms. The original pines and poplars, oaks and hickories, chestnuts and sweet gums were still standing just as they had stood for decades and some of them perhaps for centuries. There was something awe-inspiring in the sighing of the wind through these old giants of the woods. There was a charm in the undergrowth of blackjack and dogwood, haw and huckleberry, grape and muscadine.

This was the native home of birds of many varieties and at certain seasons of the year the visiting place of great flocks of wood pigeons, blackbirds, and wild ducks. The woods were full of squirrels, which furnished sport and meat for the youthful hunters; and raccoons and opossums supplied game for

the nightly hunt. Flocks of wild turkeys and herds of nimble-footed deer were too numerous to be counted; while bears and panthers still lingered in the big swamps, so well calculated to inspire the imagination of a boy, whose pleasure is never greater than when mingled with a spice of danger.

The skies seemed brighter than they have ever appeared since. The morning sun peering through the trees had a soul-stirring power. The golden-tinted clouds at eventide inspired sentiments that I could neither name nor express. The stars looked down upon us mortals with twinkling intelligence. The Milky Way, cleaving the heavens with its shining hand, provoked many a question as to how it came to be, just as it had evoked inquiry from the men of the olden time. I asked many an unanswered question of the moon with her marvelous man as she continued monthly to repeat the story of her birth. Such were the scenes of my childhood where I dreamed many a boyish dream.

After an absence of fifty-two years I visited this place in company with my daughter Mabelle and Mr. J. R. Land in October, 1910. I could exclaim with Æneas as he looked on the pictures of his native Troy, whose glory had departed: "*Quam mutatus ab illo*" ("How changed from the place I knew in my childhood!")! No familiar faces greeted me, as of yore. Every vestige of the old homestead had vanished. Of the cedars under whose shade I had spent so many happy hours, there was no sign remaining. The stately old trees that stood hard by lived only in my memory. I could recognize nothing but the shape of the ground and the site of the spring. Even the old hill that used to give plenty of room for my boyish feet now seemed small and hemmed in. Over the spot hovers a melancholy shadow. This change suggested by contrast a brighter world, where

"With the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile,"

and recalled the lines of Mrs. Hemans, whose poems entertained my young mind in this place:

"Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Pain and parting never enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom
Beyond the stars and beyond the tomb."

FAMILY NAME.

The family name of Massey, as some of the branches in South Carolina and Pennsylvania have traced it, is of French origin. As their account runs, our ancestors went from France into England with William the Conqueror in 1066. The name, they say, was originally spelled Massé, was later changed to Massie, and finally into Massey, which is the usual spelling in England, Canada, and the United States.

Whether our ancestors sprang from that irrepressible strain of Celtic blood that has survived in Devonshire from an unknown past and produced Drake and Hawkins, Raleigh and the Gilberts—the men that first attempted to colonize the New World—or whether they came from Hengist and Horsa and their Saxons who invaded England in 447, or whether they descended from Rollo and his Norsemen who settled in Normandy in 876 and were transplanted to English soil in 1066, I know not nor set any store by. It is evident, however, that our ancestors came from a virile race holding the value of liberty above all other blessings. Whenever they have had a vision of a new land, they have braved the dangers of the ocean and the fury of savage men to possess it. This daring spirit of enterprise brought them from England into Virginia and the Carolinas, and from Virginia and the Carolinas they poured over the mountains into the West as far south as the Mississippi territory.

My immediate ancestors came from South Carolina into the "Bigbee country," which now constitutes Washington and Choctaw Counties, in Alabama. Like the Hebrew worthies of old, they plainly declared by their actions that they were ever seeking a better country. Carnegie says: "The best blood of a nation emigrates—the energetic, the most courageous, the most self-denying, the most hopeful. The dullard, the laggard, and the coward do not adventure much for better things."

Whatever records I had of my immediate family were at the University of Alabama and were destroyed in the burning of the buildings in the early morning of April 4, 1865, which event will be described later in these reminiscences. All the accounts I can give, therefore, of my family and my early life are dependent on my memory.

FATHER'S FAMILY.

My father, Drury Massey, was born about the year 1775 in Spartanburg District (County), South Carolina, near the present city of Spartanburg. He grew to manhood in that section, where he received his two years of schooling under Mr. James Threadgill, who taught in that district. I remember seeing some of his old copybooks containing the copies set by Mr. Threadgill in a very beautiful hand. My father had an older brother named John and another named William. These were common family names, as I learned from Governor A. B. Moore, who was from Spartanburg District and knew my father's family well. While I was associated with him in camps of instruction in 1861 he gave me some account of my South Carolina relatives.

In his early manhood my father moved from South Carolina to Tennessee and settled on Duck River. About this time his imagination was captivated by the glowing descriptions of the Indiana Territory, which was being settled. But in the summer of 1813 the whole country was excited on account of the slaughter of the whites by the Creek Indians in the Mississippi Territory. So he enlisted in General Jackson's army and marched to what is now Alabama to fight the Creek Indians. On November 9 the battle of Talladega was fought; and on March 27, 1814, occurred the most celebrated of all the battles with the Indians, the battle of Horse Shoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa River, near the site of Alexander City. The Indians had collected all their forces in this bend of the river, which is in the form of a horse shoe. They had fortified their position to the best of their ability. They were staking their fate on this battle. They fought with desperation until they were all killed,

except a few who made their escape by hiding in the water among the brush on the margin of the river. Their defeat broke the power of the Creek confederacy and made it much safer for white settlers to move into the Territory. In this battle Jackson used some artillery against the Indians, who said: "Captain Jackson did not fight fair, because he shot wagons at us." When his cannon balls and grapeshot gave out, he folded up trace chains and shot them at the Indians.

After destroying the Indians at Horse Shoe Bend, Jackson and his army went to Fort Toulouse, which was founded by the French about a hundred years previous, near the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa Rivers, a few miles above the city of Montgomery. The fort was thereafter called Fort Jackson. From this point Jackson went to Pensacola, Florida, where he captured a Spanish fort which was friendly to the English and was furnishing the hostile Indians with guns and ammunition. At first the Spaniards refused to surrender; but when they saw Jackson's men preparing ladders to scale the walls of their fort, they ran up a white flag and surrendered, thus avoiding the bloodshed that would have occurred if Jackson had been forced to carry out his original plan. Soon after disposing of the Spaniards in Pensacola, Jackson marched his forces to New Orleans, where he defeated the British in the celebrated battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815. In this battle Jackson had his men posted behind breastworks. He ordered them to withhold their fire until the British came near enough to show the whites of their eyes. The Tennesseans being trained marksmen, the volley from their guns was most deadly when the order to fire was given. The British never recovered from the first repulse, in which their general, Sir Edward Michael Pakenham, was slain. Peace had been declared fifteen days before this battle; but neither army knew it, so slow were the means of communication in those days. Sailing vessels were the most rapid news carriers.

Soon after the battle of New Orleans the Tennessee troops marched back home through the central portion of what is now

the State of Alabama, along what was afterwards known as the Old State Road.

Father was a great admirer of General Jackson. In politics he was a Jacksonian Democrat. To show how widespread and enthusiastic the admiration for Jackson was, I have heard him state with evident pleasure that, wherever you might go, you would find the country full of little dirty-faced children called Andy Jackson in honor of the hero of Horse Shoe Bend and New Orleans.

On one occasion during the expedition against the Indians and Spaniards some of the troops whose time of enlistment was out started home. The General rode around and got before them and told them in his positive tone: "By the Eternal, I will shoot the first man that moves forward. If you go home, you will go over my dead body." They remained with Jackson.

So pleased was father with the splendid Alabama country that he moved from Tennessee a few years later and settled in the western part of the Territory, in the upper part of Washington County (afterwards Choctaw), where he remained a quiet farmer to the end of his life, in 1848. So, owing to the fact of his coming to Alabama instead of going to the Indiana Territory, I suppose I am an Alabamian instead of a "Hoosier."

His first wife was a Miss Lowry, by whom he had three children—William, Dorothy, and James. His wife died when the youngest was an infant. I once heard him mention the sleepless nights he had spent walking the floor in watchful solicitude over this child that was left to his sole care. These children all grew to maturity and married. Dorothy married Mr. Alfred Swann. She died early, leaving one child, Dorothy ("Dolly") Swann, of whom I have a pleasant recollection. William and James married cousins, each named Susanna ("Susie") Shoemaker. They moved to Mississippi sometime after father's death, and I never saw them again after they left Alabama.

MOTHER'S FAMILY.

My mother's family also came from South Carolina. They belonged to a race that loved liberty and were of the Patriot

party during the Revolutionary War. The people of that colony were divided in their sentiments into two parties, the Patriots and the Tories. The Patriots were fighting for the freedom of the colonies; the Tories were the party that still clung to England. My maternal grandmother, whose name was Ann Vaughn, was a girl eight or ten years of age and was in a section that was overrun by the belligerents. So vivid was her recollection of the movement of the soldiers and the firing of the guns that she used to entertain us with thrilling accounts of the engagements between the British "Redcoats" and the ragged Patriots. Living then in South Carolina was as hazardous and harrowing as it was in the border States during our Civil War.

When my grandmother grew to womanhood, she married Mr. Christopher Gorham, by whom she had four children—Tabitha ("Bithie"), Vashti, Christopher, and Sarah. Several years prior to 1813 they moved from Chester District, South Carolina, to the Bigbee country, as it was then called, in Washington County, Mississippi Territory, and settled on the west side of the Mobile River just below the "cut-off." They came all the way from Central South Carolina in covered wagons, crossing the Chattahoochee River near the present site of Columbus, Georgia, passing through the Creek Nation, which was not at all friendly to the whites. In those days there were two lines of travel from the East to the Bigbee country. One passed by old Fort Mitchell along the Chunnannuggee Ridge in a southwesterly direction through the territory now embraced in Russell, Bullock, and Crenshaw Counties. The other ran farther north through the place where Tuskegee is now located, passing about ten miles east of the site of Montgomery. Through this northern route Aaron Burr was carried from Washington County to Richmond, Virginia, in 1807; and through this it is probable that the Gorhams came several years later. They crossed the Mobile River near the "cut-off."

The Bigbee country had captivated their imaginations—an easy thing to do, as pioneer blood flowed through their veins. Not a great while after their arrival in their new home Mr.

Gorham died and left Mrs. Gorham with her four children to be reared in a rough and uncivilized country surrounded by ravenous wolves and savage Indians. In the summer of 1813 the Indians became alarmingly hostile. The whites had to go into forts to protect themselves from slaughter. Mrs. Gorham and her children went into Fort Stoddart, on the western side of the river, near the present Mount Vernon. Besides Fort Stoddart, there was a fort at Saint Stephens and another on the eastern side of the river called Fort Mims, from the name of the man who owned the ferry at that place. Fort Mims at the time contained over five hundred people. Under the leadership of William Weatherford, the celebrated half-breed chief, the Creek Indians butchered the occupants of Fort Mims on August 30, 1813. I knew an old gentleman, Mr. Isam Kimball, of Jackson, Alabama, who was a lad in the fort at the time of the slaughter and who thought that he alone escaped to tell the fearful story. A few others, however, besides Mr. Kimball made their escape. The people in the other forts were in daily expectation of a similar fate. My grandmother had a blood-curdling recollection of those awful days which she sometimes painted in colors that made our hair stand on end and showed that the country of Daniel Boone was not the only section that might have borne the dreadful name of "Dark and Bloody Ground." The news of the slaughter at Fort Mims spread all over the country and brought armies from Georgia, Mississippi, and Tennessee. This was the occasion of the coming of General Jackson and his Tennesseans, as stated above.

My Aunt Tabitha died in her early womanhood. My Uncle Christopher Gorham married and had one son named Hebron. He lived in what was then Sumter (now a part of Choctaw) County, on Tickumbum Creek. About 1845 he moved west and died some years afterwards. My Aunt Sarah Gorham married a man named Ethelred Jones, who was called "Dred" Jones. To me he was rightly named "Dread" Jones, for he was at intervals addicted to immoderate drinking. He sometimes came to our house during these spells and would attempt to take me in his arms and make much of me. On these occa-

sions I would leave and remain hid out until he was gone. I have had an aversion to a drunken man ever since, a feeling which I have found difficult to overcome even when I have sometimes had to render assistance to my drunken friends.

Mr. Jones was one of the best farmers in all that country and commanded good salaries as superintendent of some of the largest plantations in Mississippi. His habit of drinking immoderately at times was his only serious fault. Mrs. Jones was a bright, cheery woman who bore the conduct of her husband with striking fortitude and without a word of complaint. She was a faithful wife and mother. She had four daughters—Nancy, Caroline, Rebecca, and Narcissa—who occasionally visited our home. She also had one son, John, who died in early boyhood. They lived about twenty miles from us, across the Mississippi line. Some years before the war Mr. Jones died; and Mrs. Jones moved to Raymond, in Hinds County, Mississippi, where I visited her in the summer of 1857.

My father had been a widower fifteen years when he and my mother, Vashti Gorham, were married. Upon their marriage they came to live in a log house on the hill described in the first paragraph of these memoirs. In this house I was born on December 16, 1834. Soon afterwards they built a new log house, which was as good as any house in the neighborhood at that time. In the new house my brother Joel was born in 1836 and my brother Drury in 1838.

My Grandmother Gorham made her home with us as long as she lived. I have overheard it stated in conversations among the neighbors that I was thought to be grandmother's favorite. If it was true, I did not merit this preference. Whether it was true or not, I owe her a debt of lasting gratitude for her tender care and entertaining companionship. She was my first teacher in any matter pertaining to books. Among other things, she taught me the names of the books in the Bible in the order in which they stand in the King James translation, a knowledge that has aided me in finding readily any book in the Bible. If you wish to live in the pleasant memories of

people, teach children something which they can use advantageously all their lives. In the use of this acquirement names will come up by the laws of association. Referring to the books of the Bible always brings up the thought of my grandmother.

She was also one of my first teachers in morals. On one occasion I had not told the truth in some matter about which I was questioned. After I had gone to bed and was supposed to be asleep, I overheard her tell mother that she did not care so much about the transgression, but it grieved her "to think that John would tell a lie." She said nothing to me, but this burned into my conscience like fire. She had put an emphasis on the turpitude of lying that I could feel. By her grief revealed to me in this indirect way she had taught me a lesson I could never forget, a lesson which has enabled me to understand what true repentance is. When I am conscious that my sin grieves God, I hate sin and I wish to have nothing to do with it. I know now that I should have had more candid, straightforward honesty and have gone to my grandmother and confessed; but this is one of the hard things to do in repentance, the thing which I did not do. If I had done it, I would have come out into the clear light of forgiveness. I would have done the only thing which the sinner can ever do to blot out his sin and open the way between him and his fellow men and remove the cloud between him and God.

I heard grandmother refer with manifest satisfaction to the reputation she bore in her earlier years of being "the most beautiful woman that ever drank the waters of the Bigbee." From the fine profile of her Roman nose and well-shaped features even in her old age when I knew her, I can easily believe that she was justly entitled to this distinction. I am sure that her character was as beautiful as her physical form was handsome.

She and all her family were Methodists. My mother, after her marriage, joined the Baptist Church to be in the same Church with her husband.

In the early summer of 1848, a few weeks before father

died, I heard grandmother say to him very kindly and tenderly: "The doctor does not seem to be doing you any good. I am afraid you have not long to stay with us. If you have any preparation to make, I think you ought to make it soon." He said very quietly: "My preparation is already made. Whenever it is the Lord's will to take me, I am ready to go." She was evidently gratified at his reply. About one year later, when she was, I think, in her eighty-fourth year, she knew that her departure was at hand. We were all called in to see her pass away as peacefully as if she had been falling asleep.

For many years she had not been able to do any work except a little knitting, but she was a fine example of what old people can do. They can shed a radiance over the clouds of life's evening that relieves the gloom of the coming night. They should never account themselves useless while God lets them live.

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

Most of the country for miles around was unsettled and was covered by the original forests that gave ample woods for me to roam in. It was my great delight to go with my father or any other person out into the woods hunting game or driving up the cattle and sheep. This was a delightful occupation even when I was too small to do anything but keep close to the heels of some older person.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods" for the humble child of the country as well as for England's gifted poet. While I have sometimes regretted that I did not have better educational advantages in my childhood, I am coming more and more to feel that, after all, these wanderings in the woods and these communings with nature gave me more desire for education in later years than I might have had if I had been plied too severely with educational methods and surfeited with the very thought of school life.

CHAPTER II.

Country Life—Hunting—Trading Points—How We Preserved Fire—
Games—Means of Travel—Drinking and Fighting.

WE lived the simple rural life. We raised everything in the way of provisions at home. Cows furnished milk and butter, and beef occasionally. Hogs supplied bacon and lard, and spareribs and backbones at "hog-killing time." Sheep furnished mutton chops and wool for our winter clothing. Bees produced the honey for sweetening and wax for candles. The poultry yard supplied eggs and chickens for frying and chicken pies. Deer furnished venison frequently. Wild turkeys, partridges, squirrels, and opossums were easily procured for variety in the way of meats. Yams, Spanish, white and red (called "nigger killers") potatoes were grown in abundance and put up in banks for winter use. Turnips, coleworts (called "collards"), onions, white peas, and beans were the standard vegetables.

Often our meal was ground on a hand mill made of two rocks about sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter, the lower one fixed stationary in a section of a large hollow tree, the upper one made to turn on a pivot and with a hole in the middle about three inches in diameter, into which the corn was placed by the handful as it was ground out of the mill. The upper rock was turned by a staff sharpened to a point at the lower end and placed in a small hole in the edge of the rock and made to work loosely in a hole some five or six feet above, which held the staff stationary at the top. By means of this staff the rock was turned, and the meal came out through an opening adjusted with a spout into a vessel below. This grinding by hand was hard work and was one of the occupations of my boyhood.

There were two water mills in the country, one about six miles from us and the other about eight. Another of my occupations was "going to mill," an occupation that could not en-

tirely be appropriated by Henry Clay, "the mill boy of the slashes." A bushel and a half or two bushels of corn were put into a long sack, divided into two equal parts, and placed upon a horse. I rode upon the sack to mill even when I was so small that the miller had to take the sack from the horse when I reached the mill. I had to "take my turn." If there were few ahead of me, I could get my corn ground and return home early; but if there were many ahead, I would sometimes be in the night getting home. One of the diversions while waiting for my corn to be ground was swimming in the mill pond. I have remained in the pond for hours, until my back would be so blistered in the sun that my mother would have to grease it with cream.

Our clothing was all made out of homespun cloth. This was carded, spun, woven, cut out, and made at home. Many a night I have read and studied by a "lightwood" fire while mother carded the rolls and spun the thread which was to go into the loom after it was dyed in copperas (reddish yellow), indigo (blue), walnut bark (dark brown), or sumac berries (dark red). I never wore a store-bought garment until I was quite a large boy. I remember the first pair of shoes I ever had, made by my father, who was the shoemaker, cooper, and blacksmith for the household. While we had plenty of all the necessities of life, we had little money. I do not think I ever saw, all told, ten dollars in money until I was twelve or fourteen years old.

My earliest work on the farm was dropping corn and peas and thinning and hoeing corn. As soon as I was large enough to hold the plow handles I was engaged in plowing, of which I was very fond. As I grew older I was employed in clearing new grounds, burning brush, rolling logs, splitting rails, and building fences. When I was not engaged in work at home I would work for the neighbors at fifty cents a day if they needed extra help or on the public road in some one's place who would rather pay me than to work himself. On one occasion I was working on the public road with some twelve or fifteen others, some white men and some negroes. Colonel

Alfred Yates was superintending the work. Mr. John James passed along and fell into conversation with Colonel Yates. They noticed how some of the men slighted their work. Pointing to me, Mr. Yates said: "There is a boy who works well." Mr. James remarked: "Yes; that boy always works well. I wish I had a hundred boys like him." I think my education depended somewhat on the faithful work which I did on that road. This will appear later in this story of my life.

When I was about twelve years old my mother was dangerously sick nearly all one winter and was attended by Dr. Edmond P. Gaines. For weeks I had to rise early and go three miles to Dr. Gaines to report to him on my mother's condition and get medicine before he went out on his calls for the day. In the cold mornings I would be almost frozen when I reached the doctor's. I shall never forget Mrs. Gaines's kindness. She would have ~~me~~ come in and take breakfast with them, cold and stiff and dirty as I was and sensibly aware of my poor appearance at their fine table of well-dressed people. Her wafers, biscuit, and coffee have a distinct place in my memory. Mrs. Dr. E. P. Gaines is my ideal of Southern womanhood. She was a daughter of Judge Harry Toulmin, of Mobile. The doctor, when he was my family physician in Mobile twenty-eight years afterwards, frequently referred pleasantly to our acquaintance "up in old Choctaw." He was a specimen of the old-time aristocracy of the South. The Gaines family was a large and influential one. Mr. George S. Gaines and General Edmond Pendleton Gaines, for whom Dr. E. P. Gaines was named, were prominently connected with the early history of the State. Mr. George W. Gaines was a fellow student of mine at Pierce's Springs, Mississippi. A number of the younger members of the Gaines families were my pupils in the years immediately succeeding the war. Among these I have pleasure in mentioning Mr. Henry L. Gaines, commission merchant of Mobile, Dr. Vivian P. Gaines, prominent physician of Mobile, and several of Mr. William D. Gaines's children, formerly of Mount Sterling, Alabama, but later of Texas. When I entered the University of Alabama, in 1859, I carried with me a

complimentary letter of introduction from Mr. Reuben R. Gaines, who was in 1911 Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas. It has always been a source of pleasure to have had good friends among this distinguished family.

HUNTING.

I was taught to shoot with a light, long-stocked, single-barreled, flint-and-steel shotgun when, I think, I was not more than seven years old. Part of my business during the summer months was to keep the squirrels out of the cornfield. So numerous were they that they would destroy nearly all the corn for ten or fifteen rows around the edges of the field. By going around it several times a day, especially mornings and evenings, I could keep them pretty well killed out and scared off and have plenty of squirrels for breakfast every morning. In the fall, when hickory nuts were maturing and chinquapins were opening, we had fine opportunities for hunting squirrels. When wild turkeys came into the fields to feed on peas, I occasionally killed one with my shotgun. I killed my first deer when I was about nine years old. This was one of the triumphs of my early boyhood. It was a small deer; but I was not able to carry it with my gun to the house, a distance of about half a mile. After making several attempts to shoulder the deer and getting my clothes bloody, I ran home with my gun, telling my mother in a very excited manner that I had killed a deer. She laughed rather incredulously, just as some of my good friends do now when I tell this story; but when she saw the blood on my clothes she was convinced. My father was out at the time, but I could not wait for his return. Putting my gun up in the rack, I went back at full speed to find the deer getting stiff, so that I managed to get it up on my shoulder and with some difficulty reached home with it. So proud was I of this achievement that I carried some pieces of the meat around to the neighbors.

Later, after I had become a good rifle shot, I discarded the shotgun almost entirely. It was so much more pleasure to do accurate shooting with the rifle. I had the art of shooting

with the rifle so well in practice that I could shoot a squirrel's head off or merely graze his head with the ball just enough to kill him. If he were lying on a limb, I could shoot under his throat, tearing up the bark of the limb, which would kill him without breaking his skin. Thus the skill in shooting afforded as much or even more pleasure than the capture of the game.

Another sport of the woods was hunting for turkeys in "gobbling time." But I never was very successful in calling them up with the yelping quill. On one occasion I saw a very large gobbler fly up from the woods and light in a tall pine about seventy-five yards from me. I took good aim, as I thought, and fired. The gobbler fell flopping through the limbs. I had almost reached the place where he fell by the time he struck the ground. I fully expected to take home a fine turkey; but I had only broken one wing, about the middle. As soon as he hit the ground he began running at full speed and I after him at my best speed. I gained on him for a while, until I could almost strike him with my gun, but he could get through the brush more easily than I. So, after a race of several hundred yards, we began to climb a big hill. As his wind was better than mine, he gradually gained on me; and by the time I reached the top of the hill he was out of sight, wing-broken and, I have no doubt, glad of his escape, while I was wind-broken and very much disappointed at my failure.

When I was about twelve years old I was out in the woods one morning looking for a flock of turkeys. I had stopped to listen, when I heard something that sounded like the nipping of leaves. I discovered a buck deer with branching horns. I took good aim and fired, and as soon as the smoke cleared away I saw him struggling on the ground about forty or fifty steps from me. I waited until I was sure that he was dead, when I approached and saw that I had taken the largest prize of my life in the way of game. I then ran home, hallooing at the top of my voice: "I've killed an old buck!"

"Fire-hunting" was another species of deer-hunting at night that had its fascination. We used a kind of griddle made

of strips of iron fastened to a wooden handle four or five feet long and filled with fat lightwood (that is, yellow pine rich in turpentine), which made a bright torchlight. The huntsman placed this handle over his left shoulder, putting the light behind him. This light would attract the attention of the deer, and as they looked at the light their eyes would shine like balls of fire. The practiced huntsman, even when he could not see the deer, knew how to aim so as to strike the deer about the neck.

The eyes of all animals shine, giving a different kind of luster. It is easy to distinguish a deer's eyes from all others except a horse's, which are slightly farther apart than a deer's. I have heard old huntsmen say that they could not distinguish the shining of a colt's eyes from that of an old buck's.

Two gentlemen in the neighborhood went into a swamp cornfield to look for deer one night. Just as they entered the field they shined the eyes of an immensely large old buck. He was so near to them that they could see his whole form. The man with the gun and firepan aimed his rifle, as he thought, so as to break the deer's neck. At the "crack" of the gun the deer fell, and the hunters ran to him and with a butcher's knife attempted to "stick" him (to cut his jugular vein) to let the blood out. The buck kicked the knife out of hand and began to rise. The two men grabbed him by the horns; but he was so strong that he dragged them around in the mud, put out the light, and skinned their hands with his rough horns. They were afraid to turn him loose and were getting awfully tired of their predicament. They called long and loud for help, till at last a man came more than half a mile, got a heavy rail off the fence, placed it over the deer's neck back of his horns, and crushed him down till they could cut his throat. The deer's neck was not broken. The ball had missed the neck bone and had only stunned him, but had not deprived him of his natural strength.

Another kind of night-hunting of which I was very fond was for possums and coons. This was done by the aid of dogs. A good possum dog was a great treasure. The dogs

would "tree" the animals and stand at the tree and bark until we came. Then we either cut the tree down, when the dogs would capture the game, or, if the tree was too large, we would "shine" the animal's eyes and shoot him out, if it was a dark night; but if it was a moonlight night, we would move around till we got him between us and the moon. In this position it was as easy to shoot him by moonlight as by daylight. Sometimes on these possum hunts we would get lost or turned around so we could not tell which direction to go. We would then build a fire and lie down until day or wander around until we came to some place we knew. Sometimes our sense of direction would be so completely confused that it was with great difficulty that we could believe our eyes sufficiently to take the right end of the road. On these possum hunts we generally carried one of Mr. James's colored men named John. We called him "Kimbo." He was a good man, whom I have always remembered with gratitude and affection. He took as much care of us as if we had been his own children. With him began my friendship for the negroes, which still lives after the lapse of nearly threescore and ten years. The negro has wonderful power to attach himself to the white man when he chooses to exercise it, and I do not believe that he will ever find another man of a different race who has as much capacity for good feeling toward him as the Southern white man.

Another form of deer-hunting was the "drive." At the place appointed the huntsmen would assemble with the blowing of horns and the barking of hounds. Out of the company assembled for the drive, one would take the dogs to the place where the deer were supposed to be. The others would take "stands" where the deer would be apt to come out when "jumped" by the dogs. When the dogs got on the trail of the deer there would be the greatest yelping, which was music to the huntsmen's ears. As the deer came out the hunters would fire. Then, unless the deer were all killed, the chase would begin in earnest and might last for hours, attended with great noise from the yelping of the hounds and the firing of the

guns. After the chase was over, the game was brought in, skinned, and the meat divided among the hunters. The ones who did the killing were entitled to the skins. Deerskins were considered very valuable. There was an Indian in the neighborhood who dressed the skins and converted them into fine buckskin.

The more formidable animals, such as bears, panthers, and wolves, had nearly all vanished before my hunting days began. One of the experiences of my father was quite thrilling. He was riding through the woods one day, when he heard a great disturbance among a drove of hogs. He rode up among them and was wondering what caused the disturbance, when suddenly down tumbled a piece of pig from the branches above his head. He looked up and saw a large panther gazing down at him, seemingly just in the act of leaping upon him. He put spurs to his fine mare and was quickly out of danger.

TRADING POINTS.

The trading points of my earliest recollection were Priester's store, Barryton, and later Nicholson's store. Mr. Charles Priester had been a merchant in Mobile and moved up into our neighborhood, where he kept a country store. Barryton was a village five miles from Slater's Landing, on the Tombigbee River, and had several country stores. Nicholson's store finally became the main trading point for the neighborhood. Most of the articles we bought came from this store. In the fall of the year, however, some of the people would carry their cotton in ox wagons to Mobile and make their more substantial purchases for the year. It took about two weeks to go to Mobile and back in ox wagons. This trade with Mobile became more frequent until the building of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, in the early fifties, almost entirely supplanted the wagon trade.

HOW WE PRESERVED FIRE.

There were no such things as matches in that early time. In the winter, when we had large fires made of oak and hickory wood, it was easy to keep fire through the night by banking

the coals with ashes; but in the summertime we used flint and steel to strike the fire with and punk (called "spunk") for tinder to catch and kindle the sparks into flame. Sometimes we took a very small quantity of powder and a wad of cotton and struck the flint and steel over it, the flash of powder igniting the cotton, which was kindled into a flame. With this flame fat lightwood splinters were lighted. I have started many a fire in this way.

GAMES.

Our games were simple compared with the highly developed games of the present day. They served well, however, for sport and athletic exercise. We played "cat," "town ball," and "bull pen"—all of which had some rules. We also wrestled, jumped, and ran foot races. I was very fond of this last form of sport, because I could excel in it. I never did like to engage in anything in which I could not be among the first. I met only one man, a Mr. McKithern, who could excel me in a regular foot race. There was in the neighborhood an Indian by the name of Tom who taught me one thing in the matter of foot-racing in which I could surpass all competitors I ever met. It was this: Lying on my back, with my head, my hands, and my heels on the ground, my competitor standing even with my head, at the signal, "One, two, three," we sprang forth and ran. Such control had I over my muscular system and so well practiced was I in this feat that I could leap forth at one bound and get even with, if not ahead of, my rival. Dice, chess, dominoes, and other indoor games I never heard of in my boyhood. This statement makes the modern youth smile at his superior advantages compared with the boy of the backwoods seventy years ago.

MEANS OF TRAVEL.

I never saw a buggy nor a carriage in those primitive days. When we did not walk, we traveled on horseback. The boys and girls all learned to be skillful riders. I remember distinctly how gracefully the Misses Yates, the Misses Pippin, Miss Mahala James, and others used to ride over the neighborhood

on their fine horses. They would go in a gallop up and down hills and over rough roads with entire safety. I do not recall that any one was ever seriously hurt, and rarely did one fall from a horse. At almost every home and at the churches there were block steps for the ladies to mount from. The ladies rode sidesaddles. There were no such things as "divided skirts," which, the moderns claim, enable ladies to ride so much more safely and gracefully. But I have not seen any modern riding equal to the skill, dash, and grace of the olden time.

DRINKING AND FIGHTING.

In those early days I never heard of such a thing as prohibition. Every one made as much whisky and wine as he chose, sold as much as there was demand for, gave away a good deal, and drank to his satisfaction. Some people kept spirits (usually whisky and brandy) on their sideboards all the time. Visitors could always take a drink if they desired. Whisky was nearly always used at "log-rollings" and "house-raising." It was thought to be necessary to give vim and spirit in heavy work. It was not a very common thing to see men get drunk and helpless from intoxication, but it was very common to see them become excited and boisterous and quarrelsome. Fightings and killings were sometimes the result, especially on election days. In these fights the men very rarely used guns; and I do not think they carried pistols, as a rule. They generally fought fairly with their fists; and whenever a man was down and cried out, "Enough! Take him off!" it was considered dishonorable to hit him another lick. They did sometimes, however, fight with pocketknives. We had more fights then than we have now, but fewer killings; for the "pistol-toting" habit, so far as I knew, was not then in vogue. If pistols were used at all, it was on dueling occasions.

Some years later, about 1852, the first temperance movement was made in Choctaw County by an organization called the Sons of Temperance. This movement met with favor among the better class of people generally, because it was becoming

evident that some restrictions ought to be placed upon drinking spirituous liquors.

Some good angel sent by Providence must have been over me through the perilous period of boyhood. One Christmas Eve night about half a dozen of us boys, some older than myself, went out to shoot "Christmas guns." We loaded our guns heavily with powder and rammed a tight wad down on the powder. We would go softly up to the chimney corner of neighbors' houses and fire off these deafening volleys, which would startle the inmates. The performance was generally taken in good humor and regarded as a boyish prank. We had gone about two miles from home on one of these occasions, when some of the older boys pulled out some bottles of whisky. They began drinking and handing it around. Till then I did not know that they had the whisky. The impulse not to drink came over me suddenly, and I said: "I am not going to take any." They said: "O yes; you *must* take some." I stepped back and said positively: "I am not going to take any. I will go home rather than do it." They replied: "O well, then, don't go back. Come on with us." I went on with them, but did not take a drop. They got "boozy" and acted foolishly and, I think, probably would have done worse if I had not, late in the night, taken charge of them and carried them to the house of one of the party. I was in bad company; and if I had not obeyed my good impulse then, I cannot say what might have become of me, for we never know where we may end when we start on the downward road.

CHAPTER III.

Our Neighbors.

AS our neighbors and associates have much to do with shaping our lives, I will, for several reasons, refer to some who lived in our community: first, in order to give a picture of the community life; secondly, to point some moral lessons; and, thirdly, to acknowledge my obligations to several who rendered me great and lasting service. I shall endeavor to give a true picture and at the same time to guard against any statements that can do any harm. We all make our records and leave behind us our influence. If a faithful portrayal of our faults and mistakes can do our successors any good by warning them against like errors, we should not object to having them truthfully stated.

As the years passed, more people moved into the community, built houses, and cleared land. Among them old Mr. S—— and Mr. Reuben Hayes settled about half a mile from us. Mr. John James bought a large tract of land and built a good frame house about a quarter of a mile from my father; Mr. Leander Jenkins, two miles and a half south; Mr. Charles P—— and Mr. R. H. A——, two miles and a half north; Mr. Alfred Yates, about the same distance west. Later Mr. Dennis L—— settled about a mile east.

There was a neighborly spirit existing among these families. Interchange of visits was free and informal. Taking meals and staying all night at neighbors' houses were common occurrences. These people were not highly learned, except Mr. James, but they were kind-hearted and honest. They did not have modern polish, but they had magnanimous hospitality. They had their sickness and their sorrows, but they had their natural recreations and their genuine pleasures. They had their trials and toils, but they had their gladness "as in the time of the harvest." Most of them did their own work and knew no such things as the states expressed by nervousness and

ennui. The history of most of them is the "short and simple annals of the poor."

Mr. Allen Y—— had come from one of the Carolinas, I think, to the Choctaw Nation, among the earliest white settlers. He married Miss Millie N——, who was one-fourth Indian, though her complexion did not show it. Through her Indian relationship and the good management of her brother, Mr. Maurice N——, who was agent for the Indians, she inherited a considerable body of rolling prairie land which was exceedingly fertile. The Y——s at first lived in a log house, which was still standing when I visited the place in 1910.

Mr. Y—— was a good farmer and an energetic business man. With his own labor and that of his first negro servant, Charles, he made money rapidly. With this he yearly purchased more negroes, by whose labor he made more money to buy more negroes. By the time of my earliest recollection he was by far the wealthiest man of the neighborhood. By continued purchases and natural increase he had, I should say, more than a hundred negroes in 1860. There was in his plantation a high knoll about half a mile from us. From this knoll I often heard Mr. Y—— urging forward his "hands" in their work. As his fortune grew, his acquisitiveness grew, till money, or rather land and negroes, seemed to be the object of his ambition. But he failed to "make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness" and thus failed to shed a cheerful light over the close of a career of successful accumulation. He was found dead out in his plantation, where two of his negro women had crushed his head with their hoes.

Mrs. Y—— was the antipode of Mr. Y—— in every respect except industry and good management. She was one of our best neighbors. She was a regular visitor at our house and was generous in sharing her delicacies when there was any sickness in the family. Though a large woman, she would ride around in the neighborhood on her horse visiting the sick and making herself friendly with everybody. She was a loyal Methodist whose kindness still lives in my memory and, I have no doubt, in the memory of others, if any are yet living who knew her.

If not remembered on earth, I am sure the recording angel has registered her good deeds on high. From her example I learned that wealth is not always a hindrance to generosity and good fellowship among men.

Another of our first neighbors was old Mr. Dick A——. He was the very opposite of Mr. Allen Y——. He seemed to have no acquisitiveness whatever. He seemed intuitively to have apprehended Horace's statement of the lowest phase of the Epicurean doctrine: "*Carpe diem quam minime credula postero*" ("Enjoy the day, bothering about the future as little as possible"). He reduced this doctrine to practice. A good meal seemed to satisfy him fully and to turn his tongue loose in a constant stream of garrulity. How a man who had never read and never traveled knew so much was a thing to be wondered at. He could tell some of the most marvelous stories, that had to be taken with many grains of allowance if one was to have any regard for his reason. He was a frequent visitor at our house and was sure to make his visitations take in at least one meal, if not two. My mother always had plenty of good fare and enjoyed seeing her visitors relish it. Mr. A—— was accommodating and ready to gratify the pleasure she felt in dispensing her hospitality. His excuse in coming was, quite often, to grind his ax on our grindstone, which I had to turn while he ground. I did not much enjoy hearing the command: "John, turn the grindstone for Mr. A——."

He was one of those primitive characters who seemed to have no ambition for anything higher than simple existence. He cultivated a little patch that could not be called a farm. If he had meat, it was killed in the woods with his old-fashioned flint-and-steel rifle. He had several children—Joshua, Tom, and others—who lived in a little hut at the foot of a big hill, in the side of which they had excavated holes and covered them over with timbers and earth. These were prepared as a refuge in time of storms, indicating that their desire for life was real, though simple. There were many old "clay roots" in that vicinity, showing that it had once been visited by a cyclone. I never knew whence they came nor whither they went.

The moral I would draw from Mr. A——'s life is that some acquisitiveness is a necessary element in human nature. A person entirely destitute of it is a worthless member of society. The person who has the most of it is prepared to be the most valuable member if he subordinates it to his nobler sentiments. He is the more manly man who strives for competency and independence. He is the better patriot who has accumulated something, but who subordinates his love of gain to his love of country. He is the better philanthropist who likes to have his business prosper, but who loves his fellow men more than he loves his possessions. He is the better Christian whose energies result in accumulated resources, but whose love to God prompts him to employ his resources in advancing the kingdom of heaven among his fellow men.

Old Mr. and Mrs. S—— were kind and inoffensive neighbors. They were poor, though she was the sister of the wealthiest man in the community. Their simple little home had two skeletons in it that could not be hidden. They had four sons—Alfred, William, Joseph, and Richard. Alfred was a normal, respectable man and a good citizen. William and Joseph had the smallest heads I ever saw on men and were exceedingly defective in mentality, especially "Joe," who was scarcely a degree above idiocy. They were harmless except, perhaps, when roused to anger. They were unable to do any profitable work. William (called "Bill") was in the habit of going out into the woods and talking to himself in a loud voice for hours at a time, as if preaching to a crowd. Joe was still more defective. His countenance and tones of voice proclaimed his imbecility. Richard, the youngest son, was near my age and was sometimes a visitor at our home. He was normal mentally, but not strong physically.

If these old people ever discussed their sorrow, I never knew it, though I heard Mrs. S—— talk to mother and grandmother many times. There are some seemingly inscrutable things in human nature. Why did this terrible affliction come on these two old people? Why were these dark shadows that could

never be removed cast on their home? If we knew all the facts, we might be able to see the cause.

Old Uncle Jimmie D—— was another interesting neighbor who seemed to have been drawn to our home by plenty of good eating as well as by a desire to talk. I have always remembered him as the biggest eater I have ever known. I am reluctant to tell how much I have seen him eat, it borders so much on the extravagant and seems so much like a Munchausen story. He would eat a good part of a basket of peaches before dinner and then say that they "only made his stomach gnaw." He would eat a considerable part of a country-cured ham or a chicken, and alternate with a bowl of sweet milk and a bowl of buttermilk several times. He once went to Nicholson's store (as the story was told) and called for a bit's worth (twelve and a half cents) of coffee and a bit's worth of sugar, remarking that he intended to "live while he did live." According to my best recollection, he died of dropsy and in great suffering. He reversed the motto of the old Greek philosopher: "Live not to eat, but eat to live." He rejected the advice of Solomon: "Put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite."

Uncle Jimmie D—— was a member of the Baptist Church and, I hope, was, after a sort, a Christian man. But no man can be a clean, well-rounded Christian who does not subordinate all of his appetites and all of his desires to the highest end of his being. Let young people be assured of this: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

Mr. Charles P—— and Mr. R. H. A—— were brothers-in-law, their wives being sisters. Mrs. P—— was a very handsome, bright-eyed, sunny-faced woman, who dressed well and was full of good cheer and neighborly feeling. Whether this was natural with her, whether it was owing to easy circumstances and good health, or whether it was cultivated, I never knew; but the outward fact I remember distinctly. She had

two sons, Reuben and Henry, who were my occasional associates until they moved back to Mobile, whence they came.

Mrs. A—— was the counterpart of Mrs. P——. Either from ill health, the burden of a large family, and the pressure of limited means or a melancholy disposition, she was a sad-faced woman who evidently looked on the dark side of life. This was manifested in her countenance, her tones of voice, and in her readiness to see the shortcomings of other people. The causes were too deep for my young eyes, but her sad face is before my mind yet. No doubt she could have remedied some of this if she had gone to the right source. It is hard, however, to rise above one's spiritual level. Mr. A—— was of a lively disposition, full of frolic and fun, and, to put it in the mildest term, sometimes indulged in a jovial cup.

Their oldest son, George, was about my age and was my schoolmate in the neighborhood and later at Pierce's Springs. He was a boy of fine qualities and capable of deep friendships, but was finally led to ruin by speculation. He involved himself and one of his best friends who went on his note as security and finally had to pay the debt, to his financial embarrassment. This noble friend stood by him to the last. When broken in fortune and wrecked in health and nothing but death staring him in the face, George was heard to say: "O, I wish I had lived like John Massey!" Dear George! He possessed splendid qualities. He was my friend, but the demon of "Get Rich Quick" caused his downfall. I hope that he got ready for the final summons. He is not the only good man I have seen go to ruin through speculation. It is a species of gambling. It disqualifies men for legitimate business; it undermines their moral standards; it destroys their religious life; it is the deadly Upas that blights everything it touches.

Mr. Reuben Hayes moved into our neighborhood when I was about nine years of age. He was a tall, slender man, over six feet in height, with Roman nose, kindly blue eyes, and pleasant expression. He was a man of limited education, who made his living by farming on a small scale. He was a good neighbor, a man of excellent character and cheerful piety. He

was a good singer and delighted in protracted meetings, which were frequently held in the Methodist churches in those days. His religious zeal, however, was no mere "wet-weather spring," but flowed on through the times of spiritual drought as well as through the flush times of revival. While he was reverent and sincere in his religious life, his religion did not make him repulsive to boys who are quick to detect shams and are easily disgusted with noisy pretensions. To captivate boys we have to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Mr. Hayes had not forgotten that he had been a boy himself. While he never countenanced a thing that he thought to be wrong, he made no harsh criticisms on our innocent amusements, but was as ready to participate in a good joke as we were.

As I grew older he took special interest in whatever interested me. He drew out my plans in a sympathetic, friendly manner and did not oppose me abruptly, even when he did not think my plans were the best, but gradually brought me around to his way of thinking. On one occasion, after the death of my father, I was making my arrangements to haul freight from the river, a remunerative business for those times. Mr. Hayes did not offer any objection to my plan at first; but, after some days of waiting, he very kindly unfolded to me that my associations would be of a demoralizing kind, that there would be nothing in the business for me except the money I might make, and that I would be subjected to exposure from camping out on the road. He finally prevailed on me to abandon the hazardous undertaking. He thus influenced me at a critical period, when to have gone wrong would have meant contraction of life, if not degradation. While he was a man of limited literary information, he suggested books which I read with great profit. If I could place a monument over his grave, I would inscribe upon it: "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

At the Missionary Conference held in New Orleans in 1901 Bishop Charles B. Galloway took a collection amounting to something over fifty thousand dollars for Soochow University.

I made a subscription to it. When the Bishop called my name, several persons whom I had never seen came forward and spoke to me. Among them was a very tall man, who said: "I want to shake your hand. Though I never saw you before, you are the cause of my going through college. I am the son of Reuben Hayes, who knew the history of your boyhood in Choctaw County, Alabama. I had to get my education in the face of difficulties. I was sometimes on the verge of giving it up. My father kept telling me about your persistence till you had gone through college. Your example gave me inspiration to persevere till I had done the same. I am now here to acknowledge my obligation to you and to say to you that whatever of success I may have had as a Methodist preacher in the Arkansas Conference I owe largely to you." Mr. Hayes should have gone behind me and acknowledged the debt to his godly father, who was instrumental in directing my youthful feet in the path that has led to whatever of success I may have been able to achieve. Mr. Reuben Hayes was neither rich nor learned, but he served his generation better than any other man I knew in my boyhood. He could be trusted with the most sacred things in life. Like Abraham, he taught his children to fear God and keep his commandments. He reared a large family of excellent people who are following in his footsteps.

Another neighbor who moved in soon after Mr. Hayes was Mr. George S——. He was a jolly good fellow, who seemed to enjoy life in all of its more trivial phases and was remarkable for two accomplishments: he was a noted country fiddler and the best rifle shot I ever knew. He was in his native element at country dances and at shooting matches. He could so handle the violin as to run a crowd of dancers almost beside themselves. He was the biggest man in the country on such occasions. I was sometimes a visitor at his home and have heard him play, but I was told that it took a crowd to put him at his best. I guess I never heard him in all his glory, for I never attended a dance in my life. I was, however, indebted to Mr. S—— for one accomplishment of which I was very proud. From him I learned to be an expert rifle shot, as

appears in my notes on hunting. I was so accurate a shot that I was able to gain all the prizes offered for the best shooting when I was a cadet in the University of Alabama. Mr. S—— was naturally a highly endowed man. He was not a bad man, but he did not take life seriously. He dismissed its most solemn responsibilities and gave himself up to having a good time. I was told that the latter part of his life was clouded with sorrow and disappointment, as every life must be in which passing enjoyment has been made the chief end. In order to attain our best we must set the highest ideals for our attainment.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

Mr. John James was the brother-in-law of Mr. Hayes, having married his sister, Miss Susan Hayes. He moved into our neighborhood when I was about ten years of age. He bought up several small farms, entered a considerable body of public land, and built a frame house about a quarter of a mile from my father's. He cleared quite a good-sized plantation on two of the Ratcliff Creeks and began work as a prosperous farmer on a larger scale than any other man in the community except Mr. Allen Y——. He was an educated Irishman with very little of the brogue and peculiarities of the "sons of Erin." He was six feet in height, of erect form, fine head, dark hair, large gray eyes—a striking personality. He evidently had a kind heart, but it was not manifested in any excess of sentimental expression. I had a profound respect for him which amounted almost to fear. His kindly interest in me was such that my feelings would have risen to something like veneration, had he not marred my admiration by occasional indulgence in that form of dissipation which has blighted the lives of so many fine men. He was not only an able mathematician, but he was well read in English literature. I have heard it stated that he knew by heart many passages in Pope's translation of the "Iliad." When he happened to be in a jovial mood, I have

heard him repeat portions of "Tam O'Shanter" and other poems by Burns. He had the only good library in that part of the country.

Being an excellent surveyor, he had contracts from the government to survey and plat much of the public land of South Alabama. Before coming to our section he had accumulated considerable means. He owned six or seven negroes, who were just about as free as he and his wife were. I never knew him to show the least unkindness to any of his servants. He gave his slaves parcels of ground and at least half of every Saturday in which to cultivate their crops. Their cotton was ginned and packed at his gin and sold along with his, and the proceeds turned over to them as they called for it.

He was a patriotic, public-spirited citizen, who took much interest in county, state, and national politics. He was a Whig in his party affiliation. I have heard him and Colonel Philip Gaines discuss national issues by the hour. In 1850 he was a candidate for the legislature as representative from Choctaw County. He was defeated by Mr. B. L. Turner, the Democratic candidate. It was reported to him that Mr. William Nicholson, a Democrat and a personal friend of Mr. Turner, had circulated statements derogatory to his religious character. Mr. James was so disappointed at his defeat and so angered at the reported statements of Mr. Nicholson that he went to the latter's store and attacked him with a heavy walking stick. As soon as Mr. Nicholson could get out of the store, assisted by his clerk, he went to his house, about a hundred yards away, got his double-barreled shotgun, which was loaded with buckshot, came back to about thirty yards of the store where Mr. James was standing, and called out to him, saying: "You attacked me in my own house. I am going to kill you." Mr. James simply looked at him, but never moved a muscle nor spoke a word. He could have stepped back from the gallery inside the door in which he was standing. Mr. Nicholson fired one barrel, striking him in the feet and ankles, causing him to drop to his hands and knees. He attempted to rise and was partly up when Mr. Nicholson fired the other

barrel, striking him in the head and face, killing him instantly. His death created a great sensation throughout the whole country. It was a matter of deep regret to all parties. Mr. Nicholson was tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

Mr. James had five sons—Thomas, Daniel, John, Charles, and Robert—and one daughter, Mary. Daniel was near my own age and was my best friend. As he grew up he was sent to the noted school at Green Springs founded by Dr. Henry Tutwiler. Daniel used to tell me about the wonderful fountain of learning at Green Springs, which helped to stir my ambition for an education. He used to lend me books from his father's library and encourage me to read. Daniel James was a fine boy. I never heard him use a vulgar or profane word nor knew him to be guilty of a base or immoral act. He was a handsome boy, whose appearance in manhood was marred by a wound received in the face during the war. After the war he was made probate judge of his county. He died in 1908.

Thomas James assumed control of the plantation soon after his father's death. As is too often the case with young men who come suddenly into power, he failed to exercise that moderation which would have marked the wisdom of more mature years. I do not know anything that tests a young man more severely than to come suddenly into authority with plenty of money. On the other hand, no better fortune can happen to a youth than to be compelled to grow slowly into the possession of authority. The good fortune of Thomas James was, I think, his marriage to Miss Sara Whitlock, a beautiful young lady of the neighborhood. He moved to Mississippi and reared a large family of fine people.

John, the third son, went to school a year or two with me at Pierce's Springs. He made a splendid soldier and was killed because he would persist, contrary to the advice of his friends, in raising his head above the breastworks at which the enemy were firing.

Several years after the death of Mr. James Mrs. James married Mr. Leander Jenkins, several of whose children I shall have occasion to mention in the chapter on my education. Mrs.

James was an excellent woman, to whom I am indebted for numberless acts of kindness. She always treated me as one of her own sons.

About the time that Mr. James moved to our vicinity Mr. Alfred Yates married Miss Martha Evans and built a frame house about two miles west of my father's. Mr. Yates had only a common school education; but he was a man of good natural ability, was public-spirited, and engaged in all the enterprises of the neighborhood. He was a Royal Arch Mason, a Whig in politics, in which he was much interested, though he never ran for any public office. While not an orator, he was always ready to take part in public exercises, such as reading the Declaration of Independence, introducing public speakers, and performing any other services required. While he had never connected himself with any Church, he was ready to aid in Church enterprises and was, I believe, a regular attendant at Church services. He was a man of energy and industry, a successful farmer, and was accumulating property rapidly up to the time of the breaking out of the war. Mrs. Yates was, like her husband, interested in all the public movements in the neighborhood. As she had no children and owned a fine saddle horse, she spent a good deal of her time in looking after the welfare of her neighbors. Mr. Yates was considered a close business man who never wasted any money on trivial things. Yet, as will appear in these pages, he and his wife were very generous toward me.

Another very interesting occasional visitor at our house, though not of our immediate vicinity, was Uncle Mosie Shoemaker. He was a clean, bright man, quick, energetic, pious, public-spirited, and a great Baptist, who went to all the meetings and associations in the whole country for miles around. In passing, he and his wife, who rode horseback, always spent the night at our house. He conducted family prayer when he was present. Though not a preacher, he still stands out in my memory as one of the best men I ever knew. He was a man of lively spirit and an incessant talker, though

his talk was always pure and without guile. On one occasion some person was inclined to challenge the correctness of some statement made by Uncle Mosie. A friend of his remarked: "O well, you know that any one who talks as constantly as Uncle Mosie makes mistakes sometimes." No one ever doubted his sincerity and honesty.

The last time I saw him I met him in the road one evening when he was returning from a meeting. He was so nearly blind that he did not know me until I told him who I was. He then struck me across the shoulder a hard rap with his riding whip, making some pleasant and affectionate remarks about my getting too big to recognize old friends. I wish all of the old acquaintances who live in the memory of those early days could come up with as pleasing and kindly recollections as Uncle Mosie Shoemaker.

Now I have to record a recollection of a different kind. As has been stated, Mr. Dennis L—— came into our neighborhood and settled about a mile east of us. The family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son about twenty years of age. They were Irish people who had lived sometime in Halifax, Nova Scotia, before they came to Alabama. Mrs. L—— was a kind-hearted woman in whom I saw nothing bad. Mr. L—— was very fond of whisky, though I never saw him "dead" drunk. John W. L——, the son, was a young man of good intellect and considerable education, but he was very profane and obscene. I have often wished that I could blot out all memory of his profane and obscene expressions and vile conduct. He afterwards professed conversion and became a Methodist preacher. In the estimation of some of the members of the Church, he equaled Dr. Thomas W. Dorman, the presiding elder, in his eloquence. But it was a kind of eloquence that lacked the ring of deep sincerity. He soon abandoned the ministry and went on the stage. Like the glare of an exploded skyrocket, he went out and was heard of no more.

Innocent country life, like the Garden of Eden, is too often marred by the spirit of evil. It seems necessary that there

should be some place from which sin is excluded. This place is not found in the country. It is not found in the city. Only heaven is secure against the malign influence of the wicked, who must become fit for heaven or be annihilated or be confined in some prison house for the detention of the hopelessly incorrigible.

CHAPTER IV.

My Early Education—My Teachers: Mr. John James, Dr. A. J. Graham, Mr. James A. Kimbrough, and Dr. A. J. Allen—My Schoolmates in Dr. Allen's School—My First Attempt at Teaching—My Second Attempt at Teaching.

AS already stated, my grandmother taught me the first things I learned from books. My education in spelling and reading began when I was about six years old. From a Webster's blue-back spelling book my father taught me the alphabet. He continued to teach me until I was between eleven and twelve years of age. In the summer of 1846 I went to school three months to Mr. John James, who has been mentioned in the preceding chapter. This was the first school that had been taught in our vicinity for several years. There had been a school sometime earlier, taught by an Irishman named Michael Hennessee. Mr. Hennessee taught the "three R's" very thoroughly, as was reported, by the lubrication of "hickory oil"; but it never fell to my lot to have any of this knowledge dispensed by Mr. Hennessee.

As has been stated, Mr. James, my first teacher, was also an Irishman. He was now teaching a summer school for the benefit of his own sons and the other boys of the neighborhood, embracing an area some five or six miles in diameter. The school was taught in an old log residence about half a mile from Nicholson's store, on the Barryton Road and about three miles from our house and Mr. James's. Inside of the house there was a long table on which we wrote from copies set by Mr. James, who wrote a very neat running hand. He made our pens out of goose quills and sharpened them when necessary with a penknife which he kept for the purpose. If there were any such things as steel pens then, I never heard of them.

There was a piazza in front of the house facing the public road, which ran about forty yards from the house. The teacher

usually sat or walked on this piazza as he heard the lessons. We were at liberty to study out in the grove or anywhere, just so we had our lessons well prepared and were on hand promptly when the class was called. The one thing above all else required in this school was *good lessons*. The lessons must be learned. The penalty of idleness was the hickory freely applied, a penalty I never had to suffer. Mr. James told my father that he was surprised to find me as far advanced as I was. He did not expect me to know anything. My father informed him that he had been teaching me at home for several years. I owe much to this beginning of study at home. I believe that if more parents were as much interested in the education of their children as my father was and would give as much attention to it, we would have less illiteracy. I sometimes thought it hard to be required to study in my odds and ends of time, especially when the other boys would come and call me out to play. I had to get the lessons first, and then I could play.

Back of the schoolhouse in which Mr. James taught was a deep ravine, and about a hundred yards distant was a spring. It is amusing to think how very thirsty we got and how often we had to go to the spring. Hard study, especially studying out loud, as we frequently did, must be a very thirst-producing exercise. I have often observed since I have been a teacher the same tendency in pupils to go out for water. I learned in later years that this tendency is not altogether bad. It enables them to use the three remedies against disease once recommended by a celebrated English physician. On his deathbed he had his medical friends called in and told them that he had to go the way of all of his predecessors, but that he had the consolation of knowing that he would leave behind three of the best physicians that had ever been known among men. The doctors all drew near, hoping that the worthy three might be found of their number. They eagerly leaned over to catch the names from the lips of their dying friend: "Pure Water, Fresh Air, and Regular Exercise."

My studies during the first summer session with Mr. James were spelling, reading, and writing. The spelling book was

Webster's blue-back. The readers were the New York Readers—First, Second, and Third. They contained excellent selections of prose and poetry. Mr. James was a good reader himself and paid particular attention to the reading of his students. I have often wished to see those old readers again, but have not been able to find a single copy. They seem to have gone with the past generation of men.

The next summer, 1847, Mr. James taught in a new schoolhouse in a more central location, about two miles from us. During this session I began grammar and arithmetic. We used a new series of readers, just published, by Dr. W. H. McGuffey, of the University of Virginia. I was very much interested in grammar and reading, and everything moved on smoothly as far as I was concerned. Some of the children were tallow-faced and sickly looking. I think the trouble may have been caused by hookworms, though hookworms and microbes had not yet been discovered. Some of the pale, sickly looking children were accused of "eating dirt," which was assigned as the cause of their poor health. Mr. James was a man fertile in expedients. He had a large bottle filled with vinegar, rusty nails, and I know not what else, and dosed the cadaverous-looking children with this medicine every day after dinner. He called that class up in a row and gave each a spoonful. They improved very much under this treatment. I suppose my appearance was not such as to indicate the need of this remedy, as I was not subjected to an application of it.

In the summer of 1848 my father died after a lingering illness of more than a year. The management of the farm and the responsibility of making a living now devolved entirely upon me, as had largely been the case for more than a year. He was a quiet, good man, who had seen his most active days before I could remember. He did the best he could in educating his children. He did more personal work in teaching us than any other man I ever knew outside of the teacher's profession. Without his persevering and painstaking instruction I could not have made as good a start in school as I did. He did not leave us any money; but he left us the richest inherit-

ance any man can leave his children: the memory of a quiet, peaceful, and godly life. I shall never know how much I lost by not having his paternal care and guidance through the perilous years of boyhood. Since his death, in my fourteenth year, I have acted mainly on my own initiative. As I did not always act wisely, I am sure that I would have done worse but for the judicious counsel of good friends. Emerson said that two good angels guarded his youth—poverty and work. I had the same two guardian angels. I think it took more than these two to keep me from going to the bad.

I was very much impressed at this time by Mr. James's kindness. He encouraged me to get lessons at night and go to his house and recite to him once or twice a week during the fall and winter. This help, with the use of his library, kept alive my interest in study. I had to work very hard on the farm during the day in order to make a living. I could not have gone to school even if there had been any. While looking over his library I found a copy of the early statutes of Alabama in which was recorded the charter of the State University. As I read it I had an anxious wish that I might some day be numbered among its students. But this looked like an impossible dream hidden away among the mists of the unknown future.

DR. A. J. GRAHAM, MY SECOND TEACHER.

Largely through Mr. James's influence the people of the community employed for the year 1848-49 a teacher by the name of Dr. A. J. Graham. Dr. Graham dressed well, wore a tall silk hat, and had the reputation of being very learned. But he had a temper that corresponded well with his red face and hair and sharp, aquiline nose. Under him I studied grammar, reading, spelling, arithmetic, and Mitchell's geography and atlas, a finely illustrated book for that day. This opened to my mind the wonders of the great world in which we live.

Dr. Graham had two boys studying Latin—Thomas and William West. That was my first knowledge that there was any other language than English. As I listened to the boys standing up before Dr. Graham with wriggling hands and contorted

features over the conjugation of the verb *amabam*, *amabas*, *amabat*, *amabamus*, *amabatis*, *amabant* (placing the accent on the last syllable), I think the language would have sounded as strange to Cicero or Horace as it did to me. The pronunciation in Dr. Graham's school had far outrun the ancient Latin pronunciation and had not caught up with the modern Roman method.

Owing to my mother's ill health and the necessity of making a crop, my attendance was very irregular through the session. I think I did not go more than two or three months, but I read and studied at home.

During this year one striking event occurred at Christmas, when the boys "turned Dr. Graham out." He was not willing to give more than one day's holiday, and the boys wanted a week. On Christmas Eve morning we all went to the school-house before daylight, barred the door (there was only one), and waited for the Doctor to come. About eight o'clock he came riding up with his dinner bucket in his hand, hitched his horse as usual, and started toward the door. We all crowded around him and made known our request for a week's holiday. He flatly declined to grant it. As we persisted he became very angry and swore that he would not give it. He turned away from us abruptly and started to enter the door. When he found it barred, he gave it a hard kick. Abel Campbell, one of the young men, caught him from behind and lifted him off the doorsteps and, holding him around the waist, said: "Now, come on, boys, if you want a holiday." The leaders in the business told the Doctor that we would take him down to the branch and duck him if he would not grant our request. He still declined and clawed the skin off Abel's hand until it bled freely; but we told him that there was no use in resisting, that we did not wish to use any violence, but that we were determined to have the holiday, and that we would duck him in the branch until he consented. After some parleying he relented and agreed to give us the week. He very soon got in a good humor. When we opened the door, he called us all in and

made a little talk, saying that he had gotten mad and spoken hastily and requested us to say nothing about it.

I did not enjoy the week's holiday, for I was afraid that Mr. James would disapprove of the whole proceeding. I did not care so much what Dr. Graham thought as I dreaded Mr. James's disapprobation. This prank would never have been attempted on Mr. James. There were not boys enough in Choctaw County to turn him out. He never yielded to any opposition nor quailed before any danger. In spite of his faults, my heart grows warm with admiration to this day over the memory of his manliness and his kindness. But for him and his library I might never have made my way to a college education. Sixty years after his death I looked in vain for his grave, though I remembered well its location. I would gladly have placed a lasting memorial over it. My gratitude to him is tempered with an emotion of sorrow. He was too noble to have had his sun blotted out at midnight.

MR. JAMES A. KIMBROUGH, MY THIRD TEACHER.

For some reason Dr. Graham was not engaged for another year. During the summer of 1850 Mr. James A. Kimbrough taught the school. Mr. Kimbrough was a clean young man of fairly good English education. I was interested in my studies and received valuable help from him. I wish it borne in mind that I got all my early education either at home or in country schools during the summer months after the crop was laid by.

DR. A. J. ALLEN, MY FOURTH TEACHER.

Dr. A. J. Allen was my next teacher. He was a small man with one weak arm, from what cause I do not know. He had a fine head and face, keen black eyes, long hair tinged with gray and parted in the middle like Milton's, as shown in pictures. He was, I guess, between fifty-five and sixty years of age. He was a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was a scholarly man and a gentleman, whose only fault, so far as I knew, was the habit of drinking too much at times, though I never knew him to be under the influence of liquor

during school hours. It was always a mystery why so able and cultivated a man should be teaching a little country school out in the backwoods. I suspect that it was due to his one weakness, the love of drink.

He had recently married a young wife about twenty years of age. They boarded at Mrs. James's, Mr. James having been killed the year before. I was a frequent visitor at the James home and had a good opportunity to become acquainted with the Doctor, so far as an ignorant country boy could know a well-educated man. He was kind enough to give me some direction in my reading. Among the first books he recommended was Scott's "Ivanhoe." He was fond of talking about "Tom" Jefferson and induced me to read some of Jefferson's letters which were in the library.

MY SCHOOLMATES IN DR. ALLEN'S SCHOOL.

After the crop was laid by in the summer of 1851, I entered Dr. Allen's school, in the Jenkins neighborhood, about a mile and a half from home. This school was composed of both sexes and all ages from ten years up to grown young men and women. Among the young men were James and Joseph Jenkins; among the larger girls were Misses Isabel and Mary Jenkins and Dolly Swann. James Jenkins was considered an advanced scholar. He had been attending school elsewhere and was studying algebra, on whose marvelous beauties he used to expatiate freely. He showed me how he could take two small letters (x and y) and expand them until the work would cover both sides of his slate. He said it was beautiful—a thing I could not understand then and, I suppose for lack of mathematical vision, I have not been able since fully to appreciate, though I have worked through several higher algebras, taking in the binomial theorem, theory of equations, and all. Joseph Jenkins dressed well, wore a tall silk hat, and seemed to appreciate his own beauty more than the beauties of algebra.

My studies were arithmetic, grammar, geography, writing, and spelling. Neither in this school nor in those I had attended before was I ever hurried. I did not have to cram to keep

up with any class, but worked at each subject until I thought I understood it. If I did not understand any part of a subject, the teacher was at hand always ready to explain. In those early schools I formed the habit of never feeling satisfied to leave behind me any part of a subject that I did not understand. I think this habit was one of the best things I acquired. We had spelling lessons daily, such as the latter-day teachers sometimes look upon with slight respect. We had parsing lessons too, selected from Milton, Shakespeare, the Bible, and other portions of literature. We wasted some time on these exercises, no doubt; but we learned to construct sentences and to appreciate the force of words. I do not know that I have ever considered this time lost, though some of it might perhaps have been more profitably spent in stimulating our minds to take a wider view of good literature.

One of my schoolmates at this time was pretty Miss Isabel Jenkins, with dark brown hair, bright hazel eyes, fair skin, white teeth, and dimpled cheeks and chin. She was sweet, smiling, graceful sixteen; and I simple, susceptible, green seventeen. At first I only thought that she was neat, not pert, not forward, just modestly good-looking. I felt no special interest in her more than in the other boys and girls. Upon due acquaintance she had me "work her hard sums" and parse her difficult sentences. As a reward for these services she sometimes gave me a flower or an apple. She took pains to show in modest ways her appreciation of my ability and went so far as to express this to others who were kind enough to make it known to me. Not through any fault of hers, of course (as her winsome ways were natural), she grew more beautiful and fascinating, until I began to feel that there never could be another girl so lovely. But, owing to my bashfulness and her artfulness, we continued without progress or regress for two or three months, when it gradually became painfully evident to me that she was as much interested in two or three other fellows as she was in me and that she had too much sense to think of waiting for a penniless plowboy to attain to manhood and to acquire a competency. This discovery was a great

disappointment. It did not break my heart, as I thought it would, but it did break the spell of Cupid's dream. It stung my pride and stirred my ambition. Instead of committing suicide or drowning my disappointment in dissipation, I determined to rise out of my unsatisfactory condition. The only way I saw of doing this was through education. I was fond of reading and study, but I think there was a motive other than simple love of knowledge that stimulated me to make the effort in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties. As it turned out, I had a long, hard road of fifteen years of school, college, and war experiences to travel over before I could, with any reason, assume the responsibility of taking care of a family. Even if Miss Isabel had been sufficiently interested (I am glad she was not) to think of waiting fifteen years, I suspect I would have grown from her unless she had been inspired with other aspirations than most young people entertain in their days of changeful susceptibility. For since I came to myself I have never had more than a passing fancy for any woman who did not possess more than ordinary culture and force of character. I am glad that my good angels of poverty and work enabled me to pass through the susceptible period of youth so that I did not become the drudge of circumstances of my own improvident making; that I have been left free to place myself under elevating influences which, I believe, have not been exercised altogether in vain. I hope that Miss Isabel found the man of her choice, that her married life was a happy one, and that she was ready to answer the final summons which came to her years ago.

As the spring of 1852 came on I had to stop school and go to work to make a crop. In addition to corn, fodder, potatoes, and other produce, we made a small crop of cotton, which I sent along with a neighbor's load of cotton to Mobile. With part of the proceeds I bought the following books: Milton's "Paradise Lost," Young's "Night Thoughts," "Newton on the Prophecies," "Mrs. Heman's Poems," and "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son." I selected these books upon the recommendation of my friend Mr. Hayes, who had consulted

Rev. Paul F. Stearns about what books I should buy. I read all of these books very attentively and thought I understood them. I guess it is a good thing that young people have some conceit, for it would be paralyzing to turn upon them all at once a full knowledge of their verdancy.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT TEACHING.

In the fall I was induced by Mr. Hayes to teach a little school in the community. When I told him that I doubted my qualifications for teaching, he informed me that Mr. James had spoken to him so favorably of my ability that he was sure that I could teach the school, which would not be composed of any advanced students. He gave me a copy of a contract in Mr. James's handwriting, from which I wrote out some articles of agreement between myself and the patrons and entered upon what was destined to be my profession, as will appear in this history of my life. I lived at home and for the first month collected the magnificent sum of seven dollars and twenty-five cents! The wonder is that I did not quit the business of teaching forever. I trust I may be pardoned for saying that two of my life principles have been to persevere in whatever I have undertaken and to keep my contracts. The following months I did somewhat better in the way of collections.

Among the pupils of this my first school was Miss Fannie Hayes, the oldest daughter of my good friend Reuben Hayes, a girl of twelve years, a modest, ladylike girl, who set a fine example to the younger students. After the lapse of sixty-two years, I received a letter from her signed "Mrs. Fannie H. Cochran," in which she said that she was prompted to express her appreciation, before it became too late, of what I had done for her in the long ago. I know that my instruction was immature, my manners those of an unpolished country boy; but if I conducted myself in such a way as to have caused this good woman's respect and gratitude to live through all the wrecks of these sixty-two years, I am deeply grateful. I am sure that our friendship will not end with the few fleeting days that may remain to us here.

In the spring of 1853 I went about three months to Dr. Allen, who had moved to another neighborhood five miles from my mother's. I walked this distance every morning and evening over a very hilly road. During this term I studied elementary geometry and surveying, in addition to some of the studies I had formerly gone over. While the course in surveying was very elementary, I found I had learned enough about the subject to do plain surveying quite accurately when I had occasion to put it into practice. I wish to acknowledge my obligation in this connection to Dr. Allen, who soon passed out of my knowledge.

MY SECOND ATTEMPT AT TEACHING.

During the summer and fall of 1853 I taught another school in our vicinity. Some of my pupils had been my fellow students under Dr. Graham and Mr. Kimbrough. In this school I had two or three young ladies older than myself. In justice to them I wish to state that their demeanor was excellent and that I never had a school in the course of fifty years' experience that gave me less trouble. This must have been due to the character of the pupils, for it certainly was not due to my native or acquired ability as a disciplinarian. With the proceeds of this school I made my preparation to enter the academy that had recently been established at Pierce's Springs, Mississippi, about eight miles from where we lived. I entered the academy the first of January, 1854. In order to economize as much as possible, I walked from home on Monday mornings and returned on Friday evenings.

CHAPTER V.

PIERCE'S SPRINGS.

Mr. George Frederick Mellen—Mrs. Alice Hayes Mellen—Experiences at the Springs—A Mob—How to Destroy Fleas—My First Original Speech.

PIERCE'S SPRINGS was located in the eastern part of Clarke County, Mississippi, about two miles from the State line and five miles northwest of Nicholson's store, now Melvin, Alabama. Just below the Springs there is a streak of fine prairie land extending from Choctaw County, Alabama, westward into Mississippi. On these lands a number of wealthy planters had settled. Among them were the Evanses, the Harrells, the McLendons, the Bedwells, and others. This was a typical neighborhood of the "Black Belt." They were an industrious, enterprising, and hospitable people, whose wealth was the result of their own thrift, and among them class distinctions were not so sharply drawn as they are now in either the North or the South.

I was through all my school and college life associated with the sons of this class of people, and among them I found many of my best friends. They had their faults, but their faults were not on the side of petty meanness. There was a chivalrous spirit among them which gave tone to the old Southern civilization. It is an error to say that they were domineering over their poorer white neighbors. I never saw any indications of this haughty spirit that has sometimes been attributed to them. This charge was overworked on account of the hatred of slavery among many Northern people just before the war and has been emphasized for a generation since.

Two or three miles north of this strip of prairie country there begins a portion of country covered by long-leaf pines in which there is a mineral spring. Near this spring Mrs. Harvey Pierce had established a girls' school in the year 1852. This gave the name to the place. She was a native of Ohio, a wom-

an of superior ability and character. Her school was drawing patronage from all that part of East Mississippi. This caused a number of wealthy and enterprising people to build homes around the Springs. Among these were Colonel B. F. Estes, Rev. Paul F. Stearns, Mr. Thomas Hicks, Mrs. Dumas, Mr. J. M. Calhoun, Mr. John H. Evans, Mr. John West, and others. These people, together with the community in the adjacent prairie belt, needed for their boys a school similar to Mrs. Pierce's school for girls. They organized a board of trustees to establish a male academy. Mr. Duke Goodman, a commission merchant of Mobile, who had formerly lived in this section, was one of the influential members of the board, for whom the school was named Goodman Institute, though it was generally designated by the name of Pierce's Springs.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK MELLEN.

The trustees engaged as the first principal Mr. George Frederick Mellen, who had been teaching for two or three years at Mount Sterling, Choctaw County, Alabama, another typical Black Belt community. Mr. Mellen had made a fine reputation at Mount Sterling, and his coming to the Springs in the fall of 1853 drew patronage from Alabama. A new light had dawned on that section such as had never shone there before.

It is true more or less everywhere that the man or woman at the head makes the school. This was emphatically true at Pierce's Springs. Mrs. Pierce made the girls' school. George Frederick and Seth Smith Mellen made the male academy the most noted school that has ever been in that part of East Mississippi. This and Dr. Tutwiler's school at Green Springs, Alabama, were in a class of high schools in the South before the war that, in the opinion of Dr. E. A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, have hardly been equaled except, perhaps, in Scotland. They were noted for the large number of boys they sent to college in proportion to the size of the school.

Mr. George F. Mellen was a native of Massachusetts. He was born at Brookfield, prepared for college at the celebrated

Wilbraham Academy, and graduated from Wesleyan College (now University), at Middletown, Connecticut. When he went to the Springs he was about thirty years of age, six feet tall, a little stoop-shouldered, with fine head, dark hair, clear hazel eyes, prominent Roman nose, projecting upper front teeth which generally showed a little, clear complexion, with clean-shaved face, and always neatly dressed—altogether a striking personality. You would take him in any crowd to be more than a common man. The first time I ever saw him was at Kizer Hill Church, just before I entered his school. At the conclusion of the sermon the preacher called on him to make the closing prayer. This he did in a rich, mellow, distinct voice. One sentence of the prayer was a quotation from the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, which has been ringing in my mind ever since: "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

However favorably you might be impressed with his appearance at first, you had to be associated with him some time to understand and appreciate his real character. He was a fine scholar for his age, well versed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, English, and mathematics. He kept up his Hebrew studies daily, as well as the languages which he taught. He did not spare himself in his work for his students. I may have had some better teachers in the mere details of instruction; but for getting students to take a comprehensive view of a subject and inspiring them with noble purposes I have not seen his superior. He had been a student under Stephen Olin at Middletown. He must have caught some of Olin's spirit which prompted Alexander H. Stephens to say, after being his pupil at Franklin College, Georgia, that he was more indebted to Dr. Olin for his interest in literature than to all his other teachers combined.

After all, inspiration is the greatest quality in a teacher. Many teachers can instruct well, but not all can inspire great

and noble purposes in the young. Without inspiration, education can never yield its best fruitage. Thomas Arnold could create noble visions in the minds of his students. Stephen Olin and Mark Hopkins could do this, and George Frederick Mellen could do it. If the academy at Pierce's Springs had closed with his principalship, still it would have been the scene of a worthy effort. Mr. Mellen never troubled us with many precepts and set rules. It was his custom on opening school in the morning to read something from the Bible and offer devout prayer in a full, earnest tone of voice. We were rather a godless set of youths and did not stop to think much about his prayers; but we were generally respectful to him, for we loved him. More religion gets into a boy through the devout teacher he loves than through any merely formal instruction that can be given. On the other hand, a powerful excuse is given for being irreligious when a brilliant and popular teacher practically ignores the subject.

My studies were "Davies's Elementary Algebra," "Brown's English Grammar," "Parker's Natural Philosophy," a book on chemistry whose author I cannot recall, "Whately's Logic," and original compositions and declamation. I well remember my first effort at declamation. I had memorized a short speech from "Lovell's Young Speaker." I knew it perfectly, but had never practiced speaking it aloud. When my name was called, I took my stand on the platform and began. When I had spoken two or three sentences, my voice had a strange sound, which caused the next sentence to leave me, and all was blank. Not a word could I recall. After an awful pause of some moments I stumbled down to my desk, buried my face in my hands, and wished for a hole in the floor big enough to let me fall through. When I recovered from my mortification, I made a resolution that I would never leave the stage again until I had finished all I had to say. I believe this resolution has been of great benefit to me. It gave me confidence in myself. I have never failed to be able to say in some fashion all that I had to say on any given occasion. My friend Leo Shackelford was of service in hearing me rehearse my next speech for

public declamation. He was a good speaker and gave me encouragement.

While I got a great deal out of these subjects, which were all new to me, I got a great deal more out of Mr. Mellen. It has taken more than sixty years to find out how much I did get. Indeed, I believe it will take a longer period than this life to reveal it all.

MRS. ALICE HAYES MELLEN.

Mrs. Alice Hayes Mellen deserves mention in this connection, as she was Mr. Mellen's assistant in composition and occasionally in recitations. She was a brilliant and finely educated woman, but somewhat eccentric. She was an excellent writer. After leaving the South she wrote a book, I am informed, which I never had the pleasure of seeing. I owe her a debt of gratitude for her special interest and encouragement. On one occasion when we had some public exercises she and Miss O. C. DuBose had been descanting on the characteristics of some of the students, among them Newton Phillips, my roommate, and myself. As Phillips and I came out of the house the two ladies met us at the door, and Mrs. Mellen embarrassed us all by stating publicly that Miss DuBose had said that Phillips was handsomer than I. She quickly stepped up to me, brushed back my hair, and said: "Stand up straight and show that you are a better-looking man than Phillips." This was one of her eccentric freaks, at which no one was surprised.

EXPERIENCES AT THE SPRINGS.

A few of my experiences during my first year at the Springs will be in place here. I boarded with Mr. John H. Evans, who had five students boarding in his family. Miss Lizzie Kent (a niece of Mrs. Evans), Miss Lizzie Evans (sister of Mr. Evans), and a Miss Williams were students in Mrs. Pierce's school. Newton D. Phillips, brother of Mrs. Evans, and I were students in the male academy. Mr. and Mrs. Evans were fine people and made our home very pleasant.

The young and inexperienced are apt to be self-confident and

to feel able to rise above their moral and social environment. They should know that there is danger here. During this first year at the Springs there were a number of us about the same age, from eighteen to twenty years. Some of these were highly gifted youths of warm and generous natures. We were all susceptible to the charms of friendship; but some of the most gifted ones, according to the custom of the times, had formed a taste for strong drink. This was intensified by the fascination that the social element supplies. At that time I was not settled in my religious principles. I was more open to temptation than I would have been with settled religious convictions. My sympathies had entered deeply into the lives of these genial friends, and before I knew it I found that they were beginning to lead me to lengths I did not wish to go. I saw that I had to control them, which was impossible; or to break with them, which was not so easy to do when I had no other sympathetic circle to enter; or to drift with them down the rapidly increasing current toward the falls. I almost shudder now to think of how perilously near I came to being sucked into the maelstrom and swept with the crowd into some reckless deed that might have destroyed confidence in me at that critical time and have marred my future prospects for an education. I am thankful that my good angel came to my rescue again. I told my roommate that he might do as he pleased, but that, as for me, I was going to act for myself in the future and that I was not going to be led by my friends. He said: "You are right, and I will go with you." This resolution was a shield against similar temptations to engage in reckless conduct. It has sometimes made me feel rather lonesome to stand with the minority and in more than one instance by myself, but I am sure that it has been the safer plan. I have thus maintained my self-respect and have not lost any of the respect of my fellow men that has been worth maintaining.

It makes me sad to know that all that crowd of gifted boys are gone. Some of them who might have been burning and shining lights in the world went to premature graves, over which black Azrael hovers. I would not mention this but for

the hope of erecting a beacon of warning to the boys of a new generation. Let them know that they must stand for themselves or drift with the current. Standing against an evil current will make men; drifting with it will make driftwood on the stream of time.

A MOB.

Mrs. Pierce had in her family a girl by the name of Shaw, whom Mr. Pierce had taken from the orphan asylum at Vicksburg under certain stipulations that she was to be kept in his family and educated until she became of age. It appeared that she had written to her brother, a young fellow about eighteen years old, that she was being mistreated by the Pierces. The young man came and tried to take his sister away. The Pierces refused to let her go, claiming that they were under contract to keep her until she became of age. The young man went around in the community and stirred up a good deal of prejudice against the Pierces, which he could easily do, as they were economical, industrious people, and required more work of their children and dependents than some of the Southern people were accustomed to do. The boys of the male school proved to be inflammable material for this business, especially as Mrs. Pierce did not allow them all the privileges with her boarding pupils that they wished. Led by some of the more hot-headed citizens, they marched to the female academy and demanded the surrender of Miss Shaw. Mr. Pierce indignantly refused. The leaders threatened to enter his house and take her by force. He declared that if they should do this he would prosecute them for unlawful entrance into his premises. Things were coming to a very critical stage when Mr. Mellen and some of the more cool-headed citizens induced Mr. Pierce to agree to let the girl go under protest, with proof that he was compelled to do so in the interest of peace. This evidence, he said, he wanted in case he should be sued by the trustees of the orphan asylum for failure to carry out his contract. Two of the more reckless boys took the girl and her brother in buggies to Slater's Landing, on the Tombigbee River, thirty miles away.

At first I sympathized with the Shaws, but was not in favor of violent measures. The thing annoyed Mr. Mellen very much. There was a great deal of feeling for a while; but after it became fully known that the girl was not abused, but was treated reasonably well and was getting more education than she would have gotten anywhere else, the excitement quieted down, and the Pierces were justified in the estimation of the public. This was my first experience as to what an excited mob will do. They are as apt to do the wrong thing as the right; and when they do the right thing, they are sure to do it in the wrong way.

HOW TO DESTROY FLEAS.

Another incident which occurred that session about the last of May or first of June was published in many papers throughout the country as a "sure remedy for destroying fleas." The schoolhouse had been built the year before out of large split pine logs about twelve or fifteen inches in diameter. The split side was hewn smooth, and the cracks between the logs were ceiled with dressed planks running parallel with the logs. The house was set on blocks about two feet above the ground. The hogs had been sleeping under the house at night for some time without attracting attention and had generated more fleas than I ever saw in one place. Our pants would be almost black with them when we passed close to it. Some genius suggested as an effective means of destroying the fleas that a layer of leaves be placed underneath and set on fire. The fire extended from the leaves to the pine splinters. The house was soon in flames and in the course of an hour or two in ashes. We never saw any more fleas in that place.

MY FIRST ORIGINAL SPEECH.

The remainder of the session was conducted in an unoccupied dwelling house. After a session of ten months, the school closed the latter part of July. The teachers had given a faithful review of the studies passed over during the year. The

closing exercises of two days were held under a large brush arbor about a hundred yards from the spring. We were examined on each subject by the teacher, then the book was handed to any one in the audience who felt inclined to ask any question on the subject under examination. Not many people cared to ask questions, but one young physician who had been to college ventured to show how much he knew by contrasting his knowledge with our ignorance. Of course we could not answer all of his questions, but it was my good fortune to be able to answer everything except one problem in algebra. Public examination was a new experience. I had studied very hard, my mind was clear, and the excitement put me at my best.

On the afternoon of the last day the older boys delivered their original speeches. Mine was on Christopher Columbus. I had read Irving's "Life of Columbus" during the year. The subject suited me in one respect; for, like Columbus, I was making my first voyage over the unknown sea of original speech-making. After I had done my best on its composition, I was not pleased with my effort; but Mrs. Mellen, who had charge of the preparation of our speeches, assured me that it would do with some corrections. After she had criticized it, I thought so too.

I have often recalled my appearance on that occasion. I do not think I had on more than ten dollars' worth of clothing from head to foot. My pants were made out of blue checked cloth that had cost about two dollars and a half. They had been washed and had shrunk until they were too tight and too short and made my big feet look still bigger. I wore a long linen coat that had cost about two dollars and a half. I knew very well that my dress was not adequate to the occasion; but my money had given out a month before, and I did not know how to borrow. I had never learned that art. It would have seemed too much like begging to have asked any one to lend me a dollar. I think now that my independence was rather too intense. I am sure, though, that it was better to err on that side than on the opposite. Young people are often too much disposed to get help. This disposition saps the foundation of in-

dependent manhood and womanhood. Self-denial is a bitter medicine, but it is a fine tonic.

When my speech was called, I had to stand out in full view of several hundred well-dressed people. I felt, as every young man should feel, that there was something more in me than appeared on the outside. This feeling gave me inspiration. I finished my speech without hesitation or embarrassment. I think my good angel must have been with me, for my future education depended on the success of those two days, as will appear later.

When our speeches had all been delivered, Mr. Mellen announced that his brother, Professor S. S. Mellen, would have charge of the school the next year, that he would not be our teacher any more, and in a few simple words of advice and assurance of his abiding interest in us, he bade us farewell with evident but well-controlled emotion. I shall never forget the scene of that July afternoon. The rough, hard-hearted boys broke down and cried like children. It was not so much what Mr. Mellen said as what Mr. Mellen was. I have seen girls moved with intense emotion on parting from their teachers and friends; but I have never seen boys so moved with deep feeling that lasted beyond the hour.

Mr. Mellen went North and entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, to prepare for the ministry. While there he wrote me two kind and encouraging letters, which were like messages from another world after his death, which occurred the following year. "He being dead yet speaketh."

As we went out from under that brush arbor, which had been the scene of the last two days, Colonel Alfred Yates, who has been mentioned, met me in a very cordial manner and said: "John, I was mighty glad to hear you answering all those questions. I am proud of your success. What are you going to do now?" I replied: "I am going to work to make some money, then I am going to school again." "Well," he said, "it's a pity for you to stop now. You ought to go on to school." I

answered: "Yes; but I have no money, and I owe Mr. Evans for a month's board, which I must pay as soon as possible." "Well, get you a school and make as much as you can during the summer. If you can pay for your board next session, I will pay for your tuition and will wait on you until you are able to pay me."

CHAPTER VI.

My Third Attempt at Teaching—The Beginning of My Religious Life—
Professor Seth Smith Mellen—Joining the Church—Religious Experiences—School at Choclahana.

I WENT home and taught the first public school ever taught in our neighborhood. The first general public school law for Alabama was enacted by the Legislature early in this year, 1854. The session of my school lasted three months, and I was paid eighty dollars for my services.

During the summer while I was teaching this school great changes were beginning to take place in my spiritual being. I had always intended to be religious. I never knew the time when I was troubled with notions of infidelity. Two or three years before this I had read, at the suggestion of my friend Mr. Hayes, "Nelson on Infidelity." The book interested me, but had made no particular impression on me that I could recall. I did not intend to be wicked. I had simply grown godless and impenitent through neglect in cultivating any positive piety. I had been prayerless. I had not been a Bible reader. I had never heard any preaching that impressed me. I had left the garden of my heart to the thorns and weeds of sin, and they had taken it. I saw that I was not getting any better, but was growing worse. My condition alarmed me. I decided to change my course. I found an old copy of the New Testament and began to read it carefully. I began to try to pray, but the heavens seemed like brass. I was bound in the chains of sin. My state was expressed in the seventh chapter of Romans. Sometimes my regret would be less poignant and the "fearful looking for of fiery indignation" temporarily relieved. But in the main my spiritual sky was beclouded. This conviction came on me without any human agency, so far as I knew. I had been attending no religious meetings. I had been reading no religious books for some time. I believe that it came from God's Spirit, making me sensible of my condition and wooing me to a better life.

One other thing during this summer session has been distinctly remembered. It was the clearing up of the subject of algebra. I had studied Davies's Elementary Algebra the preceding session, but it had never become clear in my mind. Now I had a pupil, Robert Swann, who had studied Day's Algebra through equations of the first degree under Dr. Allen. Robert and I had only one book. When he was not using his book, I studied ahead of him and was surprised and delighted to find how clear the subject became from this review in a different book. This experience taught me the important lesson that when a subject is not clearly understood it is well to study another author who presents the same matter in a different form.

When I returned to Pierce's Springs on November 16, 1854 (as Professor S. S. Mellen's record book shows), I found the new frame academy completed. Seated in the principal's chair was Professor S. S. Mellen. While I owe a debt of gratitude to quite a number of people, this man, during my five years' association with him, gave me more assistance in the way of instruction than any other man. It is therefore proper that I should make special mention of him.

PROFESSOR SETH SMITH MELLEN.

Seth Smith Mellen was born in Pelham, Massachusetts, February 7, 1821. He was prepared for college at Wilbraham Academy, and graduated with third honor from Williams College in the class of 1843 under the presidency of Dr. Mark Hopkins. When I first saw Mr. Mellen, in 1854, he was thirty-three years of age, was about five feet and eleven inches in height, of superb form, fine head, black hair which slightly curled, Roman nose and face, and large, dark, expressive eyes—altogether one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. He was a more brilliant man than his brother, with good talent for public address. I have heard it said by those who knew him well that he could have made a brilliant success in any of the professions, if his tastes had led him in that direction. He was a modest man who did not like publicity. He was a teacher

because he loved teaching. To any one who has no taste and aptitude for teaching it is an irksome business, but to one who loves teaching it is full of inspiration. The live teacher finds pleasure in the acquisition of the knowledge of the subjects to be taught, but the greatest pleasure of all is experienced in witnessing the development of his students as they are introduced into the kingdom of knowledge, with all the possibilities that open before them.

Aristotle's pleasure in teaching Alexander the Great probably exceeded any that the conqueror ever had in his brilliant campaigns. Dr. Arnold's delight in the opening mind of Arthur P. Stanley was no doubt equal to any the great preacher ever felt in his ministrations in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Olin's satisfaction in the mental growth of Alexander H. Stephens was doubtless equal to any that the noted statesman ever experienced in his devotion to national affairs.

Dr. S. S. Mellen was a teacher because he preferred teaching to all other occupations. He was a man of such fine business judgment that with the modest earnings of his school he dressed well, lived in comfort, gave his children the best advantages for education, and accumulated by judicious investments in the course of a long life a competency for his old age. If he had given his whole time to the accumulation of wealth, he could easily have amassed a fortune. He chose the wiser course. He reared his children better than if he had been a mere money-maker. His name will be embalmed in the affectionate remembrance of hundreds of his pupils when all material investments that he could have made will be forgotten. Well done, faithful teacher! You have your reward. You made no claims to greatness, but hundreds will honor you, while others who tried to climb the heights of fame will pass out of the memory of their fellow man. You made no loud professions of piety, but your works do follow you in the betterment of mankind.

Dr. Hopkins had evidently exercised a great influence over him. He never grew weary of speaking of Dr. Hopkins' sermons and addresses and in telling how they were prepared on

fragments of paper scattered over his desk and how, when they were brought together and fused into a consistent whole and sent forth from the great soul of Dr. Hopkins, they were marvelous, life-giving productions that caused President Garfield, in emphasizing the necessity of having a great man at the head of an institution of learning, to make the extreme statement that "the best university is a Dr. Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other." Hearing these addresses so highly praised, I bought and read with great interest and profit several volumes of his works after I became a teacher.

When I returned to the academy in the fall of 1854, I knew that I would be behind in my studies, as the school had been running six weeks. Mr. Mellen quickly saw what would be best for me. He handed me a Davies's Bourdon, Davies's Legendre, Andrew's Latin Grammar and Reader, and Bullion's Greek Grammar and Reader—all new subjects to me, except that I had studied elementary courses in algebra and geometry. I felt sure that I could not take so many new studies. But he was firm, and I had nothing to do but to go to work or rebel against his decision. If he had left me to choose my own studies, I should not have taken Greek and carried it on evenly with my Latin, English, and mathematics. It is possible that I should never have gone to college. In those days the curriculum was inflexible. It required an even amount of Greek, Latin, English, and mathematics for entrance and for graduation in any male college. After pursuing these subjects for several years, I was well prepared to enter the sophomore class in any college of that time. But I am anticipating. I must go back to the session of 1854-55.

When I began the study of Greek and Latin, so different were they from anything that I had ever tried to learn that I thought I should never be able to fasten their forms in my mind. When I thought I had them thoroughly learned, they would slip out of my memory. It took several months of the most uninspiring drudgery to get their elements fixed in my mind for good and all.

During this year I studied exceedingly hard and took very

little exercise. The change from a very active life to sedentary habits was too sudden. My friend Mr. Evans had moved to his plantation; and I had gone to board at another place where the fare was plain, poorly cooked, and without any variety. That horrid bogie called indigestion began to take possession of me. In addition to my hard studies and poor fare, my spirit was clouded and depressed on account of my unsatisfactory religious state. My naturally strong constitution began to give way. About the middle of the year my money gave out, and I was about as miserable as it was possible for a mortal to be. I went to the man with whom I boarded and told him that I had no money to pay my board any longer and that I was going to stop school and go to work. He said: "O, Colonel Yates has paid your board for the remainder of the year." This relieved me of the financial embarrassment, but it did not relieve my physical and spiritual depression.

I told Mr. Mellen that I thought I had better stop school, that I did not think I was doing much in my studies, that my life was a burden, and that I did not expect to live long and knew I was not prepared to die. The big-hearted man clearly took in my case. He asked me to get up soon every morning and take a long walk with him, a thing he was in the habit of doing before breakfast. On these walks he told me that I was doing very well in my studies; that whether I lived twenty years or eighty ought not to be any concern of mine, for length of days was in the hands of God; and that, as for being ready, the best way to secure that preparation was to take care of my health and do my duty faithfully as it arose day by day. His effort to get my mind off myself and to raise my faith to a firmer trust in God, as He is to be found in doing our duty faithfully in the common affairs of life, was just what I needed.

JOINED THE CHURCH—RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES.

In the spring of 1855 the Methodist people of Pierce's Springs planned to have a protracted meeting. Rev. Greenberry Garrett, whose obituary I wrote seventeen years afterwards, was the presiding elder and preached the opening ser-

mon from the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." At the close of his sermon he said: "If there is a sinner in the house who wants to find God, let him come forward and make it known." I was on the back seat of the academy, in which the services were held. As I had beforehand resolved to do, I rose and went forward and knelt at his feet. I felt that there was a good man standing between me and an angry Deity. If I could only have looked beyond the good man through the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" and have caught a vision of the infinite compassion of the Father, who wills that all should come to Him and live, I know now that my gloom would have vanished and that my sky would have been cleared of all its clouds. But my faith could not yet rise to that height. I went through all the services of the meeting without ever having my faith rest firmly in God alone. I was looking at my past sins or to my own manufactured righteousness or to my fancied imitation of other people's experiences.

I think that about twoscore of young people professed conversion and joined the Church on probation. The good people tried hard to instruct me, but they could not; they only confused me. I had several months before made up my mind to leave off everything that I knew to be wrong and to try to do everything that I believed to be right. When the preacher, Rev. W. C. Turner, called for applicants to join the Church on probation, I gave him my name, believing that this was moving along the line of the resolution I had already formed. But I was not satisfied with my religious state.

When the session of 1855 closed, I found that I had succeeded in my studies better than I expected. I had prepared an original speech that I do not remember much about. Mrs. George F. Mellen had written a play for our school called "The Modern Socrates." The chief characters in the play were Socrates, Xanthippe, and Alcibiades. Socrates was assigned as my part in the play. I was somewhat reluctant to take it, as I had to come on the stage barefooted and in very old and homely apparel to suit the character of the old Grecian.

At Mr. Mellen's instance, however, I acted the part, and the play went off very well. At the close of the exercises I met my friend Colonel Yates and said to him: "I am indebted to you for a year's tuition and several months' board." He replied: "That's all right. Do you want to go again next year?" I told him: "I should like to." He answered: "Go ahead. I will see you out."

I spent the vacation at home, helping my brothers on the farm. I attended another protracted meeting at Kizer Hill Church, during which my brother Joei passed through a striking change in his religious life. I went through all the exercises, but I experienced no extraordinary change such as I was looking for. Indeed, some of their highly wrought states of excitement had a tendency to confuse me.

I returned to the Springs at the opening of the session, in October, 1855, and entered upon my studies with renewed zeal. I was becoming very much interested in Latin and Greek. During this year and the year or two following Vergil and Horace, Xenophon and Herodotus were growing wonderfully fascinating. It seems as if I could enter into the life of these ancient people and live it over again with them. I was surprised to find how much they were like ourselves. Human nature had not changed much in two thousand years. I was now richly repaid for all the drudgery I had done in laying a foundation in the classics. I shall never cease to be thankful that I had a superior teacher to start me in these subjects. In addition to reading and carefully translating the classic authors, we had daily exercises in translating back and forth from the original languages into ours.

In the spring of 1856 Dr. D. M. Dunlap, the pastor of the Methodist Church, called for those who had joined the Church on probation the year before to come forward and be received into full connection. Out of about forty, only two, Miss Maria Pope and myself, presented ourselves, were baptized, and received into full connection. The others had all either moved away or lost their interest in the Church. I am sure that it was well with Miss Pope, for she was a splendid

young woman who went to her reward through the dreary road of consumption about three years after this. She had been engaged for two or three years to my friend Dr. Leonidas Shackelford, who insisted on her marrying him almost on her deathbed. As for myself, I know that I did the right thing in coming into full connection with the Church. Its communion and fellowship have been of great service in guarding me against lapses in conduct and in keeping alive my interest in the subject of religion. I needed all the help I could get while I was trying to work out the problem of salvation for myself. I read the Bible regularly and such other religious books as fell in my way. I think that Rev. Paul F. Stearns, a local preacher, gave me valuable help at this time.

I felt that I could not let the matter of my personal relation to God remain in an unsatisfactory state. I prayed almost constantly, even at the desk in the midst of my studies. I fasted regularly every Friday. I retired for secret prayer whenever opportunity was presented. At times these exercises would quiet my mind temporarily, but the old gloom would settle back over my spirit. I was sometimes tempted to give up the whole thing as an attainment not intended for me. But in this retrograde course I saw no hope of peace and security. Out of a deep sense of my need I renewed my efforts day after day, sometimes spending whole afternoons in the woods in great agony of prayer and supplication. One afternoon in May, 1856, during the evening recess, I retired, as usual. As "into the woods my Master went, clean forspent, forspent" under the weight of the world's sin, so into the woods I went, worn and weary and weighed down by the guilt of my own sin. As I was in the act of kneeling in my accustomed place, mentally saying, "O Christ, I commit my all to thee; I have no other hope," suddenly I felt the load lifted from my heart. For this I devoutly thanked God and returned to the schoolhouse with a buoyant spirit and an elastic step. I retired that night feeling some apprehension lest my old gloom should settle back on my spirit as it had often done before. When I awoke the next morning, my mind was clear and serene. My old sense of sin

was gone! As I walked alone to the schoolhouse with my books under my arm the clouds had a soft radiance that I had never seen in them before. They seemed to declare God's love. This frame of mind lasted for weeks.

My spirit became clouded again when through distrust I lost my faith in God's love. Several months afterwards and at intervals during the next year or two I fell into sore and painful doubts. During this clouded state of mind I heard a good old Scotch local preacher, who was teaching school out in the country, preach a sermon from the text: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful that promised." This text has been a sheet anchor to my faith through all these years. Let all know that we not only "should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints" as a doctrine; but that we should earnestly strive to keep alive in ourselves a personal faith in the ascended Christ, "who ever liveth to make intercession for us."

SCHOOL AT CHOCLAHANA.

Through the kindness of Mr. Benjamin Evans I learned that the people over in Choctaw County, at a place called Choclahana, a few miles below Pushmataha, wished to employ a teacher for three summer months. I applied for the place and secured it. As it was a public school, I had to stand an examination for a certificate to teach in the public schools. As soon as the academy closed I went to Butler, the county seat of Choctaw, and stood my examination under Rev. Mr. Burgess, a Presbyterian clergyman and County Superintendent of Education. He examined me in spelling, reading, grammar, rhetoric, and arithmetic. I asked him to examine me in Latin, Greek, algebra, and geometry, as I was fresh in those subjects; but he declined to do so, saying that I would not need these subjects in the public schools. He wrote out a certificate in due form and remarked as he handed it to me: "This will entitle you to teach in the public schools of the State forever." This remark was prophetic. I have never been required to stand another examination for a teacher's certificate.

During this session at Choclahana I boarded with Captain William Evans and walked to school, a distance of about two miles. I have a distinct recollection of two incidents during this time. One morning as I was passing by old Mr. Presley's gate I saw him coming out to meet me, wringing his hands and crying as if his heart would break. I supposed that something dreadful had happened. He began telling me in an agony of distress that the godless way we were living at Captain Evans's was breaking his heart. We went to bed, he said, without any family prayers or recognition of God's providence over us. I was very much surprised and disturbed at the old man's distress, for I suspected that his mind was out of balance. When I got home that night, I stated the occurrence to Captain Evans. He broke out in a big laugh, saying: "Old man Presley was drunk. He never has a spark of religion until he gets drunk; then he is the most religious man you ever saw."

One day two of my schoolboys had a fight. One of them was the son of Mr. Sikes, a member of the Board of Trustees, the other the son of a man named Hurst. I gave both boys a whipping for violating the rule that prohibited fighting. This happened on Friday. I thought no more of the matter until Sunday afternoon, when Captain Evans told me that he feared I would have trouble with Mr. Hurst; that Hurst was very angry because I had whipped his boy; and that he was a high-tempered, unreasonable man and had declared that he was going to whip me. Captain Evans assured me that I had done right and that the trustees would sustain me, but he thought I would have trouble with Hurst. On Monday morning I went to school feeling a good deal of concern in regard to the outcome of the day. I began the morning session as usual, and in a short time I saw three persons coming around the head of a hollow the way the Hurst boys always came. I said to myself: "I guess I am in for a difficulty, but I am not going to take a whipping if I can help it. I will keep cool and try to reason with the man and show him, if possible, how indispensable it is to maintain discipline in a school." There was lying

under the writing desk a piece of plank about a yard long and about an inch thick. I thought: "If I cannot reason with him and he insists on attacking me, I will defend myself with this piece of plank." Just then three boys entered. Along with the two that had been attending was a younger brother. They spoke very pleasantly and said: "Papa has sent you another boy." So ended the anticipated collision. I was very much obliged to Mr. Hurst for letting me off so lightly and for saying in act, though not in word, that he had not lost confidence in me. I never knew why he had changed his mind. I suppose that, as sometimes happens with high-tempered people, his fury had burned itself out and left his mind clear to see that I was in the right. This was the only trouble I had during that session. At the close I was paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I returned to the Springs about the first of November, 1856.

CHAPTER VII.

Debating Society—Elected Assistant Teacher—Burial of Mr. Pierce—Miss Virginia Shaw, May Queen—Political Speaking—Fourth of July—Trip on Horseback—First Trip to Mobile.

WE had a debating society from which we derived much benefit in the way of stimulation to good reading and the acquisition of facility in original, offhand expression. Among our best debaters were Leo Shackelford, James Smith, William Smith, Newton Phillips, Thomas West, Mims Walker, Mac Walker, William Henry, Adin McNeil, and Hiram Slay. The finest debater we had was Leo Shackelford. He was quick at repartee, witty, sarcastic, eloquent. So long as Shackelford remained in the school he was uniformly chosen first, and it generally fell to my lot to be chosen first on the opposite side. As well as I remember, he and I were always pitted against each other in debate. While it was against our rules to indulge in personalities, we were as severe on each other's arguments as we knew how to be. We never did our best speaking until our blood got warm enough to make us careless about how roughly we used each other's arguments. I never could speak my best until after Shackelford had torn my arguments to shreds and made them look very insignificant. I generally had the advantage of the closing speech. I regret that such debating societies seem to have gone out of fashion.

Shackelford, who could have made a splendid advocate at the bar, studied medicine after leaving school, became a division surgeon during the war, and died about 1890 in Meridian, Mississippi. James Smith died from the effects of a wound received in battle. Newton Phillips studied medicine, became a physician of some note, and died a few years ago in Atlanta. Thomas West studied medicine and, after practicing a few years, became a minister and was a presiding elder in the Mississippi Conference for a number of years. He died some years ago. Mims Walker survived the war, became a successful farmer, a senator from Marengo County in the Alabama Leg-

islature, and died a few years ago at his home, in Faunsdale, Alabama. Mac Walker was wounded in the war, had his leg amputated, and died from the effects of it. I have lost sight of William Henry, Adin McNeil, and Hiram Slay.

ELECTED ASSISTANT TEACHER.

About the middle of the year 1856-57 the academy had grown too large to be taught by one teacher, and the trustees were compelled to employ an assistant. Mr. Mellen recommended me for the place. The trustees were willing to employ me; but, as they were paying the salaries of the teachers, they did not wish to pay me much. I demanded fifty dollars a month and the privilege of reciting as many lessons with the advanced classes as I could prepare. The trustees debated the question a day or two and finally came to my terms. Before the end of the session I had saved money enough to pay Colonel Yates the sums he had paid out for me the two preceding sessions. He accepted the principal, but the interest he would not take.

The next year Mr. Mellen took the school on its merits and engaged me as his assistant, allowing me one-third of the net proceeds. We ran the school on this plan through the scholastic years 1857-58 and 1858-59. My share of the income was about six hundred dollars a year. Out of this I had to pay my board, make up for the indifferent quality of my clothing in the past years, pay my brother Joel's expenses in the academy for two years, and assist my mother while she lived. While things moved on in rather a monotonous way during my last three years at the Springs, it may be of interest to mention several occurrences.

The room in which I taught was an ell to the main building of the academy. About twenty-five of the younger boys were assigned to me in this room. Mr. Mellen told me that he expected these boys would test me and charged me not to let them run over me. When the first offenses arose, I used the switch freely (I now think too freely); but it was a question that had to be decided, whether I or the boys should rule. During the

year 1910 I met two excellent gentlemen who were boys in that room, Mr. V. M. West, of San Antonio, Texas, and Mr. Rufus Gavin, of Alabama. They were very respectful and bore testimony to the fact that I was master in that ell room at Pierce's Springs, which I could not have been if I had not had a good backer in the principal. As I grew older and my dignity became less sensitive I almost entirely abandoned punishment with the rod, even among boys. I am not quite sure that the whipping post can be entirely done away with in a boys' school, but I am sure that it ought to be kept well in the background.

BURIAL OF MR. PIERCE.

In the winter of 1857 Mr. Harvey Pierce died. Mrs. Pierce was anxious to have her husband buried according to the rites of the Church. Her school could furnish appropriate music for the occasion, but there was no preacher accessible to read the burial service. In compliance with Mrs. Pierce's wishes, I read the burial service used by the Presbyterian Church as we laid him away under the solemn pines which were to sing his requiem. Mr. Pierce had come South and settled in these piney woods, I think, in quest of relief from a pulmonary trouble. Like so many who have fled from "consumption's ghastly form," he found relief in the grave.

MISS VIRGINIA SHAW, MAY QUEEN.

On the first day of May, 1857, the students of Mrs. Pierce's school elected Miss Virginia Shaw May queen and chose me to perform the part of archbishop in crowning her. Miss Shaw was a beautiful girl and was as modest and lovely in character as she was handsome in person. I felt the dignity of the occasion and did my best to measure up to it. Whatever might be said of the archbishop and his part of the performance, I am sure it can be truthfully said that there never was a more beautiful May queen nor one that sat more gracefully on the throne. I hope that her life has been as free from sorrow as her girlhood was fair and full of good omens.

POLITICAL SPEAKING.

In the ante-bellum days we had political speaking of a sort that I have never heard since. During one of these campaigns in Mississippi Colonel O. R. Singleton and Colonel W. A. Lake were running for Congress, and Mr. Alex Steele was running for the Legislature. They spoke in the academy, and we had a great day. Colonel Singleton made a brilliant speech, setting forth the superior advantages that would accrue from the success of the Democratic party. Colonel Lake spoke on the great advantages that would come to the country from the adoption of the principles of the Whig party. They were followed by Mr. Steele, who drew a poetic picture of the commonwealth of Mississippi reflected in her broad and placid "Lake" over which no little "Singleton" vessel should be authorized to sail.

Colonel B. F. Estes, whose memory ran back into the flush times of Mississippi, took great pleasure in relating the wonderful political contests and feats of oratory in those days of the giants. A. G. Brown, Henry S. Foote, and S. S. Prentiss were noted men of that time. According to popular estimate, as well as the opinion of such men as Daniel Webster and Edward Everett, Prentiss was the greatest natural orator that ever appeared in Congress. Prentiss was a small man with a large head and chest and one lame leg, on account of which he always carried a walking cane. In one of his political campaigns he spoke in a town where there was a menagerie on exhibition. He arranged to stand on the cage of the lions while he was speaking. He went on in an inimitable strain of eloquence, describing the great calamities that would follow from the adoption of the policies of his political opponents. Just as he was reaching his climax he ran his cane down into the lions' cage, rousing them and causing them to set up a furious roaring, joined by all the other animals of the menagerie. This he construed into a sign of the coming storm of popular indignation if the principles he advocated should be defeated.

While Colonel Estes was a great admirer of Prentiss as an orator, he said that Prentiss had ruined more young men in Mississippi than all the other public men combined, because

Prentiss could carouse all night and go into the courthouse or on the stump the next day and eclipse all other men by his bewitching oratory. Many young men, therefore, caught the fallacious idea that the way to glory was through the saloon. From the example of his brilliant genius, coupled with his irregular habits, the State reared a generation of dissipated young men who could imitate him only in his faulty traits and fatal weaknesses, to which he himself fell a victim at the early age of forty-two.

FOURTH OF JULY.

In July, 1857, we celebrated the "glorious Fourth" by reading the Declaration of Independence, singing patriotic songs, and making speeches that stirred the souls of those who delivered them. On this occasion my friend Phillips and I made speeches. I do not remember much about his speech, but mine portrayed the perils of Washington's army crossing the Delaware and traced the footsteps of his soldiers through the snow stained by the blood that oozed from their bare feet. Those were stirring times when we were cultivating patriotic sentiments that flowered forth from the heroic actions of our Revolutionary fathers. We made much of the Fourth before the war. I think the cultivation of a patriotic spirit of a very intense kind bore fruit in the heroic deeds of the Confederate army a few years later. No doubt the same thing was true in regard to the Federal army. No people can be great who do not keep alive a spirit of patriotism.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

TRIP ON HORSEBACK.

During the vacation of 1857 Newton Phillips, Zeke Crocker, and I decided to take a trip on horseback to Vicksburg in order to see the Mississippi River. These young men were classmates and intimate friends of mine. Phillips's mother lived some thirty miles west of Pierce's Springs. Crocker was from Macon, Georgia, and had followed Mr. Mellen to Mississippi

to be a student in his school. Phillips used one of his mother's horses, Crocker rode Mr. Mellen's horse, and my friend Colonel Yates lent me a fine, nimble-footed black mule that was noted for its good wind and rapid gaits. We carried our clothes in saddlebags, an article I have not seen for many years. We made a stop of a few days at Mrs. Phillips's and attended a protracted meeting in the neighborhood conducted by the Baptist people. During one of the morning services the preacher called on me to lead in prayer. I was surprised and somewhat excited, thinking that I was a stranger in the community. I responded to the request as best I could, as it was according to my previously formed purpose to stand by my Christian convictions at all times and in all places, a thing I would advise all young Christians to do.

When we reached Brandon, twelve miles east of Jackson, Phillips was taken violently sick with fever. We had to stop there and wait for his recovery, which required about two weeks. As soon as he was out of danger I went over to Raymond, about fifteen miles west of Jackson, to visit my aunt, Mrs. Jones, who had moved there some years before. This was the last time I ever saw her or any of her family. This was also my first and last visit to the capital of Mississippi, which was not then an imposing city.

On my return to Brandon I found Phillips able to travel. As the weather was intensely hot and he was still weak, we decided not to attempt to go any farther west. So we failed to see the great "Father of Waters" at that time. But we had a most enjoyable trip riding leisurely through the country. The hospitality of the Southern people before the war was sufficient to meet all demands. People's houses were always cheerfully opened to us and generally without any charge for us or our horses. I wish that I could see that old-time hospitality come back. I may say here that I never knew in those ante-bellum days anybody to be turned away who applied for a night's lodging. This was the fashion not only with the rich; it was so in the homes of all. If a charge was made, it was moderate.

On our return we left Phillips at his mother's, and Crocker

stopped at Pierce's Springs. My mule had behaved admirably all through this journey of several hundred miles; but, mule-like, it took a crazy freak while I was riding quietly along the road about two miles from home. It began rearing and pitching and humping its back until the saddle got down on its neck, and finally I went over its head into the middle of the road. The mule then stood perfectly still and seemed to be well satisfied with the feat it had performed. I had long prided myself on my good horsemanship and was inclined to attribute the fall to the defect of the saddle girth. I remounted and rode home in a very quiet manner. The next day I went to return the mule to its owner. It proceeded finely until I got within about three hundred yards of Colonel Yates's house, when it pretended to be awfully frightened at a hog, turned suddenly on its hind feet, and began plunging down the slant of a hill. This performance was kept up until the same thing happened as on the day before, with this difference, that I had a much longer fall over the mule's head down the hill. I struck the ground on my breast, breaking the force of the fall the best I could with my hands. I rose to my feet quickly; but found that I could not breathe, it seemed to me, for a minute or two. This was the first time I had ever had the breath knocked out of me. It was no pleasant feeling not to be able to breathe. On recovering my breath I mounted and rode leisurely to the house with the conceit knocked out of my fancied ability to ride any kind of an animal that wore a saddle. The psalmist says: "A horse is a vain thing for safety." I know that a mule is.

FIRST TRIP TO MOBILE.

In the latter part of this summer I made my first trip to Mobile, which had been familiar to my ears from my earliest recollection as the big place from which all the nice things came. Settled by the French under Bienville in 1702 at Twenty-Seven-Mile Bluff and moved to the present site in 1711, it had remained stationary in size for over a century. In 1813 it had only five hundred inhabitants; in 1819, when Alabama attained her Statehood, it had fifteen hundred; in 1830 it

had over three thousand; in 1840, twelve thousand; in 1850, twenty thousand; in 1857, nearly thirty thousand. This was then considered a phenomenal growth; but the city had all the natural advantages of location that could be desired. It had the only seaport in the State. It had the two navigable rivers reaching out like long arms into the eastern and western portions of the State. Except for a narrow strip in the Tennessee Valley and a little strip bordering on the Chattahoochee, Mobile was the emporium for the entire territory of Alabama. The wonder is that the city did not grow more. Compared with its natural advantages, it has not kept pace with the times. During the four decades from 1860 to 1900 it grew very little. This was due to three things: the prevalence of epidemics of yellow fever, the intensely conservative spirit of the business men, and the building of railroads throughout the country, that gigantic enterprise which makes and destroys towns, changes the currents of trade, and shifts the centers of population. The growth of Selma, Montgomery, and Birmingham through the influence of railroads has diverted trade from Mobile.

When I first visited the city, in 1857, what impressed me most was the multitudinous swarm of mosquitoes that filled the air like the Egyptian plague of flies, even more deadly than the Egyptian pest. The very next year the city was visited by one of the worst epidemics in its history, originating, as has since been proved, from these mosquitoes. This epidemic lasted until frost, which did not come until late in December. The fever killed thousands of people in and around the city, extending up the river as far as Choctaw County, and created the greatest consternation all over the country. As medical science has discovered a remedy against this pestilence, Mobile is relieved of this barrier to its progress. Its citizens during the last two decades have shown a commendable spirit of enterprise. But many Alabamians who feel an abiding interest in the prosperity of Mobile believe that its people can never build up a noble city upon the liquor business as a prominent source of revenue, nor can they support a morally elevating system of education on a basis that is demoralizing in all of its tenden-

cies, nor can they cut themselves off from the rest of the State in its best sentiments for law and order without doing harm to the whole of Alabama and in the end to Mobile itself. The same may be said in reference to Montgomery and Birmingham.

On my first trip I visited the public parks, Government and Dauphin Streets, took a drive on the noted Shell Road, made my purchases, and returned home, proud that I had seen the greatest city of my native State and had taken my first ride on a railroad.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mother and Brothers—Mrs. Susan Huntington (Bush) Mellen—Going to College—Dr. George Frederick Mellen—John Parker and the Erosophic Society.

WHILE I knew that my mother's health was feeble, I did not know that the end was near. Early one morning in January, 1858, a message came to Pierce's Springs announcing that she was dead. She had departed suddenly, while I knew not of her going. It has always been a source of profound regret that I was not with her in her last hours. We buried her beside father and grandmother in the old family graveyard, near Puscus Bridge.

Some men have had more celebrated mothers, but none more true. If she had been educated and well informed in the world's literature, she might have impressed my boyhood more than she did. She left South Carolina when she was too young to have received much education. She grew up in this country at a time when school advantages were few and poor. In some sparsely settled neighborhoods there were no schools of any sort; besides, Mrs. Gorham's widowhood and straitened circumstances must have made it difficult for her to support her family, though I never heard this mentioned as a ground of complaint. A brave heart beat in her bosom which could face the hardest conditions and yet be cheerful. The same spirit dwelt in my mother, who, without any enlightenment from school culture, bravely fought the battle of life.

I did not willingly give her trouble. I never felt easy when I was away from home unless I had told her where I was going and how long I might be gone. But her real worth did not appear to me then. I wish now that I had had filial insight enough to see qualities of the highest kind shining out through her untiring industry, her unshaken patience, her inflexible fidelity, and her decision of character as she endured all things without one word of complaint. As I move down the stream

of time toward the boundless sea and look back upon her bent form, "it comes to me o'er and o'er" that it will require a longer measuring line than time can furnish to measure her moral stature. O mother, when I remember thee spinning at the wheel or plying the loom and still hear thy cheerful voice sounding in my ears, I know that the diamond in thy character which was not polished to shine in this muddy mine of earthly toil shines forth in its true brilliancy in another sphere! I have learned many valuable lessons from the highly educated and have congratulated myself on this good fortune; but I have never learned so inestimable a lesson from all of my erudite teachers combined as I learned from my mother's example in her daily round of toil looking for no reward but the smile of God.

"As once upon her breast
Fearless and well contented I lay,
So let her heart, on Thee at rest,
Feel tears depart and troubles fade away."

MY BROTHERS.

My brother Joel was two years younger than I. He was always a good boy. When he was about nineteen years old, he felt deeply the need of a change in his inner life. He seemed in the deepest distress for a time; but when his faith did grasp the ground of his salvation, his countenance was perfectly serene. In speaking of this change that had so suddenly come over him and had so powerfully impressed his imagination, he said: "I saw Him when he forgave my sins." He lived in this serene faith until he died, in November, 1859. At the time of his death I was a student in the University of Alabama. Rev. Wiley Thomas, who conducted his funeral, said: "Of the two brothers who have been members of our Church, one has gone to graduate from the University of Alabama, and the other has graduated into heaven." He had spent two years with me at Pierce's Springs and then taught school until his health failed. On my recent visit to Choctaw County I stayed all night with Mr. J. R. Land, of Melvin, whose wife was once a

pupil of my brother's. She bore testimony to his fine religious character.

During my visit in 1910 to the old cemetery, where father, mother, Joel, and grandmother were buried more than half a century ago, I found nothing to mark their last resting places. Out of a piece of durable Georgia marble I had made a tombstone, upon which is inscribed this memorial:

DRURY MASSEY,
VASHTI MASSEY,
JOEL MASSEY,
ANN GORHAM.

They obeyed the divine call to "do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

My friend Mr. J. R. Land kindly placed this over their graves in March, 1911.

My brother Drury was four years younger than I. He attended school in the neighborhood for several terms, but seemed more interested in business than in education. Near the beginning of the war he enlisted in the Twenty-Third Alabama Regiment, commanded by Colonel Frank Beck, of Camden. He served with this regiment through the Mississippi campaign. After the fall of Vicksburg his command was united with the Army of Tennessee. He was killed at the battle of Resaca, Georgia, which was fought on the 14th and 15th days of May, 1864. As the Confederate army was retreating, he was left on the battle field and, like so many others, sleeps in an unknown grave. I knew not of his death until informed sometime afterwards by members of his command. He bore the reputation of being a good soldier. While he did his duty as a soldier of his country, I cherish the hope, which I have always entertained in regard to my other relatives, that he was a good soldier of the cross and that, when he passed over the river, he found rest "under the shade of the trees" of life, whither the immortal Stonewall Jackson had gone on May 10, 1863, just one year before.

I quote here, as expressive of my feeling, Father Ryan's la-

ment over his brother, David J. Ryan, who was killed and buried on the battle field:

"Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping,
In thy lonely battle grave.
Shadows o'er the past are creeping;
Death, the reaper, still is reaping;
Years have swept, and years are sweeping
Many a memory from my keeping;
But I'm waiting still and weeping
For my beautiful and brave."

In the fall of 1858 I had a serious attack of chills and fever that kept returning periodically until I was reduced to a very low state of health. Through the kindness of my friend Colonel B. F. Estes I was taken to his home, two miles in the country, and most tenderly cared for until I was well enough to return to work. I shall always gratefully remember those days, rendered so bright and cheerful by the exhaustless store of anecdotes that the Colonel was fond of telling and by the delicate ministries of Mrs. Estes and her daughter, Miss Margaret. They have all long since passed from the ministries of earth. They made the world brighter by their generous hospitality and unselfish services to the sick and the homeless. "Peace be to their ashes and blessing pronounced on those who care for the sick and take the homeless in!"

MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON MELLEN.

On the 24th day of August, 1858, Mr. S. S. Mellen was married to Miss Susan Huntington Bush, of Westfield, Massachusetts. As I had a pleasant home in her family during the year 1858-59, and as she thought fit to hold me up to her son in his boyhood "as a model worthy of all imitation," it is appropriate that I should make honorable mention of her. She was born in Whately, Massachusetts, November 30, 1830. She came South as a teacher in Faunsdale, Alabama, where Mr. Mellen met her in the hospitable home of Mr. Charles Walker. She was a lovely woman, who adorned every station she filled in her passage to the better land.

In the summer of 1859 she was sick nigh unto death. Mr.

Mellen was in great distress on account of her condition. He and Dr. John McIntosh, the attending physician, desired to call in Dr. Council Wooten Moore, a noted physician, who lived near Twitchell's Mill, twelve miles south of Pierce's Springs. Mr. Mellen asked me to go for Dr. Moore as quickly as possible and instructed me not to return without him. It was a very hot day in July. In my anxiety I gave the poor horse an unmerciful ride. When I reached Dr. Moore's I had the good fortune to find him at home, but getting ready to leave. Before dismounting I told him my business and was greatly disappointed when he informed me that it would be impossible for him to go. I told him that Mrs. Mellen was desperately ill and that Mr. Mellen was in distress and had directed me not to return without him. As I dismounted from the jaded horse I said with a determination which I meant to carry out: "Doctor, I am not going back until you go!" After a few moments' deliberation, he replied: "Well, come in and get dinner and let your horse rest. I will go." Mrs. Mellen recovered and lived many years. What effect my determination had in her case I do not know, but I have always felt glad that I made this determined effort in her behalf.

GOING TO COLLEGE.

Toward the close of the scholastic year 1858-59 I had to take into serious consideration whether I should let my education stop where it was or try to crown it with a collegiate course. As stated on a former page, my scholarship had a good foundation, but was very incomplete at the top. It was like the well-laid foundation of a house with the upper stories and most useful and ornamental parts left unfinished. I was aware of this incompleteness. But it would take three years to put the collegiate capstone on. This meant three years of hard work, with no immediate income, but, on the other hand, a constant outgo. I had not money enough left to carry me through one year. Going to college would, therefore, incur a larger debt than any sum I had ever seen at one time. A thousand dollars seemed an immense sum.

I was now well advanced in my twenty-fifth year. I could make a living with what education I already had. And among the reasons adverse to the plan of completing my education was the fact that I must dismiss for a long time at least, if not altogether, the thought of a closer relation with my friend Miss Margaret Estes, for whom I fancied I entertained something more than a friendly sentiment.

I doubt whether I would have had the moral force to go on but for the backing of two of the most substantial friends I ever had. Professor Mellen advised me to go to college. Colonel Yates approved the plan and voluntarily offered to lend me the funds necessary to complete my college course. The confidence reposed in me by these men was a great moral tonic. I was at the dividing line between the experiences of the past, which were real, and the inspiring visions of the future, which might be illusory—the line between the real and the possible, between the known and the unknown. The opportunity of going to college was open to me. If I should not avail myself of it, I had a presentiment that the failure would always be a cause of regret. Above the urgent clamor of feeling was heard the imperative call of obligation to make the most of myself. I had heard of the saying of Milton: "I have chosen labor for my portion." I had read the lines of the poet:

"I chose thee, Ease, and Glory fled
Indignant at the choice I made."

My mind did not remain long in the uncomfortable state of vacillation between these two sets of motives that were tugging at my will. I resolved to go on with my education, whatever might befall.

During the fifty-seven years since that resolution was made I have had more gratitude to God and more respect for myself for having made the decision in favor of labor and self-surrender to my highest ideals and opposed to the desire for ease and immediate gratification. I state this for the benefit of the young people who may read this story. There are in every normal human being undreamed-of capacities for high moral

achievement. These capacities can be stimulated by the good example, the encouraging words, and material aid of other people. But our ultimate decisions must be made by each of us for himself. Our destiny is of our own making. "*Quisque suae fortunae faber.*"

Now we had to decide on the college. Professor Mellen for some reasons would have been pleased to have me go to Williams College, his *Alma Mater*. Whether he knew the distance was too great for my means or whether he had a premonition of the coming conflict between the North and the South, I never knew. But he did not insist on my going to Williams. In the conversations on the subject he mentioned Emory College, of Georgia. Some of my other friends named the Southern University, at Greensboro, a new school just advertised to open in the fall of 1859. My friend Colonel Yates favored the University of Alabama. I was launching my bark on unknown seas. I was willing to be guided by the clearest indications. An all-wise Providence, I believe, guided me in the best way, as will appear from this narrative. It would hardly have been pleasant or possible for me to have remained till graduation in Williams College during the storm and stress of the Civil War. Emory and the Southern University were practically closed the first year of the conflict, so that I could not have finished in either of these schools. The University of Alabama was made a military school in the fall of 1860 and continued its work to the close of the war. Under this condition I was able to finish my college course in 1862. But more of this later.

At the close of the session in 1859 I made my farewell address before the school and community of Pierce's Springs, where I had spent the previous six years. At the request of Mr. Mellen, I gave him a copy of this address, which his son, Dr. George F. Mellen, of Knoxville, Tenn., found among his father's papers and sent to me in 1910. I prize this as a memento of those pleasant and profitable years spent at Pierce's Springs.

DR. GEORGE FREDERICK MELLEN.

As I am indebted to Dr. George Frederick Mellen for valuable aid in the preparation of these sketches, it is meet and right that I make appreciative mention of him. He was born at Pierce's Springs, Mississippi, June 27, 1859. He is the oldest son of Dr. S. S. Mellen, under whom he was carefully prepared for college. He entered the University of Alabama in the fall of 1877 and was graduated with the M.A. degree in the summer of 1879. After teaching some years, he went to Germany and studied in Leipsic, taking the degree of Ph.D. in 1890. On his return to the United States he was elected to the chair of Greek in the University of Tennessee, which he voluntarily relinquished in 1900 on account of health considerations. He is now living on his farm, near Knoxville, Tennessee, and is engaged in historical and literary work.

JOHN PARKER AND THE EROSOPHIC SOCIETY.

In the latter part of September, 1859, I set out for Tuscaloosa. I traveled over the Mobile and Ohio Railroad from Shubuta to Macon Station and from there to Tuscaloosa by stagecoach. Tuscaloosa could be reached then only by stagecoach or private conveyance, except in the winter, when small stern-wheel boats can go from Mobile to Tuscaloosa. The river was generally so low in the summer and fall that the boats could not run. Tuscaloosa, which now has three railroads, had none in 1859.

On this journey I fell in with John Parker, a younger brother of Osborne and William A. Parker, who had several years before made the highest grades ever made at the University prior to the war. Their averages were practically one hundred. I shall anticipate and add a sentence or two in regard to these brilliant young men. Osborne had married Miss May Owen, a beautiful lady of Tuscaloosa, on the evening of his graduation, had studied law, and started out with most brilliant prospects, but was at this time (September, 1859) in the last stages of consumption. He was carried to St. Paul, Minnesota, in quest of health and in a few weeks was brought home to be buried.

His passing was an illustration of the truth expressed in Gray's line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." But when one has to go to the grave it is a praiseworthy thing to leave behind him something worthy of remembrance. Mr. William Parker studied in Europe and was for many years Professor of Modern Languages in the University.

John Parker had been in college a year or two before my entrance and was a member of the senior class. He seemed to be on the lookout for new students, and when he found that I was on my way to the University he was very kind in giving me some information in regard to student life. This was how best to secure and furnish my room and an endeavor to impress upon me the superior advantages of his literary society, stating that it was the larger and better of the two societies, a very natural thing for a loyal member to do. Through his courtesy and that of Paul Lewis I was induced to join the Erosophic Society, though I afterwards found some of my warmest friends in the Philomathic. These societies were an important element in the life of the old régime of the University. They promoted a good deal of sound reading and original discussion. These exercises were very helpful in making ready and effective speakers.

CHAPTER IX.

Tuscaloosa and the University—Religious Club—Mrs. Sarah Banks Sims.

ON my arrival in Tuscaloosa I put up at Washington Hall, in the city, a place where I had a very narrow escape on the night of April 3, 1865, which will be described on a later page. I found that the University did not open until the next week. This gave me time to look over the "City of Oaks," the "Druid City," as it was called, the third capital of Alabama. The town is situated on the east bank of the Black Warrior River, just below the falls, on an elevated plateau. Both river and town bear the name of an Indian chief, which in the Indian tongue is Tuscaloosa; in English, Black Warrior. The town has wide streets set with beautiful oaks. It had in 1859 about two thousand inhabitants. It seemed to be at a standstill, if not on a retrograde, from the effect of moving the capital to Montgomery in 1847. The houses on the back streets were rather shabby-looking, so much so that one traveler called the place a "dilapidated old rookery." Still it was the home of a good deal of wealth, for the most part in the hands of planters whose farms were down the river and out in the adjoining country in some cases thirty or forty miles south in the canebrake. It was, no doubt, the center of more culture than any other place in the State. On the main streets, especially Greensboro and Main, there were a number of fine residences, such as the Battles', the Jemisons', the Eddinses', the Guilds', the Harries', the Ormonds', and others. It was the home of the families of Ex-Governor Henry W. Collier, Ex-Governor Joshua L. Martin, Judge John J. Ormond, Judge Washington Moody, and Hon. William R. Smith. In it were located four flourishing female schools—the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal—all well filled with students from the families of the best people of that section.

The Methodist College was then in charge of Rev. F. M. Grace. Soon afterwards it went into the hands of Mrs. M. J.

(98)

T. Saunders, a very brilliant lady, who taught in more places than any other person I have ever known. To her I was indebted for many courtesies. The Baptist school was located in the old Statehouse and was, I think, in charge of the Rev. Joshua H. Foster. The Presbyterian school was conducted by Mrs. Samuel M. Stafford, whose husband had been for many years Professor of Latin in the University. The Episcopal school was conducted by Mrs. Tuomey, the widow of Professor Michael Tuomey, a noted geologist, who was brought to Alabama to survey its mineral lands and who, while he was engaged in this survey, struck his hammer on the rocks where Birmingham now stands and prophesied: "Here will be a great city some day."

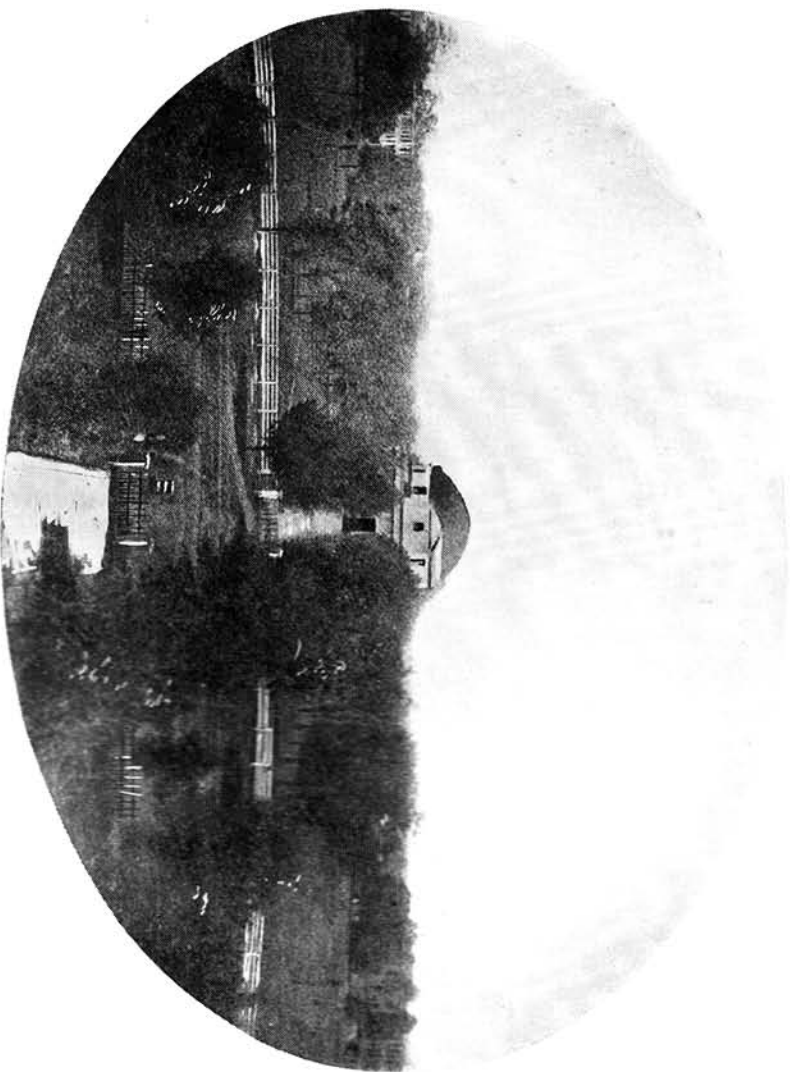
About a mile northeast of the town of Tuscaloosa and just opposite the falls is situated the University on a plat of several hundred acres, a most eligible site for an institution of learning. The water running over the falls is nearly always audible, quite distinctly when the atmosphere is still, giving a romantic effect to the place.

The old University buildings as I knew them in 1859 were located on a campus of about thirty acres and consisted of the following: The Rotunda in the center, the Madison and Jefferson Buildings on the east, the Franklin and Washington on the west, and the Lyceum on the north. Each was situated about seventy-five yards from the Rotunda and connected with it by a gravel walk shaded by rows of beautiful oaks and elms just large enough to be in all their glory in 1859. The lower story of the Rotunda was used as the chapel. In this we assembled every morning for prayers, on Sunday afternoons at three o'clock for preaching, and for all other public occasions. The second story was used as the library. This was dome-shaped and had some of the properties of a whispering gallery. The gentlest whisper on one side could be heard by a person in the focus on the opposite side. Some amusing stories were told of private conversations overheard in this room. The Madison Building contained the halls of the two literary societies and several recitation rooms. The Jefferson, Franklin, and Wash-

ington Buildings were all used as dormitories. Each suite consisted of three rooms, one large room in front for study and reception and two smaller rooms for sleeping apartments. The Lyceum contained the laboratories and several recitation rooms. In its cupola was located the college bell that called us to our duties. Directly south of the Rotunda and across the street stood the President's mansion, distant from the Rotunda about one hundred and fifty yards. On the corners of the campus were five professors' houses. Outside the campus, toward town, were the Observatory and another professor's residence. There was a simplicity and convenience about this group of buildings not always found in more pretentious systems of architecture. I have thus gone into detail because these old buildings have all passed away except the Observatory and five professors' houses. Such were the University buildings in the fall of 1859.

On the arrival of William Hopkins and Clay Roberts, two Choctaw County boys, who had been students at Pierce's Springs and who had asked to room with me, we proceeded to secure our room. There was not much choice, as we found that the most desirable rooms had already been taken by the old students. The room assigned us was Number 1 on the first floor of the Franklin Building, southwest from the Rotunda. Hopkins and Roberts chose the corner apartment, and I took the other. We furnished our room with rather cheap furniture—hard shuck mattresses, scanty cover, plain water buckets, tin wash pans, tin candlesticks, and star candles. Kerosene lamps had not appeared yet.

While waiting to get our rooms ready I had to board longer at the hotel than I expected; and the furnishing of our rooms, though in the plainest style, had cost more than I anticipated. In addition to these expenses, I found that we were required to deposit with the treasurer of the University a sum sufficient to pay our board for the first term. There could be no exception to the rule, we were informed, and all this required thirty-one dollars more than I had. There were then no telegraph or telephone systems, no express companies, and no fast mails in Ala-



UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA IN 1861

bama. I went to Dr. Garland, the President, and told him that I was in trouble; that I lacked thirty-one dollars of having money enough to pay my board for the first term; that I was borrowing money to pay my expenses and was reluctant to call on my friend Colonel Yates so soon, as he might think I was not so economical as a borrower should be; and that perhaps it might be best for me to return home and go to work. The Doctor scanned me closely, as if taking the measure of my manhood, and then in a very kind manner said: "O, I will fix that. I will lend you thirty-one dollars until it is convenient for you to pay it." This settled the matter of board for the first term.

I passed the entrance examination and was enrolled sophomore along with forty-two other applicants for that class. But I was not yet in an open sea under full sail. For two years and a half I had been teaching the elementary studies in the academy at Pierce's Springs. This had absorbed so much of my time and energies that my mind had apparently lost its grip on continuous study. Besides, the methods in the University were different from those to which I had been accustomed. In order to recover my power of application and adjust myself to the new system, I had for some weeks to put forth effort that was painful and depressing. I know of no more discouraging thing than to find one's mind failing to respond to his efforts. By persistent endeavor I succeeded in getting my lessons, but there was no lively mental activity and not much pleasure in my work. Within two or three months my former pleasure in study began to revive, and the faculty reported that I was making good progress.

During this year our class studied trigonometry, descriptive geometry, and calculus. In English we took courses in analysis of the English language, rhetoric, and logic, with essay-writing. In Latin we read the essays of Cicero, the histories of Tacitus, and the poems of Plautus, carrying at the same time a course in Latin composition. In Greek we read the "Iliad" of Homer, the "Crito" of Plato, and some of the plays of Sophocles, together with a course in Greek composition and

a course of lectures on Greek mythology. We had no mid-term examinations, but had to review the whole ten months' work and be examined on it all during the last six weeks of the school year. This was a pretty trying task, as the examinations were honest and thorough. There were some attempts made at cheating, though they were generally detected and punished. We could not give or receive any help nor use any unfair means without violating our word of honor. The penalty for such violation was expulsion. The examination questions were sent to New York to be printed.

The problem among the indifferent students was how to get hold of these examination questions. The professors knew this and were exceedingly careful to guard against any theft. There was one boy in college who was a past master in shrewdness and daring. He was watching for an opportunity, which he met with on Sunday morning when Professor Battle and all his family were absent at church. He went to the professor's house, bribed the housegirl to give him the keys to the professor's drawers, and searched for a painfully long time, he said, when finally he came to the Greek examination papers carefully hid away under some old rubbish in the bottom of a drawer. He took out a few copies of the papers for each class, put everything back in order, locked the drawers, and delivered the keys to the servant. The Greek classes were now in high glee. Some of the best students who knew that they could pass creditably and had some respect for their word of honor refused to look at the papers. The boys overdid the thing. Instead of making just enough to pass, they got excellent grades, the best students in the classes having the most defective papers. Professor Battle was astonished and worried. He laid the case before the faculty, who declared that the boys had stolen his papers. He insisted that this was impossible. The faculty decided to give each student his average sessional standing, which "flunked" a number of them.

I think it was about four years before the faculty knew how these papers were procured. The student who did the stealing had gone into the army. After the war he went to Texas,

where he became a judge of some note. His act was more applauded for its daring than condemned as a theft. It is recorded of Lord Nelson that he climbed a wall and stole some fruit just because his schoolmates declared that he would not dare to do it. Such deeds sometimes indicate great capacity and great bravery. The thing for parents and teachers to do is to get the boys to appreciate higher standards of morality than generally exist in the code of "the gang."

At commencement our records were read in public and published in the leading papers of the State. Mine was: "Distinguished in all studies, with no demerits." Frank Farley had the highest average among the students, 97+, and I had the second, an average of 96+. Thus ended my first year's work. Up to commencement I had formed no acquaintances in town except a few in the Sunday school, who will be mentioned in the proper place. After this I had plenty of invitations to visit the best families in the town of Tuscaloosa, which has always been noted for its aristocracy of culture and its encouragement of ambitious students.

In this connection the general history of the year is appropriate. On the first Sunday after my arrival in Tuscaloosa I handed my Church letter to Rev. Joseph B. Cottrell, pastor of the Methodist Church, and joined the Sunday school, which was under the superintendency of Mr. Philip A. Fitts. I was assigned to the class of Mr. A. C. Hargrove. I have kept up this habit of promptly identifying myself with the Church whenever I have moved to a new place—a thing I would advise all, especially young people, to do. This course will help to protect them against lapses in conduct, affiliate them with the best people in the community, and bring inspiration from the purest sources. As the Church people were the first I became acquainted with, I shall mention a few of them.

Mr. Cottrell was a brilliant man, a good preacher, witty and versatile, but inclined to be erratic. He was a decided success as a stump speaker. In this rôle he was inimitable. I heard him make a speech on secession which was witty, sarcastic, and thrilling in its effects. Several other speeches were made

on the same occasion, but they were all tame compared with his. In his later years this talent led him to the lecture platform. Mr. Cottrell made me feel at home in the parsonage. I am indebted to him for social courtesies.

Mr. Fitts was an alumnus of the University. Before I knew him he had been a teacher in Centenary Institute, associated with Professor John S. Moore, who told me the following incident: Mr. Fitts was invited to make a speech before one of the literary societies, and the time for his address was set for a certain day. An earlier hour was left open in the commencement program by the failure of some other speaker to appear. So it was proposed to put Mr. Fitts up to speak on short notice and without much time for arranging his toilet or his thoughts. He was complaining to Mr. Moore about being moved around to suit the convenience of the program. Mr. Moore remarked: "Phil, I wouldn't do it. I would stand up for my rights." Mr. Fitts answered: "Yes, you can stand up for your rights and stand up for your rights until you have nothing but rights to stand up to."

This calls to mind an instance related in the life of Alice Freeman Palmer when she was President of Wellesley College. There came to Wellesley for a period of special study a woman who had already spent several years in teaching. She was nervous, vain, and sensitive, easily finding in whatever was said or done a covert disparagement of herself. As she was complaining one day of some rudeness Miss Freeman said: "Why not be superior to these things and let them go unregarded? You will soon find that you have nothing to regard." The woman retorted: "I wonder how you would like to be insulted." Miss Freeman drew herself up with splendid dignity and replied: "Miss M——, there is no one living who could insult me."

It was to Mr. Fitts's credit that he went on and made his speech. We can lose the best there is in store for us by contending too strenuously for our abstract rights. Christ's plan of self-forgetfulness will secure the richest reward. Mr. Fitts

was a bright man, made a good Sunday school superintendent, and in later years became an Episcopal minister.

Mr. Hargrove was a splendid young man of dignity and force of character. He was my warm personal friend as long as he lived. He became a prominent lawyer, served in the Legislature, became President of the Senate, and was one of the commissioners appointed to manage the forty-six thousand acres of mineral lands which came from the United States government as indemnification for the destruction of the University buildings by the Federal army.

The end of Mr. Hargrove was very sad. He had an elegant home and was well-to-do in all material and social conditions that could make life desirable. During the war he received a bullet, lodged somewhere in his head, from which it could never be extracted. This gave him increased pain as he grew older. It was thought that this dethroned his reason and led to his death.

RELIGIOUS CLUB.

There were no organizations among the students for religious culture in 1859. A few students felt the need of something of the kind. Early in the session Andrew McGowen (Presbyterian), Luke White Duggar (Episcopalian), John C. Knox and Frank Farley (Baptists), Solomon Palmer and myself (Methodists), with the approval of the faculty, formed a club for aiding each other with sympathy and advice, for social and religious culture, and for holding prayer meetings in one of the recitation rooms every Sunday night. I think McGowen was the leader in this movement. These meetings were kept up regularly as long as we were students in the University. All students were invited to our meetings. Sometimes we had a roomful; sometimes we had few. While these meetings did not seem to make a deep impression upon the college body, I feel sure that they were helpful to those who engaged actively in them. By our action we were able to show our colors as Christian men among a body of students not noted for piety. I believe that we were thus shielded from temptations that might otherwise have come to us.

It is rather a sad task to record the passing of these splendid fellows. Frank Farley died about the middle of our second year from an acute attack of rheumatism and overtaking a constitution not naturally strong. McGowen was killed at the battle of Missionary Ridge. Knox was engaged in teaching after the close of the war. While playing baseball with his students he fell and was suddenly killed by striking his head against a stump. Palmer lived a long and useful life as an educator, serving four years as State Superintendent of Education. He died of heart disease while President of the East Lake Athenæum. Duggar died a few years ago at his home, in Perry County. Peace be with them all! No praise from me can add to their good names. My heart grows warm with affectionate remembrance when I think of their upright conduct and the fine temper of their spirits, which can nevermore be ruffled by the storms of earth.

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

MRS. SARAH BANKS SIMS.

In the latter part of April Mrs. Sarah Banks Sims, an elderly lady of means, who lived out about two miles from town and about the same distance from the University, desired to make a visit of several weeks to relatives in Georgia. She wanted some reliable person to stay at her home at night to take care of the premises. Mr. F. F. Hemphill, her son-in-law, with whom I had become acquainted through the Church and Sunday school, suggested my name to Mrs. Sims. When I called at her request, she offered my board for the services of taking care of her house while she was absent. I accepted the offer, as this arrangement would save something on my expenses and at the same time serve this most estimable lady. There would be no one else on the place but the negro servants, but I was well acquainted with negroes and knew how to get along with them. This gave me a two-mile walk morning and

evening, which I found to be a healthful exercise. When Mrs. Sims returned, she insisted on my staying with her the remainder of the session, which closed sometime in July. She also offered my board for my company the next year. This tender I would have accepted but for the introduction of the military system, which required the students to board in the barracks. I shall always remember Mrs. Sims for her great kindness and for her gracious spirit manifested in everything she did. In thus serving her I saved about three months' board. So I had to borrow only a hundred dollars from Colonel Yates. When I wrote to him for the money, he promptly sent me in a letter one-half of a hundred-dollar bill. After he got my letter acknowledging receipt of the first half, he promptly sent me the other half. When I pasted the parts together, I had a hundred dollars in money at par with gold. This enabled me to renew my wardrobe and to pay my expenses back to Choctaw County. Mr. Charles Walker's carriage was returning to Faunsdale from commencement. I was invited to a seat in it with Miss Maggie Walker as far as her home, where I spent about a week with my old schoolmates, Mims and Mac Walker.

CHAPTER X.

PROFESSORS OF 1859-60.

Dr. Landon C. Garland—Professor John W. Pratt.

DURING the scholastic year 1859-60 the faculty was composed of the following gentlemen: (1) Landon Cabell Garland, A.M., LL.D., President and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy; (2) John W. Pratt, A.M., Professor of English Language and Literature; (3) George William Benagh, A.M., Professor of Applied Mathematics (Mechanics, Optics, Acoustics, and Astronomy); (4) Archibald J. Battle, A.M., Professor of Greek Language and Literature; (5) William S. Wyman, A.M., Professor of Latin Language and Literature; (6) John W. Mallet, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry and Geology; (7) Andre DeLoffre, Professor of French and Spanish Languages; (8) William J. Vaughn, A.M., Professor of Pure Mathematics. I have given the titles they bore at this time.

During my first year I was in the classes of only four of these professors, but during my second and third years I was in the classes of the others. As I am under lasting obligation to each of them, I may as well acknowledge this here.

DR. LANDON C. GARLAND.

In my address as President of the Alabama Educational Association in 1895 in speaking of Dr. Garland I said that I regarded him as the "prince of Southern educators." Twenty years of experience and observation since his death, in 1895, have rather increased than diminished my estimate.

He came of a family noted for talent, probity, and a high sense of honor. He was born in Nelson County, Virginia, March 21, 1810, was graduated from Hampden-Sidney College in 1829, and was immediately elected lecturer and soon afterwards Professor of Chemistry in Washington College (now Washington and Lee University). In 1834 he was made

(108)

a professor in Randolph-Macon College and accepted the place at a lower salary than he was receiving, because of his devotion to his own Church, or, as he expressed it, his Church pride. The new Randolph-Macon College was just starting, and it was said by those who were not friendly to Methodism that the trustees could not find men competent to fill the faculty without going outside of the Methodist Church. Professor Garland never could permit any cause to which he gave his adherence to suffer loss for lack of his support. In 1836 he was made President on the retirement of Stephen Olin. After serving in this capacity for ten years, he resigned to study law and was admitted to the bar. But Dr. Basil Manly, President of the University of Alabama, who was on the alert for the best men for his institution, had him elected to the chair of Physics and Astronomy. He entered this new field in the fall of 1847. On the retirement of Dr. Manly from the presidency in 1855, Dr. Garland was made President and continued in this position till the University buildings were destroyed by the Federal army in 1865. In 1867 he was elected to a professorship in the University of Mississippi, which he filled till he was elected Chancellor of Central University (Vanderbilt), in 1875. In this office he served till his resignation was reluctantly accepted in 1893, when he was continued as Emeritus Professor of Physics and Astronomy on full salary till his death, on February 12, 1895. It is a matter of some personal pride that his assistant in this chair was Dr. John Daniel, one of my former students.

Dr. Garland filled more chairs than any other man I ever knew. The ability to discharge the duties involved in any or all of them did not measure the greatness of his character. I trust that I may be pardoned in going somewhat into detail in regard to my recollections of him, as I was more intimately associated with him than any other student of my day. I became his private secretary in the fall of 1860 and continued in this position for a year and a half. At that time there was no such thing as a fully developed system of shorthand and type-writing in use. The Doctor had been doing with his own hand

nearly all of his writing, embracing a large correspondence, numerous military orders arising out of the recent introduction of the military system, and records of various business transactions connected with the University. While he wrote rapidly and in a very neat running hand with scarcely ever a mistake, all this clerical work was too much for any one man, even if he had had no other duties. But he filled the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in addition to his duties as President of the University. Few men could have carried the burden as long as he did.

A short time after the opening of the session he sent for me to come to his office. He said: "As you are borrowing money to defray your expenses here, I think I can arrange for you to serve me and save some money for yourself. Of course your education is the matter of prime consideration. I would not have you sacrifice that. If you can, in addition to your studies and military duties, give me two hours of your time each day, I will have the University pay all of your expenses. You must be the judge whether you can take upon yourself this extra work." I was glad to have the opportunity to pay my expenses without accumulating so large a debt at the end of my college course. I was also very glad to have the opportunity to serve him. After thinking of the matter a day or two, I decided to accept his offer, fully convinced that I would be taxed to the utmost of my ability. While this extra tax on my strength would not have been a good thing in the earlier stages of my school life, it turned out well for me at this time. I had to do my work in the shortest possible time. I had to exercise all the concentration of which I was capable and bring all of my mental resources into requisition. In a few weeks I was greatly encouraged to find my mind responding to my efforts and that I was succeeding better in my studies than I had ever dreamed possible.

The Doctor's office was in one of the front rooms of the basement of the President's mansion. Some days the work was not enough to keep me busy the whole two hours. At other times I had to give more than the required time to keep up

with it. During these office hours there was not much time for conversation, except on business. But this association with him gave me an insight into his modes of life and traits of character exhibited under all the various conditions that can come to a college president in whom nearly the whole management centered. The administration of the University of Alabama at that time was very different from that of the highly systematized modern universities.

As a student, as his private secretary, later as an instructor in military tactics, and finally as assistant professor in the University, I saw him in almost every possible light. I saw him under circumstances of great provocation that chafed his spirit, but I never knew him to be thrown off his dignity. I saw him in the classroom when a good recitation would light up his features with a peculiar smile of approbation. I also saw how poor recitations and shabby work wounded him, but never drew from him an unkind or sarcastic rebuke. His look of disappointment was the most touching reproof to a lazy student. I saw him more than once in the Rotunda before the whole body of students when some evil spirit seemed to possess them. He would show signs of sympathetic concern over their errors and make appeals to their better nature which nearly always prevailed. But when kindness and paternal solicitude failed to accomplish their object, he could rise to a regal stature of manhood that shone out through his great personality without any signs of vindictiveness.

I saw him preside in faculty meetings, anxious only to get at the right. I saw him in the rôle of lecturer before the students on Sunday afternoons. It was the custom under the old régime to hold a special service for the students in the Rotunda at three o'clock on Sunday, conducted by the Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Methodists in rotation. Dr. Garland, though only a layman, sometimes occupied the Methodist hour. On one of these occasions he spoke on the martyrdom of Stephen. He made the picture of Stephen's face so vivid as he "looked up into heaven and saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God" that the memory of that Sunday afternoon

service is still as clear to my mind as anything I ever experienced.

I also heard him on the public platform under different conditions. He was not an expert reader of manuscript. I saw him on one occasion attempt to read a lecture at night. He could not see very well, and in trying to find the place he lost the thread of his argument and abandoned the manuscript. He never recovered his free and easy style on that occasion. I heard him say that he could not memorize anything verbatim. Mrs. Garland told me that she sometimes attempted to hear him rehearse addresses he was preparing for public delivery, but that she never could keep up with him. He would not follow the exact phraseology of the manuscript, but would express the thought in different language every time he went over it. When he had a subject well in mind, I never heard a man who could state it so clearly and forcibly. His thoughts came forth in logical order, through a slight impediment, in sentences of chaste and elegant English that glittered like crystals in the sunlight.

The Doctor was a universal scholar for his day. He had at different times filled the chairs of Chemistry, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, Greek and Latin, English, French, and Mental and Moral Science. His keen analytical mind had mastered all these subjects so far as they were developed in his day. His ideas were clear on any subject that he had ever studied. His fine intellectual powers were pervaded and enlivened by a vivid imagination that caused all of his mental productions to take on a beautiful form. He was an idealist in the best sense of the term. He lived in a spiritual atmosphere that seemed to envelop his whole life. I think the capacity for this spiritual insight must have come to him from his mother, whose godly life he held in sacred remembrance. He told me something of her great faith and of her wonderful dreams that came true and so impressed him that he felt sure she lived in close communion with the spirit world. He had much of the same abiding trust in God's dealings with himself. In this, it seems to me, lay much of his greatness,

his power to "look at things not seen" by the mental faculties alone and to feel their reality without becoming mystical and losing his hold on time and the duties of the present life.

While many of the Garland family were Episcopalians, he remained a stanch Methodist after the example of his mother, Mrs. Lucinda Rose Garland. He did not, however, indorse all of the strict discipline of some of the early preachers. I heard him say that Rev. Edward Wadsworth, who was the pastor of Randolph-Macon during his presidency, had driven one of his sisters from the Methodist Church because he insisted on her taking off a plain gold breastpin. He thought such literal construction of a rule illiberal and unwise. Dr. Wadsworth many years afterwards was my pastor in Mobile, Alabama. I am sure that he had become much more liberal when I knew him. His dealings with his Church members were very mild and gentle in his latter years.

Dr. Garland was a diligent student of the Bible. He was in the habit of reading the New Testament in the original Greek. He was also fond of Wesley's "Sermons." He said that they "bristled with quotations from the Bible." He was a regular attendant at church and a most attentive listener. He said that Stephen Olin was the most original and powerful preacher he ever heard and that Bishop George F. Pierce was the most graceful and eloquent, but that if he had to choose a minister to preach to him every Sunday he did not know one whom he would rather have than O. R. Blue, of the Alabama Conference.

As a slaveowner Dr. Garland was not a success from a financial point of view. He had some family servants, and his wife had some who had come to them by inheritance. While he firmly believed that slavery was sanctioned by the Bible, he condemned in the strongest terms the abuses of the institution, especially the separation of husbands and wives and of parents and young children. Whenever any of his slaves intermarried with those of other owners, he always bought or sold to prevent separation. As his slaves rarely

ever wished to be sold, he was nearly always the buyer. By these purchases and by natural increase his slaves had grown to something over fifty when he came to Alabama in 1847. They were always a burden to him. I believe that he was partially relieved when they were set free. I say partially, for he never could free himself from the care of them.

The Doctor was one of the finest talkers I ever heard, but it could hardly be said that he was a good conversationalist. Every one was too much inclined to let him be the principal speaker, like Coleridge, when his mind got started. He could enjoy a good anecdote as much as any man I ever knew, and he could tell some amusing ones. One I recall ran in this wise: Chief Justice Marshall was as much noted for the lack of thrift and good management in his home affairs as he was for his mental acumen and great legal learning. He drove an old rickety carriage with broken shafts tied with hickory withes and drawn by a pair of lean, uncurried horses. One of his neighbors suggested to him that his hostler must not be feeding the horses. He called the groom to account for his negligence, saying: "Look at Colonel Huntingdon's horses. See how sleek and fat they are." The colored groom was equal to the emergency, answering without any hesitation: "Well, Massa, but yo' mus' remember it runs in de blood. Colonel Huntingdon is big an' fat. Ole Miss Huntingdon is big an' fat. His carriage driver is big an' fat. Now, Massa, just look at yo'. Yo' is po' an' lean. Ole Miss is po' an' lean. I is po' an' lean. I tell yo' it runs in de blood. Yo' can't make dem horses fat." The negro's shrewd and ready argument threw side lights on the Chief Justice and old Virginia life in those early days.

The Doctor was always a great reader. When many others were rusticated and spending their time in idleness and mere physical enjoyment, he relaxed his mind by reading light literature. He had a plain country home on the mountain at Blount Springs. When he would pack up for his Blount trip, Miss Louise, his daughter, told me that he always took Scott's

novels and other light literature, of which he was so fond that he read them many times for recreation.

He was an excellent mathematician. I heard him say that his first love was for mathematics. After he took up science he became fond of that. But later he returned to his first love. While teaching mathematics he was not satisfied with the text-books then in use. So he wrote a text on trigonometry and one on calculus, the manuscripts of which were destroyed by fire, if I mistake not, and were never rewritten.

No doubt there are more accurate scholars in all the fields of learning in which men have become specialists—more noted mathematicians, more advanced astronomers, more practical chemists, more learned linguists, more subtle psychologists, more profound philosophers, more successful business men, more able administrators in college government—but *there never has been a more excellent teacher*. Take him as an all-round man, of fine native intelligence, of broad general scholarship, of clear spiritual insight, of transparent candor, of easy manners without affectation, of zealous public spirit without hope of public remuneration, and as a man of tireless devotion to duty with no end in view but the answer of a good conscience and the approval of God, he was a rare combination whose like we shall not soon look upon again.

Of the many good fortunes that have come into my life, I count it among the greatest to have been intimately associated with Dr. Garland and his estimable family. I never knew a family in which there was a more free and easy-going life. Mrs. Garland was serious and dignified, but kind and motherly. His oldest daughter, Miss Rose, soon after I entered college married Colonel B. B. Lewis and moved to another part of the State. I, however, always numbered her and her husband among my sincere friends. Colonel Lewis was President of the University when he died. It was his wish, as I was informed after his death, that I should be his successor in the presidency. Miss Louise, who married Dr. Milton W. Humphreys, of the University of Virginia, was one of my most intimate friends among the ladies of Tuscaloosa. She was

remarkably brilliant and entertaining, with the rare faculty of bringing sunshine into any circle. I never had the pleasure of meeting her after the old "fraternity" was separated in 1865. Miss Jennie, who married my classmate, Dr. Eugene A. Smith, I count among my dear friends, whose kindness has been rendered sacred by the flight of more than fifty years. She is now the only living member of the Garland family.

PROFESSOR JOHN W. PRATT.

Professor Pratt was born in St. Mary's, Georgia, May 21, 1827, and died in Louisville, Kentucky, March 24, 1888. He was graduated from the University of Alabama with high honors at the age of seventeen, studied for the ministry at Princeton, New Jersey, and was licensed to preach May 6, 1848, six days before his majority. He became Professor of English Literature in the University of Alabama in 1850, occupying the chair held by his father, Horace Southworth Pratt, ten years before. Here he remained until the University buildings were destroyed. He held the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Washington and Lee University.

Soon after the close of the war he opened a boys' school in Brooklyn, New York. In 1868 he accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Lexington, Virginia. In 1874 he accepted the presidency of Central University, Kentucky. In 1881 he became pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Kentucky. This was his last regular work, as his health failed, and he resigned his pastorate in 1883.

Professor Pratt was a man of fine talents and an able preacher. I am not well informed as to his success in other fields; but I am well acquainted with his ability as a teacher of English, as I derived great benefit not only from the instruction I received in his classes, but also from the collateral reading I did under his direction. My grades in his classes were generally maximum. But in one examination on Whately's "Logic" he paid me a two-edged compliment. I had studied the subject thoroughly and was sure that I could answer any question on the matter contained in the book. One of the topics

for examination was the discussion of the doctrine of probabilities, and as an illustration of it we were given the question, "What is the probability of throwing an ace in three throws of a dice, expressed in fractional terms?" I wrote out correctly the answer to every question except this one. Strange as it may seem, I had never played dice and did not know the meaning of the simple question. Provoked by it, I refused to ask him what he meant and wrote as my answer, "I do not understand the question." He gave me one hundred on each of the other topics and zero on this one, which made the grade of this examination the lowest I ever made in the University. He was surprised at my failure. When I told him afterwards that I did not know the meaning of the question, he said: "What? Never played dice?" I answered: "No; I don't know what a dice is." He said: "You ought to have asked for an explanation." I said: "That would have looked too much like soliciting aid from you in examination." His criticism was: "You ought to have a zero for being too proud to ask for information and a hundred for not knowing how to play dice."

Professor Pratt had a very keen insight in dealing with human motives. In dealing with boys he was hard to fool. He was equal to any emergency. Along with his keen sense there was a vein of humor which sometimes came out in the classroom. In the exercise of this I saw a student get even with him on one occasion. The use of tobacco was general among preachers fifty years ago. Professor Pratt never smoked in the recitation room, but he sometimes indulged in a chew during long examinations. This necessitated a spittoon near his desk. One day a student was indulging in the same luxury; and, not having a spittoon, he was making his deposits on the floor. The Professor in a very polite manner adverted to the impropriety of the student's act in such a way as to create a ripple of laughter through the room. The student took the rebuke in good part, but went on chewing his tobacco. When he had occasion to make another deposit of ambeer, he deliberately walked up to the Professor's spittoon and made it there. The class roared with laughter at the quiet

audacity of the boy. The Professor seemed to enjoy it as much as any of us.

Professor Pratt had a charming family. Mrs. Pratt, a beautiful woman, was Miss Mary Grace Crabb, and on her mother's side a member of the Inge family, of West Alabama. I had the honor of spending some social evenings in their household. The Professor always read his Bible and held his family devotions when the hour came, including his guests.

While he was President of Central University he visited Mobile, where I heard him preach an eloquent sermon in Government Street Presbyterian Church in 1875. This was the occasion of our last meeting.

CHAPTER XI.

PROFESSORS OF 1859-60 (CONTINUED).

Professor George William Benagh, A.M.—Professor Archibald J. Battle, A.M.—Professor William S. Wyman, A.M.—Professor John William Mallet, A.M., Ph.D.—Professor Andre DeLoffre—Professor William J. Vaughn, A.M.

PROFESSOR GEORGE WILLIAM BENAGH.

PROFESSOR BENAGH was a native of Lynchburg, Virginia. He was of Scotch-Irish descent. He was born August 24, 1824. He was graduated from Randolph-Macon College under the presidency of Dr. L. C. Garland in 1843 with first honor, though the youngest member of his class. He studied law and practiced in his native city till he was chosen in 1850 to fill the chair of Mixed Mathematics in the University of Alabama. He was the first Secretary of the Alabama Historical Society, which was organized in 1850.

Professor Benagh was a tall, dignified, handsome man, whose graceful and courtly bearing impressed me so much, even before I entered his classes, that I resolved to make him my model in manners. During my second and third years in college I was in his classes, part of this time by myself. I have always been grateful to him for the careful attention he gave me. I am sure that I got more out of this special work, in which I had to do all the reciting, than I would have gotten in the class recitations. He made me feel so free and easy that it seemed more like two students working together than a student reciting to a professor. The problems in mechanics, acoustics, optics, and astronomy were worked out step by step in a manner to make these usually dry subjects a very entertaining mental exercise. These recitations seemed to give him as much pleasure as they did me.

He had a clear, logical mind that could hold long, complicated problems in perfect order without reference to the textbook. He would hear the student recite through to the end without

any interruption. Then he would go back and ask questions, to be sure that the student understood all the steps in the solution. This was a pleasure to good students who could give the reasons in every step in the process, but it was very much dreaded by those who memorized without comprehending the reasoning. There was no such thing as passing through his recitations with imperfect lessons undetected. I have heard students say: "If 'Old George' would not ask any questions, I could make fine recitations. My work is all right till he gets to asking questions and wanting to know where I got this and where I got that. Then I feel like a fool."

His recitation room was in the Observatory, outside of the campus, toward town. In this little room I spent many pleasant hours with him. When meal time came he would say, "Go to dinner with me," his house being just across the street from the Observatory. Here I was almost like one of his own household. He was fond of a close, companionable conversation, and we had many a pleasant hour together.

When I told him that I had made up my mind to go into the war, he manifested great interest in my welfare. When I bade him good-by, it seemed probable that I was going into the place of destruction, while he would be comparatively safe among the peaceful shades of the University. But when I returned to Tuscaloosa my friend was in his grave, while I had escaped the deadly havoc of war. While bathing in the Warrior River near the falls he was swept down by the current and drowned on July 22, 1863. This sad occurrence cast a gloom over the wide circle of his friends.

Mrs. Benagh was Miss Mary Williams Collier, eldest daughter of Governor Henry Watkins Collier. She was a lady of superior intelligence and culture, who entered into full sympathy with all his friendships. I was indebted to her for many kindnesses, as well as to her noble husband. When I bade her good-by in 1865, she gave me his gold pen as a memorial of my teacher and friend. Mrs. Benagh died August 27, 1899, and rests by her husband in Evergreen Cemetery, in Tuscaloosa.

I had the pleasure of teaching Henry, their only son, when I was at the head of a boys' school in the early seventies. I also had the honor of graduating their granddaughter, Miss Ethel Phillips, in 1891. It gave me great pleasure to be able to render any service to the children of these worthy people.

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD J. BATTLE.

Professor Battle was in the chair of Greek during the year 1859-60. For some reason, I know not what, he left the University at the end of that year. I have been informed that he once taught in the East Alabama Female College, in Tuskegee. Later he was President of Judson Institute, Marion, Alabama, then of Mercer College (University), Macon, Georgia, and still later of Shorter College, Rome, Georgia.

Professor Battle was an elegant gentleman, tall and rather slender, but of fine presence and deep, rich voice. He was a good preacher of the Baptist denomination. His sermons were clothed in easy, polished diction, which he read in a distinct and graceful manner. He was a man of amiable disposition, free from any disagreeable peculiarities and prejudices. I never heard him accused of partiality in his dealings with his students. He was destitute of those penetrating, discriminating qualities of mind that make a good detective. This was shown by his incapacity to believe that the students had stolen his examination papers in June, 1860, as related on a former page.

I had no association with him except in the classroom. Under him I studied the "Iliad" of Homer, "Crito" of Plato, "Ædipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, a course in Greek composition, and a course of lectures on Greek and Roman mythology. I do not class him among my strongest teachers, but I do recall him as an accomplished Christian gentleman of the old Southern school.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. WYMAN.

Dr. Wyman was born in Montgomery, Alabama, November 23, 1830. He received his preparatory education in private

schools in his native town. Before graduating at the University of Alabama he took a year's course of study at Harvard College. He took the degree of A.B. in 1851 and of A.M. in 1853. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him in 1882.

He was elected to the chair of Latin in the University of Alabama in 1855, which he filled till 1905, a longer period than any other man in this State ever held the same position. The following statements will show in what estimation he was held by those who knew him best. Six times he declined the presidency of the University of Alabama (oftener than I have ever known the same position to be offered to the same man). Four times he served as President *pro tem.* during the frequent interregnums in the presidency. He consented to be President in 1901-02, but found that the duties of the office were too onerous for a man past threescore and ten years of age. He retired from all active college work in 1905 and rounded up his life in doing some literary work. This outline of facts can be predicted of no other man of whom I have any knowledge.

A man of so much sturdy manliness and so many elements of popularity must have sprung from a virile and intelligent stock. He was a lineal descendant in the seventh generation of Francis Wyman, of the parish of West Mill, in the county of Hertford, England. This ancestor came to America in 1637 and was one of the founders of Woburn, in Massachusetts. His numerous descendants have formed a Wyman Association, which holds a meeting in June every year and which is celebrated with a banquet—a fine way of perpetuating noble family traits. The subject of this sketch was a member of this Wyman Association.

Dr. Wyman was a close student of the history of the Southern and Gulf States in the original sources. He was a facile and entertaining writer and a very interesting man in conversation. He was the author of "Syntax of the Latin Compound Sentence," of "The Trial of Milo," and was a contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, the *Century Magazine*, *New York Nation*, *Magazine of American History*, etc. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

He was one of the most thorough teachers in the University in my day. The students used to think that his whole being was cast in the subjunctive mood, but they finally learned that this was far from the truth. While he was uniformly courteous and considerate, he would endure no indignity nor take the slightest insult. He could, when provoked, quickly get out of the subjunctive mood of parleying into the indicative mood of action, ready for any emergency. Hence there was never any other than respectful deportment in his classroom. No student who ever studied under him will fail to remember that he found all the defects in examination papers. His grades were generally lower than those of any other man in the faculty.

Six of my teachers in the University—Battle, Benagh, Mallet, Murfee, Vaughn, and Wyman—found their wives in Tuscaloosa, a good place to find good wives. On December 29, 1853, Mr. W. S. Wyman was married to Miss Melissa A. Dearing, who was his loyal companion through more than sixty years. "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing."

My teachers have all gone beyond the reach of any complimentary words of mine. The last one to go was Dr. Wyman, who died in 1915. Peace be to their ashes and a tribute of love to their memory!

PROFESSOR JOHN WILLIAM MALLET.

Professor Mallet was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1832, of English parents. He graduated from the University of Dublin in 1853, obtained his doctorate at the University of Goettingen, and was made Professor of Chemistry at the University of Alabama in 1855. Here he accomplished the first important work in physical chemistry ever performed in this country: the determination of the atomic weight of lithium, the lightest metallic element known. This work firmly established his reputation as a chemist of the first rank. During the Civil War the Confederate government had great need of competent chemists to direct the manufacture of explosives. Dr. Mallet was called into this service early in 1861. His distinguished

work in the field caused the government to promote him to the rank of lieutenant colonel.

After the war Dr. Mallet went back to the classroom as Professor of Chemistry in the Medical Department of the University of Louisiana. In 1868 he went to the University of Virginia. In 1880 he was chosen by the National Board of Health to consider and report upon the best methods to be used in the analysis of drinking waters. So well was this work done that it introduced him to a new field of usefulness. He became famous as an expert upon sanitary water supply. Not only was his advice eagerly sought far and wide in the planning of such supplies, but he was frequently called upon as an expert witness in legal cases in all parts of the country. Indeed, his reputation as an expert witness was but little less extensive than his fame as a scientist.

In 1882 Dr. Mallet went to the University of Texas as Professor of Chemistry and Chairman of the Faculty and then to Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia; but he returned to the University of Virginia in 1885 as the head of the school of chemistry. The highest honors, academic and otherwise, came to him. Among these was membership in every scientific organization in America. The fact that he was always a British subject and had no need to deliberate as to the political party with which he would ally himself did not prevent science and its organizations from seeking the help of his genius in this country and in Europe.

He was not only a most distinguished scientist, but he was a brilliant lecturer. He had the power of making his subject as clear as language and experiment could make it. He was also a master in the art of refined conversation. When he made reply to any remark, he always made it appropriate in substance and of corresponding length to the one addressed to him. If he was addressed in a short sentence, he answered in a short one; if in a long one, his reply was of similar length and always appropriate in substance and admirable in spirit.

It has always been a matter of regret that he left the University before I finished my course, but of gratulation that I

sustained for a year and a half the relation of pupil to so accomplished a gentleman.

Dr. Mallet died at Charlottesville, Virginia, on November 7, 1912, of pulmonary embolism, in the eighty-first year of his age, and was buried in the University Cemetery. He was retired on the Carnegie Foundation in 1910 as Professor Emeritus of the University of Virginia.

PROFESSOR ANDRE DELOFFRE.

This sturdy old Presbyterian Frenchman held the chair of Modern Languages in the University, embracing in my day only French and Spanish. He was not so brilliant a man as many of his countrymen. He lacked something of the native French vivacity. But he was a true man and knew well the subjects he taught, especially the French language. He tried very hard to impress upon his students the importance of studying French thoroughly. He would say in a very monotonous tone, without any accent on any word or syllable: "Young Zgentlemen, the study of French will 'dev'el-op' your minds." One wag of a student who found it difficult to learn the language said: "That is just what it does for my mind."

In the early days of the military system in the University not only infantry tactics received much attention, but also artillery practice and sword exercises were taught. One day a number of the professors and officers were assembled in a hall where there were some swords used for drill. One of the men picked up a sword and made a banter to Professor DeLoffre to try his skill in fencing. The old man's eyes sparkled; and, as quick as a thought, he snatched up a sword and in a few passes knocked the sword from his antagonist's hand and ran him back into a corner of the room, to the great amusement of the crowd. Before this no one knew that he was a skilled swordsman. He had been a French soldier in the Revolution of 1848.

After the suspension of the University he taught French in Mobile. The last time I ever saw him I entertained him and Madame DeLoffre one evening during my residence in Mobile in 1875. His whereabouts passed out of my knowledge years

ago, and the French and Spanish I learned from him have well-nigh passed also; but my respect for his memory abides. *Au revoir*, Professor DeLoffre!

PROFESSOR WILLIAM J. VAUGHN.

A few weeks after the opening of the session in 1859 Mr. William J. Vaughn, who occupied the room just over mine, knocked at my door and requested me to call at his room when convenient. I supposed that he wanted to see me in regard to my studies, as he was my teacher in mathematics. At a convenient hour I called, somewhat curious to know why he wished to see me. We talked pleasantly for a while, till I began to grow more anxious to know why he had invited me to his room. He finally said in a delicate way: "I learn from Dr. Garland that you are borrowing money to defray your expenses here. I did the same thing when I was in college, and I suffered myself to feel more cramped than there was any necessity for. I don't want you to feel so. If at any time you get out of money, come to me and get what you need. I can let you have it without any inconvenience." This was a surprise and a revelation to me, to have a comparative stranger open his pocketbook for anything I might need. This was an offer as risky as it was generous. I might be honest and yet not know the value of money; or, still worse, I might be a respectable fellow in appearance and yet not have the power to exercise self-denial enough ever to pay a debt. He did not stop to consider these contingencies nor dry up the springs of his generosity by figuring on the chances of being beaten out of his money. He had a soul that knew how to relieve an embarrassing situation which he had himself experienced. While waiting for my money to come from Choctaw County I called on him once and borrowed twenty dollars, which I returned as soon as I could conveniently. The money which he loaned to others was not always returned. He died poorer in property on account of his generous sympathy for his fellow men, but richer in love and honor on account of his faith in humanity.

The first time I saw him I admired his dark hair, covering a

large head of fine form, associated with handsome features that gleamed in a hearty laugh when anything ludicrous occurred. Though rather below medium stature, he was, measured by any just standard of manhood, a person to be reckoned with. His manner was kind and considerate toward industrious and respectful students, but for a lazy and impudent fellow he had the keenest blade of reprimand that I have ever known sheathed in a man's tongue. He had no patience with fraud and duplicity. He had the power of putting his contempt for these obliquities in terms that could not be misunderstood and the courage to back his statements to the last limit. I saw his courage tested on several occasions later in life. I also witnessed that he was as ready to make apology for an injustice as to resent an insult.

As I learned on mature acquaintance, he was my senior by ten months, he having been born in February and I in December, 1834. We were both from South Alabama, from counties not far apart. We obtained our early education under similar circumstances, were graduated from the same institution, lived in the same dormitories four years, took our meals at the same table one year, lived in the same town from 1866 to 1871, and followed the same profession through life.

He was made tutor of mathematics in the University of Alabama immediately after his graduation in 1857 and full professor in 1860. He held this position till the University was suspended, in 1865. He then filled in a most efficient manner the following positions: President of Tuscaloosa Female College from 1865 to 1866; President of Centenary College from 1866 to 1871; Professor of Physics and Astronomy in the University of Alabama from 1871 to 1873; President of the Tennessee Female College, in Franklin, Tennessee, from 1873 to 1878; and again Professor of Mathematics in the University of Alabama from 1878 to 1882. In 1882 he was made Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Vanderbilt University and held this position till he died, as the senior member of the faculty, December 17, 1912.

Dr. Vaughn was, I believe, the most intellectual man I have ever been associated with. He knew mathematics, as it were,

by intuition. His mind was not, however, as is often the case, limited to this department of knowledge. He was equally gifted in languages. He was master of several modern languages, with a reading knowledge of many others. He was thoroughly acquainted with the classic languages of the ancients and was the best-read man in general literature I have ever known. He was not so well skilled in laboratory work as some of the modern specialists, but for a comprehensive knowledge of the whole field of science his superior was rarely found. He was the author of several treatises on mathematical subjects and was an honored member of the American Mathematical Society, the American Historical Society, and the Southern Historical Society.

Along with his superb intellectual gifts he had as true a heart as ever beat in a man's breast. Honest to the core, without any selfish ends to compass, free from suspicion of being overreached, he would rather be wronged than wrong any man. His friendships were not colored by hope of reward. His patriotism did not look for public office. His professional duties were not fed from the spring of popularity. Lightly estimating the money that came from his instruction, he was a model teacher who possessed in an eminent degree the power to make his pupils realize that they were worth while. With great confidence in his powers of achievement, he was withal one of the most modest of men.

About fourteen years before his death he had the misfortune to lose his right leg above the knee and had to go on crutches the remainder of his life. In one of our last interviews the conversation turned on our early trials and our hard experiences during and after the war. Instead of bemoaning our hard fate, he laughingly said: "Massey, you and I have been two lucky fellows." This remark was characteristic of the man. He maintained a brave, heroic spirit through all his trials, misfortunes, and sufferings as long as he had the conscious command of his faculties. I called to see him just before his death. While his fine powers were in eclipse by physical disease, yet in a lucid moment he recognized me and grasped my hand in both

of his, showing that the same warm, friendly spirit lived in his feebly beating heart. He said, "Give my love to the old girl," as he affectionately called my wife, who graduated under him in 1871 and who always spoke of him with the deepest reverence and gratitude for what he had done in calling forth her intellectual life. I did not tell him that she had only a few days before passed over the river on whose margin he was lingering.

No higher tribute can be paid him than the universal estimate of his old students, whose love for him was wonderful. Though his name may not be elaborately chiseled in monumental marble, it will be affectionately cherished by thousands of grateful spirits so long as memory endures. I doubt if any teacher was ever held in higher esteem by his pupils than William J. Vaughn.

When it was known among the members of the "fraternity" (a small company of intimate friends at the University) that Miss Abbie Scott was engaged to Professor Vaughn, Miss Lou Garland, a member of the fraternity, remarked that Miss Scott had evinced a more charming personality than any other lady she knew, for she had rescued from the dangers of old bachelorism a literary recluse who had never before manifested any tender sentiments toward the fair sex. Miss Garland's praise of Miss Scott was strictly just. Fifty years of intimate acquaintance with her prompts me to mention this high compliment of her young friend.

Miss Abbie Maria Scott is the daughter of David and Stella (Houghton) Scott, who were residents of Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Her father came from South Carolina and was one of the early settlers of the State. Her mother, Stella Houghton, came from Vermont and was a sister of H. O. Houghton, who established the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, of Boston.

Miss Abbie Maria Scott and Professor William J. Vaughn were married August 17, 1865. During the forty-seven years of her married life Mrs. Vaughn was "the strength of her husband's heart, who did safely trust her." Through all the experiences of suffering and sorrow, as well as of joy and

gladness, she was the cheerful light that shone in his home. Around it she still sheds a beautiful radiance "like the evening star shining over the place where his sun went down."

Dr. Vaughn always supported the Church of which he was a member and attended its services when he was able. But he had no patience with mere formalism in religion. His religious trust was in the supreme Source of all good, as may be seen from the following lines, which he copied from an English paper sometime before his death:

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA.

"In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb,
The lover of the Lord shall trust in him.
When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name,
The power of the Lord shall fill his frame.

When the last sigh is heaved and the last tear is shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead,
The angel of the Lord shall lift his head.
For even the purest delight may pall,
The power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all."

These professors of 1859-60 were only eight in number; but for ability, fidelity, and efficiency they were, I believe, not often equaled. Each man taught his own department without any assistance. They were never absent from their recitations except for sickness, which very rarely occurred. When we went to recitations we fully expected to find the professor in his seat, the one man we had to deal with in his department. While no one of them was a man of inferior ability, at least six of them were men of superior talents, as I have been convinced by my association with men through the experience of a long life. I have always been glad to have known them so intimately. The University at that time had only about one hundred and fifty students, so that the necessity for assistant professors was not so great as it is in larger institutions.

CHAPTER XII.

INTRODUCTION OF THE MILITARY SYSTEM.

Colonel Caleb Huse—Colonel James Thomas Murfee—Captain C. L. Lumsden—Captain J. H. Morrison—Organization of the Alabama Corps of Cadets—Appointed Cadet Quartermaster—Dr. Basil Manly and Wife—The Secession of South Carolina.

AT the close of the scholastic year of 1859-60 I spent the vacation in Choctaw County. On my return to the University the first of September I found that the military system had been introduced and that everything was being adjusted to the new order. Three new military men had been added to the faculty: Colonel Caleb Huse, from the United States Military Academy, and Major James T. Murfee and Captain C. L. Lumsden, from the Virginia Military Institute. Colonel Huse was to be the Commandant and Professor of Chemistry, Major Murfee was to be Commander of Company A and Professor of Mathematics, and Captain Lumsden was to be Commander of Company B and Assistant Professor of Mathematics. After the opening, the number of students became so large that it was necessary to make three companies; and another officer, Captain J. H. Morrison, from the Virginia Military Institute, was added. I shall anticipate and speak of these officers here.

COLONEL CALEB HUSE.

Colonel S. W. John, who read the first draft of my reminiscences, called my attention to some errors in my article on Colonel Huse. I have since consulted the Congressional Library, the United States Military Academy, the Association of Graduates of the Academy, and Colonel Huse's "Reminiscences"; and I am now prepared to speak more accurately in regard to his career.

Caleb Huse was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, February 11, 1831. He was appointed cadet in the United States Military Academy in 1847 and graduated in 1851, the seventh

in his class of forty-two members. He was commissioned brevet second lieutenant in the Third Artillery and stationed at Key West, Florida, where he married Miss Harriet Pinckney. The following year he was ordered back to West Point as Assistant Professor of Chemistry and remained on duty there till 1859. During this time he served under Colonel Robert E. Lee and became one of the most ardent admirers of that great man.

In 1859 he went to Europe to make a special study of ordnance. On his return he was appointed on an army board to test the merits of rifled cannon. As first lieutenant he was on the rolls of the garrison of Fort Sumter. He found also an appointment as commandant of cadets at the University of Alabama. To enable him to accept this position without finally severing his connection with the army, the authorities of the University had obtained from the Secretary of War a leave of absence for him till May, 1861. If all went well, he was to resign at that time. On these terms he accepted the place and was commissioned colonel by the governor of the State.

My acquaintance with him began on his coming to the University. He was an austere-looking man. He did not have any too much of the *sauviter in modo* in his composition; but he was just in his dealings with the cadets and, as will appear from his record, he was a brave and true man who stood by his convictions regardless of the consequences.

Two or three weeks after the opening of the encampment some restive students who chafed under any kind of discipline made an effort to stir up prejudice against Colonel Huse because, as they said, he was a "d——d Yankee." They added tinder to the already hot blood of some of their parents whose feelings, like a powder mine, needed only to be touched off to make an explosion. It was just a few weeks before the Presidential election of 1860, when the whole country was excited over the political situation. Dr. Garland told Colonel Huse that there was a mutiny brewing in the camp whose object was to run him out of the State, and that an ugly feature of the thing was the fact that the mutiny was encouraged by people on the outside. The Doctor, fully aware how unpleasant this

trouble might become to Colonel Huse, felt it his duty to state the case plainly and to give him an opportunity of resigning if he chose to do so. He told the Doctor that he would willingly resign rather than be a cause of trouble if there was any member of the faculty or of the Board of Trustees that wished to be rid of him. When he was assured that there was no objection to him among the authorities of the University, he said: "I will not resign. As some of the students and their parents have threatened to run me out of the State, I will put the responsibility on them."

Nothing came of this threatened mutiny; but the incident, which was liable to cause trouble under the circumstances, reveals the candor of Dr. Garland and the courage of Colonel Huse. As soon as the corps was organized and the admirable discipline was seen to be in striking contrast to the disorderly conduct of former years, the town people were delighted with the good order, and Colonel Huse became popular.

The military system was creating considerable increase in the University budget and was not bringing in any additional revenue. What was to be done was a question that would not down when pay day came around. Dr. Garland was canvassing the question of presenting the corps to the legislature and of asking for an annual appropriation to defray the expenses of the military system. This did not meet the approval of some of the faculty. Some of the patrons also objected to such an unusual move. Fears were entertained that the discipline of the corps could not stand the strain of passing through Mobile and of going through the entertainments that would be proffered in Montgomery. Drunkenness and demoralization were dreaded. Colonel Huse was every inch a man. He knew his power as a disciplinarian. He told the Doctor that he would be responsible for the good order of the corps. The trip to Montgomery was made without a single breach of discipline, to the great delight of Colonel Huse and everybody concerned. The expedition will be described on a future page.

On the breaking out of the war he was confronted with a grave and, to him, a very momentous question. Had he con-

sulted his personal interests, he would have left the State of his adoption and received high command from his native State of Massachusetts, where he was looked upon as one of the most promising young officers of the army. But Huse was moved only by the highest principles in everything he did. He thought that the South was right in its contention, and he placed his sword at the disposal of President Davis.

On the 1st of April he received a telegram from Secretary Mallory, of the Confederate navy, to "come to Montgomery and take a commission for active service." On arriving in Montgomery he was told that the President had designated him to go to Europe for the purchase of arms and military supplies and was asked when he could go. He replied that, of course, he could go immediately; but that, if any preparations were to be made, he would like to return to his family before starting. The Secretary said: "Be back in ten days." He returned to Tuscaloosa and offered his resignation as commandant of the cadets. On the morning of the 12th of April he rode back into Montgomery on the top of a stagecoach. When near the city they met a man on horseback shouting: "Beauregard has fired on Fort Sumter." This created great excitement in Montgomery, as it did in Tuscaloosa and throughout the whole country.

On his way to Europe he arranged to go through Charleston, that he might see the effect of the artillery fire upon Fort Sumter. With two young captains whom he had known at West Point, he visited the fort. He says: "If the United States government deliberately intended to force a war and thus settle once for all the entire question between the North and the South, no strategy could have been more effectual than that of sacrificing Sumter exactly as it was sacrificed. The whole affair could not have been arranged with greater shrewdness and finesse. Anderson and his officers were made to appear as heroes. The North was completely unified, and the same can be said of the South. The lines were now distinctly and definitely drawn, and every man from Maine to Georgia must declare for the government or against it."

He passed through Baltimore on Sunday morning, April 21, the day the men of the Federal command who had been killed in the affray on Friday, the 19th, were to be buried. The tension of feeling was almost breathless. On reaching New York he found everybody excited; and the Trenholm Brothers, from whose bank he was to draw money for his passage, were so terrified that they were afraid to recognize him. He finally, through the kind offices of Captain Wellsman, drew five hundred dollars in gold and made his way through the Northern States to Portland, Canada, whence he sailed for England.

During the first years of the war he was very successful in securing and shipping into the Confederacy large quantities of guns, ammunition, and military supplies. On one occasion he beat the United States agent to one hundred thousand Austrian rifles of the latest pattern and sixty pieces of field artillery and large supplies of ammunition.

He proved to be so honest and capable an agent for the Confederate government that they sent him a *carte blanche* order on Fraser, Trenholm & Company, of Liverpool, who were the intelligent and trustworthy agents of the Richmond government throughout the entire war. This order was sewed between the soles of a boot which was worn by a German who sailed from New York. On his arrival in England the stitches were cut and the order delivered to Colonel Huse. This shows how impossible it is to keep information from passing through any lines that may be drawn.

He speaks in very complimentary terms of Hon. William L. Yancey, Commissioner to England, and of Commander James D. Bulloch, who had charge of all naval affairs. With both these gentlemen he had close business relations. Commander Bulloch was an uncle of Ex-President Roosevelt. Colonel Huse assisted Commander Bulloch in securing vessels for shipping supplies into Confederate ports. But there is no mention in his "Reminiscences" of his having had any part in the negotiations for the cruiser Alabama.

Although he handled large sums of money for the Confederacy, he used none of it for himself beyond his expenses.

When the war closed, he found himself with a large family and without money or employment. He informed Dr. E. A. Smith, who met him in Paris in 1867, that he was sometimes in dire straits and did not know what he would have done if some generous friends in England had not lent him money. He could not return to the United States, because the Federal authorities believed he had in his possession large sums of money belonging to the Confederacy, and he would on this account be liable to arrest.

When amnesty was declared, he returned to the United States to try to make a living. He had no profession and no training that fitted him for any other business than that of a soldier. Though just as true and brave, he seems not to have had the resiliency and adaptability of Generals Fitzhugh Lee and Joe Wheeler, who knew how to get back into the service of the United States army. Finally, in 1876, he started a school near West Point to prepare boys for the Military Academy. His checkered career ended in death on March 11, 1905.

There is something in his honest and manly character that not only appeals to my respect and admiration, but also excites a vein of pathos and regret. He evidently was a disappointed man who went to his grave without a reward adequate to his merits.

COLONEL JAMES THOMAS MURFEE.

On the resignation of Colonel Huse, Major Murfee was made commandant with the rank of colonel. He was a man of untiring energy and very systematic in all his work, a man of details, who gave due attention to the practical side of life. I was in his class one term and was impressed with the constant trend of his instruction to bring every principle of mathematics to convenient formulas for practical use.

Sometime in the summer or fall of 1862 he was elected lieutenant colonel of the Forty-First Alabama Regiment, but soon returned to the University because his services were so much needed there. At that time it was difficult to get efficient military men to remain in the school on account of the pressing

need of their services in the field and on account of the high tension of the war feeling. I am sure that Colonel Murfee would have been a success if he had remained in the active service, but I believe his talents lay in the educational field rather than in the arena of war.

Soon after the close of the war he was employed as architect to reconstruct the University buildings. He completed Wood's Hall in what is now known as the Quadrangle. But the whole State government, including the institution, soon went into the hands of the Reconstruction party, which did nothing worth while with the University for several years.

In 1871 Colonel Murfee was made President of Howard College, at Marion, Alabama, where he rendered excellent service in raising the standard of education during a period of sixteen years. When the college was moved to Birmingham, in 1887, he declined to leave Marion and set to work to found the Marion Institute on the old college foundation. This he left to his sons, who are proving themselves the worthy successors to a man who faithfully served his generation for half a century.

On account of age and deafness he retired from active work in 1906 on the Carnegie Foundation. His death occurred in Miami, Florida, in April, 1912, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and he was gathered to his fathers. He was an honored member of the Baptist Church, a Christian without sectarian bias, a patriot without sectional bitterness, and a man with positive convictions of right and manly courage to carry them out. More of his sort will make a better world.

He was born in 1833 in Southampton County, Virginia. In 1853 he was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute without a single demerit and with the highest honors of his class. After graduation he taught in Lynchburg, Virginia, and in Madison College, Pennsylvania, till he came to Alabama, in 1860. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Furman University in 1874 and also by the University of Alabama in 1907.

CAPTAIN C. L. LUMSDEN.

Captain C. L. Lumsden was one of the most graceful drill-masters I ever saw. In November, 1861, he organized in Tuscaloosa a battery known as Lumsden's Battery. It saw extremely hard service and lost heavily in the battles of Corinth, Farmington, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and Nashville. As the official reports show, it was mentioned many times for gallant and meritorious conduct. Its history will stand prominent in the records of the war.

After the surrender Captain Lumsden engaged in the saw-mill business and, having passed through the havoc of war, was killed by an accident in his sawmill.

Captain Morrison also went into the army, but I lost sight of him.

So much for the officers who entered the University in the fall of 1860. In speaking of them, as of the other professors to whom reference has been made, I have had to run ahead of the current of events in the history of the institution.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ALABAMA CORPS OF CADETS.

Early in September, 1860, about two hundred of us assembled at the University for the purpose of organizing the Alabama Corps of Cadets. We went into camp on the southwestern quarter of the campus to live in tents for six weeks and be drilled in regular army style. Dr. Garland had secured from some party in Montgomery a colored fifer, whose name was Gabe, and a colored drummer, whose name was Neil. These important attachés sounded reveille at five-thirty in the morning, when we had to rise in haste, like the Hebrews in Egypt, and be ready at five forty-five for our slices of light bread and tin cups of black coffee prepared by Arthur, the janitor. This early lunch was thought to be a preventive against chills, which might be contracted from the early morning air and the heavy dew on the high grass. As soon as these rations could be dispatched we were ready for an hour's drill before breakfast.

Everything was done in a sharp, quick, snappy style. We were all privates in the ranks—seniors, juniors, sophomores of the past year, as well as the new recruits who were entering the University for the first time. There was nothing heard all day long but "Attention!" "Eyes right!" "Eyes left!" "Head up!" "Little fingers on seam of pants!" "Forward, march!" "Double-quick!" and "Halt!" till it became dreadfully monotonous. It struck some of the old students as a most incongruous thing in a University which stood for the humanities and high culture. And, what we did not quite comprehend at first, Dr. Garland had his tent in the camp and seemed to be "delighted" with our performance.

After some days of squad drill, we began to be grouped into sections and companies and, by the end of six weeks, into a battalion. We were dressed in gray uniforms bestudded with brass buttons and black military hats with "A. C. C." in front, encircled with brazen eagles and topped with gay pompons, and carried bright swords and Springfield muskets in our hands. Uniformity of movement and precision of evolution had arisen out of the undisciplined crowd of a few weeks before.

We were now as much pleased with the marvelous transformation as we had been disgusted with the initiatory steps of the squad drill. The glamour of military uniforms, the harmony of movement, the precision of evolution, and the stirring strains of martial music which Gabe and Neil put their whole souls into—all these made our blood tingle with the military spirit, especially when the campus was filled with crowds of admiring lady spectators, making us feel the force of one of Dr. Garland's remarks: "Venus always showed a penchant for Mars." The novelty of the military feature made it very attractive during the first few months, and later on the rising war spirit added to its interest. These incentives, acting on a body of high-strung young men, generally from the best families of the State, soon made the Alabama Corps of Cadets one of the best-drilled battalions in the whole country. It was frequently said by good judges that the drilling of the corps was equal to that of the Virginia Military Institute and the United States

Military Academy. Of this I cannot speak from personal knowledge, never having seen the evolutions of those two noted military schools. But I am sure that our drilling was as nearly perfect as it was possible to make it out of the very best material, handled by thoroughly capable officers, all incited by motives that hardly ever occur twice in a century.

About the middle of October we left our tents, went into barracks, and organized the academic work for the year. I roomed this year in the north end room on the second floor of Franklin Barracks. My roommates were Fuller Manly, Clarence H. Ellerbe, and J. C. Riggs, all fine fellows.

APPOINTED CADET QUARTERMASTER.

One of the first things done was to appoint the cadet officers. Quartermaster fell to my lot, with the rank of first lieutenant. The duties of this office were considerable, as I had charge of the quartermaster's store, which contained everything the cadets needed in the way of clothing except the gray uniforms. At certain regular hours the store was opened, when the cadets brought their cadet books, with the articles they needed already charged upon the books by Captain Gibbs, the State Quartermaster and Treasurer. My business was to give out the goods just as they were charged on each book. I soon had everything arranged so that, with the assistance of the quartermaster sergeant, it was an easy matter to attend to the business.

These duties brought me into close association with Captain Gibbs, whom the boys called "Old Growly." Students are always quick to embody in a ludicrous, and sometimes even spiteful, sobriquet any striking peculiarities of their teachers and officers. Captain Gibbs was an Englishman and had a deep-toned voice which frequently expressed his impatience at the irrelevant questions and unreasonable demands of the cadets. Hence came the expressive but uncomplimentary sobriquet. But I wish to state that Captain Gibbs was a very just and kind-hearted man, even if he did not always manifest a sweet temper through soft tones of voice.

The scheme of literary studies for the year 1860-61 was

different from that of the old régime in which there were no electives, each class being obliged to take the regular course prescribed for graduation. The new order granted some election of studies. This made a transition period in the University in the plan of studies as well as on account of the changes caused by the introduction of the military system. Under the new order the scheme of classes was difficult to arrange and in some cases made it hard on the students because of too many heavy recitations coming close together. On Wednesdays I had five of my heaviest recitations from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M.—five hours on a stretch. I had to prepare for all these on the two or three preceding days and nights. This crowding together of so many recitations grew partly out of the fact that I was carrying an extra study. After I got used to this arrangement, I did not object to it. It taught me how to get ready for this extra draft and how to concentrate all my resources for the occasion.

I found also that the regular habits of sleep and exercise enforced by the military system were a good thing for me. Nothing but this actual experience could have made me believe that there was a great deal of good in the military system. Through this experience I learned that unexpected good comes to us by the patient endurance of unavoidable inconveniences and hardships. I was becoming too much fossilized in my notions and habits. I am glad that I saw this transition period in the University from the old régime to the new. The transition in myself was as great as that in the institution. It has made me less afraid of changes than I would otherwise have been. It has put me in sympathy with the changes that are constantly going on in nature around us and in mind and spirit within us. Nothing is in a state of fixity. Everything is in a stage of growth. Whatever promotes growth is a good thing, whether it is to our liking or not. Of course there is danger in the change which growth produces unless directed by intelligence, but there is more danger in a state of stagnation.

The military régime gave us no time for stagnation. Reveille sounded at six o'clock, beginning with long roll,

which lasted three minutes. During these three minutes we had to jump into our clothes, run downstairs, and get into line ready to answer to our names, the calling of which began the moment the drum ceased. We then had a half hour to dress properly, make up our beds, and clean up our rooms, all of which we had to do ourselves, and so clean they had to be that nothing in the rooms would soil a white glove. Quiet reigned for a half hour, in which we were expected to study in our rooms before prayers in the chapel, then we went to breakfast in the mess hall. Recitations and study from 8 to 1; one hour for dinner; recitations and study from 2 to 4; drill from 4 to 5; recreation from 5 to 6; supper from 6 to 6:45; recreation from 6:45 to 7:30; study from 7:30 to 9:30; preparation for retiring from 9:30 to 10; taps at 10, lights out, and all quiet—so ran the days.

I soon found my work going more smoothly than I had ever had it run before. I was agreeably surprised at this and attributed it largely to the regular habits induced by the military system. But the good results were offset in some degree. We did not do so much reading as we did under the old system of 1859-60, and the interest we took in our literary societies largely died out under military rule. This was, no doubt, partly due to the growing interest in the military feature inspired by the prospects of war.

DR. BASIL MANLY AND WIFE.

There was no break in my work except for a short spell of sickness I had during the fall. No hospital had been fitted up yet such as was provided later. I was confined to my room in the barracks. One of my roommates was young Fuller Manly, the youngest son of Dr. Basil Manly, who was at that time in charge of the Baptist Church in Tuscaloosa. When Fuller went home on Saturday afternoon, he told his mother that I was sick in my room at the University. She immediately sent her carriage out for me, though a stranger, and took me to her home and treated me just as if I had been her own son. This act of kindness showed me the great warm hearts of these two

splendid old people, a generous act that I cannot let pass without special mention.

Dr. Manly had been the President of the University for eighteen years, from 1837 to 1855. During this period he had taught hundreds of young men whom he affectionately called his sons.

He was a man of unusual ability. He was noted as much for his superior common sense and his childlike simplicity as for his great intellectuality. He was one of the best preachers of his day. He did not, like Bascom, sweep everything before him in a tornado of eloquence, nor, like Pierce, win by graceful and persuasive oratory. His style was at the opposite pole. With a fine head crowned with white hair, a fresh, benignant face, large, expressive blue eyes, a soft, winsome voice, and gestures as artless as a child's, when he stood up to preach, spiritual power descended from the pulpit like the dews of Hermon. The following quotation is from West's "History of Methodism in Alabama": "For 1838 Tuscaloosa was supplied by Rev. Charles Hardy. For two months, until Mr. Hardy reached Tuscaloosa, the Rev. Basil Manly, a Baptist preacher who had just been installed as President of the University of Alabama, preached for the Methodists at the morning service on Sunday. The congregation thought him devotedly pious and of great simplicity."

Glorious old man! I am glad that I knew him and his good wife, who well matched him in every fine quality of soul. In the dark days of Reconstruction, in 1867, when it seemed that everything was going to the bad in the Black Belt of Alabama, I felt the depression of the gloomy situation and thought of going West and growing up with a new country. I believed that letters of introduction from two such well-known men as Dr. Manly and Dr. Garland would give me some recognition among strangers. Dr. Manly wrote me a very complimentary recommendation; but in a separate note he cautioned me against relying much on any one's recommendation, since this indicated a lack of confidence in one's self. When I read the note I felt the blood come into my face, for I saw

that he had guarded me against the tendency of young people (and sometimes older ones) to think that others can raise them to positions of profit and honor by recommendations. Dr. Manly's suggestion deepened the determination, already strong, to make my own way, trusting in God's help alone. Since then I have written hundreds of recommendations. I have never written one, I believe, without thinking of Dr. Manly's letter. Recommendations are right and proper on going into a new place merely as letters of introduction, but I have very often felt that the desire to be overmuch recommended indicates a lack of that genuine faith in one's self that must constitute the basis of success in any line of work. I would say to young people: "Never lie down on anybody's recommendation, but rely on yourselves and cultivate the good will of your fellow men."

To return to the year 1860-61, I studied surveying and engineering under Colonel Murfee, mechanics under Professor Benagh, chemistry with Dr. Mallet and Colonel Huse, English with Professor Pratt, French with Professor DeLoffre, and Hardee's tactics with different officers.

About the first of December we had a prize-shooting with our new Springfield muskets. These were rifled, half-inch-bore guns loaded from the muzzle with cartridges carrying a conically shaped ounce lead missile and fired by percussion caps. The loading and capping was a slow business compared with the modern breech-loading arrangement, but these guns shot with surprising accuracy for a distance of several hundred yards. We had two or three practices before the day set for the prize-shooting. I found that the glitter of the hind sight dazzled my eyes so that it was difficult to take an accurate "sight." I had learned in my boyhood that the hind sight of a rifle should be colored dark; so I colored the hind sight of my musket with ink. On the final day of the shooting we were to shoot at a "bull's eye" at a distance of two hundred yards. I won the prize (a gold lace star) awarded to the best marksman. This was due to good eyes, steady nerves, and rifle practice in my boyhood.

THE SECESSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE SENSATION IT CREATED.

In the latter part of December, 1860, when South Carolina seceded and Governor Moore called a convention (provided for by the Legislature) to determine what Alabama would do, excitement began to run high. While many followed Mr. Yancey in his purpose to take the State out of the Union, many others at that time strenuously opposed this plan. Mr. Yancey's determination and eloquence prevailed; and when the convention passed the ordinance of secession on January 11, 1861, the whole State was in a ferment of mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, wonder and regret. I thought that we were taking a momentous step whose consequences no one could foretell. Even if we should be able to withdraw from the Union peaceably, I felt that we were cutting loose from a government which I had been taught to regard with patriotic pride. If we should succeed in establishing the principle of secession, what would keep South Carolina or Alabama or any other State from withdrawing from any Southern government which we might form? Would we not be in danger of having a lot of weak little governments fighting among themselves and liable to fall a prey to some European power? Others may have felt the same way. Such feelings, however, were rather the silent undercurrent. Like the waves on the surface of the sea, the manifestations of sympathy with the trend of events were more noisy than deep and serious thought would have justified. Hot-blooded young people are always fond of excitement. The students of the University were generally very much elated at the prospective changes which they imagined would open new enterprises to them. If war should come, they expected to take a prominent part in it. The vision of military glory captivated their imaginations.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Corps Presented to the Legislature—The Trend of Affairs—Speech of Judge A. B. Meek—Lack of Vision in Our Leaders—Firing on Fort Sumter—The Invasion of Virginia—Sent to Montgomery to Drill Troops—First Visit to Prattville—Dr. S. P. Smith—Mrs. Adelaide Julia (Allen) Smith—Promoted to State Lieutenant—Sent to North Alabama to Drill Troops—My Classmates.

IN the last week of January Dr. Garland published the order that the whole corps should go to Montgomery to be presented to the Governor and the Legislature. We left in a heavy rainstorm, escorted from the University to the boat by the Warrior Guards, commanded by Captain Robert Emmet Rodes, who rose to the rank of major general in the Confederate army and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, in September, 1864. We went from Tuscaloosa to Mobile on a stern-wheel boat called the Cherokee. To carry our clothes and blankets, we were ordered to take one trunk for each room. Being cadet quartermaster, I had charge of the baggage, which went all right, except that two pieces failed to be transferred from one boat to the other in Mobile. These pieces were found on the first boat when we returned to Mobile. I little dreamed then what trouble I was destined to have in the years to come when I should have to look after the baggage of hundreds of girls.

On arrival in Mobile we marched from the boat to the Battle House dressed in our best clothes. There is something in military dress and equipage that elicits attention. There is still more in the serious object to which these external signs all point. When we marched back from the hotel to the boat in our glittering uniforms, with our cadet flag displaying "A. C. C." on its silken folds, we were the cynosure of all eyes. The quick step, timed to the drum and fife, had drawn attention from all quarters, showing that it was a novel sight in the early days of 1861.

The trip from Mobile to Montgomery was made on a fine,

(146)

new double-decker called the Southern Republic. She was making her maiden trip and was as anxious to show her fine qualities as we were to display ours. She was equipped with a calliope, which played "Dixie" and other stirring tunes almost constantly during the trip of two days and nights.

There were no telephones then, very little telegraphic communication, and few rapidly distributed morning papers with bold headlines, such as we now have. To get quick and accurate news, one had to go in person to the scene of the excitement. Hence the boat was crowded with intelligent and prominent people going to the capital to see what the outcome of all this excitement might be. They were not backward in showing us marked attention. We had the opportunity of forming many acquaintances among the leading people of the State.

After leaving Mobile, Dr. Garland summoned Richard H. Clarke ("Dick," we called him), J. C. Knox, and myself. He told us that he wanted us to draw up a petition to the Legislature soliciting an appropriation for the better equipment of the corps. He gave us the line of argument which he thought advisable. He said he wished us to write the petition in our own style; for if he should write it, the earmarks of his style would be too apparent. He desired the petition to come from the students and not from himself. We all wrote something and turned the papers over to Clarke, who composed well and wrote a beautiful hand. Before we reached Montgomery we read the paper to Dr. Garland, who passed a favorable comment on our work. At the proper time it was presented to the officials of the State. Of course Dr. Garland presented some arguments from his standpoint and in his own forcible style. What influence our petition had, I do not know; but an appropriation was made by a unanimous vote of the Legislature.

SPEECH OF JUDGE A. B. MEEK.

On our arrival in Montgomery we marched to our quarters in a large hall with some adjoining rooms on Main Street (now Dexter Avenue), about halfway between Court Square and the Capitol. Here we had comfortable quarters compared

with what many of us were to have during the next four years. We drilled on the streets more or less every day. It was arranged on one of the days that we should be presented to the Legislature. This august body was collected on the balcony and on the steps and in the yard in front of the Capitol. After we had performed some evolutions such as the small space and the slope of the ground would allow and had gone through the manual of arms (which elicited great applause), we were addressed by Judge A. B. Meek. We should have been pleased to hear Mr. Yancey, as he was the great light in the political firmament; but I believe that he never made speeches unless he had something worth while to speak about. Judge Meek was a poet and could make a pretty speech on any subject or even without a subject. In his address of about fifteen minutes I recall one striking figure. As I remember it, the figure ran thus:

On December 20 a new star appeared in our political sky conspicuous for its brilliancy [South Carolina]. Twenty days later another arose whose radiance equaled that of the first [Mississippi]. The next evening still another came forth with its mellow light [Florida]. Then on the evening following a fourth lent its effulgence to the rapidly increasing cluster [Alabama]. Eight days later there emerged from the east a sister star whose cloudless orb adds a new glory to this charming group [Georgia]. When lo! in the west two more splendid luminaries [Louisiana and Texas] completed the constellation of seven stars which are destined to shine in our political firmament like the Pleiades in the heavens.

LACK OF VISION IN OUR LEADERS.

This poetic conception expressed in the eloquence of Judge Meek as he stood before us in his gigantic figure captivated our impressible imaginations. But I do not now think, after more than fifty years of experience and observation, that it expressed a wise political policy. Slavery was not in theory made the basis of this Southern plan of government, it is true; but, practically, it had been up to this time the controlling element in its inception. But for slavery, the attempt to form a Southern Confederacy would not have been made. Everything else could have been settled without war. It seems now that our leaders ought to have seen that a permanent government

could not stand on such a foundation. Thomas Jefferson in his latter years feared the consequences of the growing power of slavery and said that the thought of it "alarmed him like the sound of a fire bell at night." Henry Clay advocated gradual emancipation extending through fifty years. General Robert E. Lee had freed all of his own slaves before the war. Many of the best men in the South were far from being satisfied with the institution of slavery even while they owned slaves that had come to them by inheritance. They were enmeshed in a condition from which they could not extricate themselves without the concerted action of the whole population. Even then it would have taxed the entire nation to deal with it. But, however great the difficulties, our leaders ought to have seen that the sentiment of the civilized world was tending toward freedom, that slavery stood in the way of the rising spirit of industrialism, that the drift of modern governments toward nationalism would defeat our efforts to establish the extreme doctrine of States' rights and intense individualism, and that we could not stem the tide of these world movements.

While all this seems clear now, it was not so evident in 1861. Many believed, as Mr. Yancey expressed it, that cotton was king, that we had a monopoly in this indispensable material, and that the world would be compelled to acknowledge its supremacy; and, as Mr. A. H. Stephens expressed the case, that slavery was the normal condition of human society, that this condition was best for both master and slave, and that it was indorsed by the precepts and practices recorded in the Bible.

The extreme and violent teaching of the abolitionists, culminating in the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry in 1859, his execution under the laws of Virginia, and his canonization by the extremists of the North—all these things portended "an irrepressible conflict," as Mr. Seward expressed it, a conflict which had to be fought out to the bitter end. We shall see something of this conflict as our narrative proceeds.

Getting back to the corps, our stay in Montgomery embraced about five days, including one Sunday, on which we marched in a body to the Baptist church to hear Dr. Manly, who had

recently moved from Tuscaloosa to Montgomery. However much we might have been pleased to linger longer in Montgomery amid these exciting scenes, we had to get back to work at the University.

Our return trip to Mobile was made on the fine steamer *St. Charles*, that plied between Montgomery and Mobile. We stopped in Selma and drilled on the streets for an hour. This voyage was pleasant but uneventful beyond the interest manifested in public affairs by the passengers. Among these were Judge A. A. Coleman and his little son, who was taking home with him a small kettledrum as a symbol of the martial spirit which was rapidly spreading throughout the country. Our trip was planned to catch the *Warrior* boat which had brought us down.

In our voyage of three days from Mobile to Tuscaloosa we passed up the Tombigbee by *St. Stephen's Bluff*; by *Bladon Springs Landing* and the border of my native *Choctaw County*; through *Demopolis*, the "City of the People," founded by the survivors of the defeated and dethroned Napoleon; then up the narrow and crooked *Warrior* through one of the finest farming sections in the South.

On arrival at the University we found that about two weeks had passed since we had looked into a book and that it required heroic effort to get back to study, for the routine duties of college life were tame compared with the exciting scenes we had just passed through. I was agreeably surprised, however, to find how quickly we recovered our usual college tone when we had plenty of work to do. Work is the best antidote for ennui and discontent. We were so busy that we had no time to discuss what was going on outside of the University, at least for a while. We had no morning papers with flaming headlines to keep us excited.

Dr. Garland was very hopeful that there would be no war. So firm was he in his belief in the doctrine almost universally conceded, in the North as well as in the South, that a State had the right to secede, that he thought the North would, as Horace Greeley advised, "let the erring sisters go in peace."

FIRING ON FORT SUMTER.

If our leaders could have foreseen the *dénouement* of affairs, it would have been better not to fire on Fort Sumter, even if the Federals had dared to shell Charleston. As was believed by the Southern commissioners, with whom the authorities of the United States had dallied for five weeks, and is still generally believed, Mr. Lincoln shrewdly maneuvered to induce the Confederates to fire on Fort Sumter. Dr. Charles Edward Stowe, the son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," made this statement in the *Methodist Review* of October, 1911:

This attack on the national flag was in great part the result of the diplomacy of the astute Lincoln, whom we credit with the deliberate intention of compelling the South to strike the first blow and so appear before the world as responsible for the commencement of hostilities. It was a shrewd move and gave the North unspeakable advantage from the first.

This aroused and united the North. When Mr. Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand troops, and when a regiment of Federal troops was attacked in Baltimore on April 19, Dr. Garland came galloping home from town on his little black mare bringing the latest news, his naturally thin and pale face more flushed than I had ever seen it. The awful situation was beginning to dawn upon him. He said: "I fear that we shall have war. Blood has been shed on the streets of Baltimore."

Upon the call of Mr. Lincoln for troops to suppress the rebellion, four more States—Arkansas, North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee—withdraw from the Union and joined the Confederacy; and the whole country was fast becoming a military camp, soldiers being drilled and armed as rapidly as possible. It was becoming hard to hold the cadets down to the quietude of study. Some of the older ones were being solicited to join the newly formed commands as drillmasters and subordinate officers. Through the strong personal influence of Dr. Garland most of us were held to our posts till the close of the session, in July, 1861.

I was gratified at the result of my year's work when the

President announced from the rostrum on commencement day: "Cadet Massey is first on the roll of honor for scholarship and stands alone, with no demerits against him." It had been a year's work beset with interruptions and temptations to turn aside from the most important thing for me at that time and for the rest of my life—namely, my education. I was beginning to see in some degree the vital importance of giving all my energies to whatever I had to do, so as not to be diverted by any side issues. This purpose has enabled me with limited talents to do a little something, which I hope may count on the side of right.

During the vacation of 1861 I was placed in charge of the University buildings and quartermaster's stores. I spent part of the time in drilling troops that were getting ready for active service. During this summer I had the pleasure and advantage of associating during my leisure hours with the families of the professors of the University and other cultivated and refined people of the town.

After the battle of Bull Run, on July 21, 1861, which resulted in a victory for the Confederates and a stampede of the Federals, many began to think that the war would be of short duration. But when Mr. Lincoln called for three hundred thousand additional troops and they came at his bidding, like the soldiers that sprang from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, it became evident to every thoughtful mind that we were to have war in earnest—deadly, destructive war, heart-rending, blood-shedding war, which "means hell," according to the definition attributed to General Sherman.

THE INVASION OF VIRGINIA.

The firing on the flag at Fort Sumter had stirred the North to a frenzy of passion. The invasion of Virginia had stirred the South even more. The indignation caused by the firing on the flag grew out of a patriotic sentiment, while the invasion of the territory of the South for the purpose of subjugation was a deadly thrust that united us almost to a man to resist it to the last extremity. This was what inspired the Confederates

to become what the late Bishop David H. Moore, a lieutenant colonel in the Federal army in 1862, recently wrote of them: "Of a truth, they were the greatest soldiers that mortals ever fought." No real man, especially no Anglo-Saxon, will tamely submit to the invasion of his home. The men who had been strenuously opposed to secession were now as enthusiastic in repelling invasion as the most rabid secessionists. Both sides, North and South, lost sight of the original issue in the controversy. "Honor the flag" and "Save the Union" became the slogans of the North. The sentiment of Marco Bozzaris,

"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land,"

fired the heart of the South. These powerful passions fused and remolded men's convictions and practically made the North a unit for the "flag" and "the Union" and the South a unit in defense of home and native land.

It is a mistake to suppose that the South was fighting to perpetuate slavery; for the majority of the Confederate soldiers never owned slaves, and some who did own them were not satisfied with the institution. It is likewise a mistake to conclude that the main body of the Federal army were fighting to free the slaves. While the subject of slavery was originally the main bone of contention, the two strong opposing currents of feeling had drifted away from this issue. We had passed the first stage of the controversy. In the minds of the Confederates the duty of self-defense was paramount and eclipsed every other thought. In the minds of the Federals the duty of defending the flag seemed to be the dominant consideration.

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away and the transparent atmosphere permits us to see things in their proper perspective, we can see that self-defense is an indispensable characteristic of genuine manhood and that patriotism is a noble quality worthy of great honor; that the heroic courage which can face death rather than surrender what is honestly believed to be right is worthy of the highest honor, on whichever side

displayed. "Manhood is the one immortal thing beneath time's changeful sky."

The college year of 1861-62 opened in the latter part of September with about two hundred and fifty students. My room for the first half of this year was the south end room on the third floor of Washington Barracks with Luke White Dugger and John Franklin Griffin, who escaped the carnage of war, served their generation as good citizens, and were gathered to their fathers some years ago. Dugger was a quiet farmer in Perry County. His name has been mentioned on a former page in connection with our Religious Club. Griffin was a merchant and cotton broker in Demopolis and served one or two terms in the Legislature.

This was my senior year. I found, from the severe discipline and study of the two preceding years, that I had less difficulty in my studies than ever before. The main part of my work was with Dr. Garland, Professor Benagh, and Professor DeLoffre. The first part of the year I continued to serve as secretary in the President's office. I also did some good reading in spite of the war spirit, which at times ran very high. At one time this war feeling threatened to break up the college, as it had done most of the colleges throughout the country; but Dr. Garland's strong personal influence and his masterly arguments held most of us in our places till the close of the year. If the war should close soon, he said, we would not be needed in the field, and our education could go on without interruption; but if the war should be prolonged, we could do more good where we were in preparing ourselves as drillmasters and thoroughly trained officers than we could by prematurely sacrificing ourselves in the field. And in case there should be a long-continued war, we would have plenty of time to show our patriotism when we would be better prepared to render efficient service to our country. He told us that he had a message from the President of the Confederacy urging him to hold the University intact, as it was one of the most important feeders of the army in keeping up a supply of trained officers, and that it would be poor economy to "grind up our

seed corn for immediate use." No argument, however, could prevent some from leaving the college and going into the field during the year; but most of us, seeing the reasonableness of the Doctor's plan and feeling the force of his personal influence, decided to remain till the close of the year.

SENT TO MONTGOMERY TO DRILL TROOPS.

Early in December, 1861, Cadets Eugene A. Smith, C. H. Ellerbe, and myself were detailed to assist in drilling a regiment of troops which was being formed in Montgomery. We carried from Dr. Garland a letter of introduction to Governor A. B. Moore, which we presented on arrival in the city. He received us very courteously and insisted on our taking seats, which we declined to do, but stood at "attention" while he gave us our orders. On receiving orders we proceeded immediately to the camp of instruction. I was told afterwards that the Governor was highly pleased with our appearance and our deportment. He said: "I like the manner of those fellows, but I could not get one of them to take a seat. As soon as I could give them their orders they went straight to the camp."

The camp was located near the river about where the electric light plant is now located. In this place we were occupied about two weeks in drilling the troops.

FIRST VISIT TO PRATTVILLE.

While we were in this camp I made my first trip to Prattville, on the invitation of my friend Smith. There was no railroad to Prattville then. Travel had to be performed by boat or private conveyance. We went on a boat to Washington Landing and out to the village by private conveyance.

I was hospitably entertained at the home of Dr. S. P. Smith. The generous hospitality of the Doctor and his excellent family I have always esteemed among the many good fortunes that have come into my life. He was my devoted friend to the day of his death. There was nothing little about the man. Of fine native endowments, well cultivated, magnanimously interested in all public questions, but never asking political preferment;

an excellent physician who practiced, not for gain, but for the good of his fellow men; a stanch supporter of the Church, from the choir to the collections, yet his devout spirit was not confined to any mere form—such a man is not often found twice in a generation in the same community. Happy is the community that can produce one; yet Prattville was blessed with two, S. P. Smith and Daniel Pratt.

Here I met for the first time Miss Julia A. Smith, daughter of Dr. Smith and sister of my classmate, Dr. E. A. Smith. Soon afterwards she was married to Mr. Merrill E. Pratt, the nephew and worthy successor in business of Hon. Daniel Pratt. The Julia A. Pratt Residence Hall of the Woman's College, in Montgomery, is honored with her name as a tribute to her liberality. In the years following my first visit to Prattville I have had the honor of educating all of Mrs. Pratt's daughters, who are perpetuating the fine qualities of Dr. S. P. Smith and Hon. Daniel Pratt. Prattville bears the worthy name of the latter and has been ennobled by the generous spirit of the former.

MRS. ADELAIDE JULIA (ALLEN) SMITH.

From the time of my first visit, in 1861, till her death, in 1891, I was the recipient of so many acts of kindness from Mrs. Adelaide Julia (Allen) Smith that my recollection of her constitutes a bright place in my reminiscences. She was the only daughter of Richard and Julia (Phelps) Allen, who moved from Connecticut about 1839 and settled in Autauga County near Washington, four miles southeast of Prattville. Soon afterwards she was married to Dr. S. P. Smith and became the mother of Dr. Eugene Allen Smith and Mrs. Julia A. (Smith) Pratt, whose lives have been so intimately and pleasantly associated with mine.

Mrs. Smith was a woman of a very high order of native talent and withal of genuine simplicity and unaffected manners. It was easy to feel at home in her house. I saw her in the social circle when everything was bright and happy. I saw her when the "Yankees" entered her house, an event that generally created great consternation. I was near her when

death entered her family and deprived her of a highly accomplished daughter. She maintained such equanimity and dignity through all these different phases of experience that I wish to pay her the tribute of not only exercising a warm and generous hospitality, but of exhibiting great poise and strength of character.

During our two weeks' stay in the encampment at Montgomery I had the pleasure of seeing the inauguration of Governor John Gill Shorter, who was destined to have a stormy administration from December, 1861, to December, 1863. He was a good man, but was not of a temperament to make a famous war governor. It is a misfortune to any man to be placed in a position which he is not adapted to fill with efficiency. The war tested the mettle of many a man, both in civil and military life.

APPOINTED STATE LIEUTENANT.

In February, 1862, I was promoted to a State lieutenancy, commissioned by the Governor, and placed in command of Company C of the Alabama Corps of Cadets. This made it necessary to move to the south end room on the first floor of Jefferson Barracks. My friends E. A. Smith, John H. Petway, and John H. Marshall occupied the room above mine. This advancement placed me in authority, in point of inspection, over some with whom I had been in class during the former years. Instead of annoying me, as they might have done, they were very courteous and helpful by their good example. I had very little trouble in the performance of my duties. I recall only one instance of an unpleasant nature. As I was going on the rounds of inspection one day at an unexpected hour I tapped on a door and went in. The tap was the signal to the inmates to rise and stand "at attention" during the inspection of the room. As I entered the door I saw the bedclothes quickly thrown back over the bed. I turned the cover down and discovered a deck of cards spread out on the mattress. I uttered no word of comment, but went on with the inspection, which required only a few minutes. After finishing my inspec-

tion, I was on my way to the commandant's office to make my report. One of the occupants of the room in which the cards were found, a tall young man, met me just outside of the building and said: "You are not going to report our room, are you?" I replied: "Yes; you know that it is a violation of the regulations to have cards in your room, and my duty requires me to report all violations when discovered." He said: "Well, you must not do it. If you do, you will have to answer for it." I responded: "I will report it to Colonel Murfee. You will have to settle the matter with him." I reported it, and the cadets were punished. The one who objected was expelled for this and other disorderly conduct. So ended the only trouble I had while in command of the company.

SENT TO NORTH ALABAMA TO DRILL TROOPS.

About the middle of April, 1862, I was detailed with three cadets to go to Huntsville to assist in drilling some new troops which were being collected in a camp of instruction under the direction of Ex-Governor Moore. We had proceeded on our way till we were within a few miles of Blountsville, when I was informed that the Federal General Ormsby Mitchell had occupied the portion of the State lying north of the Tennessee River and that his men were coming south toward Blountsville. I turned aside to a residence near the road to make some inquiries before I decided whether it would be best for me to go on or turn back to the University. I found a lady and some children in the house. I did not know whether we would find sympathy or not, as North Alabama was very much divided in regard to the war. I approached the subject cautiously till I found on which side the lady's sympathies lay. When I learned that her husband was in the Confederate army, I stated my mission; and she told me that she had heard that the "Yankees" were coming into Blountsville, if they were not already there. I asked her to lend me a suit of her husband's citizen clothes and a slouch hat. I left the three cadets and the hack; and, dressed in these clothes, I rode one of the horses into Blountsville looking, I suppose, somewhat like a farmer.

I found that the town was full of men and that they were Southern men. On inquiring for some of the officers I found that Governor Moore had dismissed the men from the camp of instruction in Huntsville to assemble in Gadsden.

I went back to the place where I had left the cadets and early next morning started for Gadsden, about forty miles distant, over a narrow, rough road across the lower end of Sand Mountain. We reached Gadsden early the following day and sent the hack back to Tuscaloosa. This was delayed several days on account of bad roads and high waters. Dr. Garland was very much relieved on the safe return of the hack, with a letter from me explaining the situation. He had heard of the approach of the Federals after we had left Tuscaloosa and was uneasy lest we might be captured. When he read my letter he said: "I did not believe Massey would run into a trap."

While we were waiting in Gadsden for the assembling of the men I had an opportunity of looking over the romantic country where Gadsden, then an insignificant little village, now quite a city, is located. I visited Black Creek Falls, where Emma Sansom, a girl in her teens, in the spring of 1863 distinguished herself by mounting behind General Forrest and conducting him to a ford across the creek in his pursuit of General Streight, whom he soon afterwards captured.

As soon as the troops assembled, Governor Moore had us all transported on a little steamboat up the Coosa River to Rome, Georgia, and thence by rail via Atlanta to Auburn, Alabama, where we drilled the troops on the campus in front of the college building, a place which has been the scene of many feats in military tactics during the last forty years.

All of the officers and cadets who had been drilling troops in different parts of the State were ordered back to the University about the middle of May. Before going on this expedition I had finished my studies, except some reviews and examinations. These were completed in the next month.

It was now incumbent on me to decide what I should do. Dr. Garland offered me a position in the University as Assistant Professor and Instructor of Military Tactics. This was a use-

ful and honorable position that any young man might justly covet. I was reluctant to decline it, not only on account of its desirability, but also on account of my great respect for the Doctor, who urged me by every reasonable consideration to remain at the University; but so much had I become fascinated with the glamour of military glory and so much had my blood been fired by the war spirit with which public sentiment was surcharged that I could not get my consent to remain in what seemed to be a bombproof position while duty was calling me to the front. This was the reasoning of an excited mind tinctured with some desire for adventure.

I stated my feelings to the Doctor and added that I was young and in good health; that I had no one dependent on me; that if any of our citizens ought to go to the front to defend the country I thought such as I should render this service; and that, in view of these considerations, I had decided to go into the army. I shall never forget the pleasant smile that played over his face and the gleam that sparkled in his eyes as he said, "If I were young, I would do the same thing," and added: "Write me when you wish to come back." I kept up some correspondence with him and his family. He inquired three different times in the next two years if I would consent to return to the University. He said that President Davis wished to keep it well manned and had informed him that he would transfer from the army any officer he might name. In one of these letters was the prayer that my head might "be covered in the day of battle." This touched my heart, for I knew that it was a sincere prayer.

While I was debating the question as to whether I should remain at the University or go into the army, I wrote to my friend Colonel Yates and asked him if he was willing for me to go into the army while I was in debt to him. He replied promptly: "Go ahead. I am going myself."

MY CLASSMATES.

I did not remain for the commencement exercises. I did not see myself graduate. I never knew what my standing for

this year was. Only five out of a class of forty-two that entered the sophomore class in 1859 were graduated at the commencement of 1862. Here is the alphabetical list of their names: John H. Chambers, Clarence H. Ellerbe, John Drish King, John Massey, and Eugene Allen Smith. Some of those who started in 1859 dropped out at the end of the year 1859-60. Some went into the army in 1861. Many more went early in 1862, before completing the courses of study required for graduation. Of these five who were graduated, Chambers was killed in the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864; Ellerbe was killed in the battle at Bentonville, North Carolina, the last battle fought between Johnston and Sherman, March 18, 1865. I have lost sight of King. Massey is the writer of these reminiscences. Smith served for a while in Bragg's army and was engaged in the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, October 8, 1862. After several months' service, he was, by request of Dr. Garland, transferred from the army to the University and served as Assistant Professor and Instructor of Military Tactics till the institution was suspended, in April, 1865.

After the close of the war, he went to Germany and studied three years, taking his degree of Ph.D. at Heidelberg in 1868. On returning to the United States he was for several years Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of Mississippi. He has been for more than thirty years Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of Alabama and State Geologist. For more than fifty years there has been a cordial friendship between us, originating in the close ties of the classroom, strengthened by the comradeship of the war, and kept vivid by kindred occupations and by congenial association with his father's family.

Dr. Smith is one of the brightest men with whom I have ever been associated. It used to be a marvel to me how quickly he could get the hardest lessons. Lessons that I had to toil over for hours seemed to come to him without effort. Along with this brilliancy he possessed a wonderful capacity for work, a combination that brings forth praiseworthy results when ex-

exercised in noble pursuits. These qualities have made him a scientist of national reputation. He is now (1913) President of the Geological Society of America. His geological reports are noted for their thoroughness, accuracy, and lucidity. There is hardly an acre of land in the State that he has not gone over in his geological surveys. He has not only collected geological specimens from every quarter, but he has collected a large and well-selected library with whose contents he is familiar. To these accomplishments, scientific and literary, I should add his æsthetic culture. He is a man of fine musical taste and is a good performer on the violin. But the quality that endears him most to those who know him best is his capacity to form deep and lasting friendships and to cherish warm and tender sympathy for all living beings, even those in the animal kingdom. He cannot bear to witness suffering in any sentient thing. The sentiment of the poet,

"Take not in sport that life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live,"

has an abiding place in Dr. Smith's heart.

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
Hath made and loveth all."

Most of the Alabama Corps of Cadets were too young to achieve distinction above the lower ranks of officers, yet many became distinguished in spite of their youth. If the war had continued a few years longer, I have no doubt that many more would have risen to high rank.

John C. C. Sanders, who was a junior in my sophomore year, went out with the Eleventh Alabama, rose to the colonelcy of his regiment, was distinguished for gallantry at Spotsylvania, and was commissioned brigadier general May 31, 1864. In one of the later engagements he was killed.

Lucius Pinckard, one of my classmates, entered the University from Tuskegee. He was not noted so much for good

scholarship as he was for manliness and military talent. He entered the army among the first of the cadets, was distinguished for gallantry, and was promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment. After the war he resided many years in his old home in Tuskegee. Like General Grant and some others, he was more successful in the arts of war than he was in the business of civil life. I have a pleasant recollection of three of his daughters who were pupils of mine for a number of years. He died in Atlanta some years ago, whither he had moved about the year 1898.

I believe that no institution furnished more men for the army in proportion to the number of students than the University of Alabama, and no institution in the whole country paid so heavy a toll for its patriotism.

COPY OF INSCRIPTION ON BOWLDER, UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA.

1861-1865.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA GAVE TO THE CONFEDERACY 7 GENERAL OFFICERS, 25 COLONELS, 14 LIEUTENANT COLONELS, 21 MAJORS, 125 CAPTAINS, 66 NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND 294 PRIVATE SOLDIERS. RECOGNIZING OBEDIENCE TO THE STATE, THEY LOYALLY AND UNCOMPLAININGLY MET THE CALL OF DUTY, IN NUMBERLESS INSTANCES SEALING THEIR DEVOTION BY THEIR LIFEBLOOD. AND ON APRIL 3, 1865, THE CADET CORPS, COMPOSED WHOLLY OF BOYS, WENT BRAVELY FORTH TO REPEL A VETERAN FEDERAL INVADING FOE OF MANY TIMES THEIR NUMBER IN A VAIN EFFORT TO SAVE THEIR ALMA MATER, ITS BUILDINGS, LIBRARY, AND LABORATORIES, FROM DESTRUCTION BY FIRE, WHICH IT MET AT THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY ON THE DAY FOLLOWING.

TO COMMEMORATE THIS HEROIC RECORD THIS MEMORIAL STONE IS ERECTED BY THE ALABAMA DIVISION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA,
MAY 13, 1914.

Upon the invitation of the Daughters of the Confederacy, I had the honor of making one of the addresses on the dedication of this bowlder.

After this digression, we will go back to some account of my life in the army.

CHAPTER XIV.

Going into the Army—Colonel Henry W. Hilliard—Hilliard's Legion—Mrs. Mary L. Parker Thorington—Colonel J. Thorington—Legion Sent to Chattanooga, Knoxville, and Cumberland Gap—Experiences at Cumberland Gap—Excursion into Kentucky—Retreat from Kentucky—At Big Creek Gap during the Winter of 1862-63—Gracie's Brigade Formed.

HILLIARD'S LEGION (afterwards called Alabama Legion) was organized in Montgomery during the latter part of June, 1862. It was composed, in the main, of mature and substantial citizens of Central and Eastern Alabama. The commands that had gone into the field in the early stages of the war were largely drawn from the younger and more excitable classes. The men of the Legion were generally men of families, clean moral men, many of them sincerely religious. They were going into the war, not for the glory of it, but from a sense of patriotic duty, which they performed faithfully, as the record they made plainly shows. Henry W. Hilliard, commander of the Legion, was a native of South Carolina, a graduate of South Carolina College, had been Professor of English Literature in the University of Alabama from its organization in 1831 to 1834, was a local Methodist preacher, a lawyer by profession, Minister to Belgium from 1842 to 1844, Congressman from 1845 to 1851, was a facile writer, and was the peer of W. L. Yancey on the stump. A man of such variety of talents and so extensive acquaintance with the people could easily raise a legion of soldiers. He was originally opposed to secession, but was now as ready to repel invasion as was Mr. Yancey; and he did take a more active part in the field than Mr. Yancey, who was sent as commissioner to England early in the war. Mr. Hilliard was very naturally placed in command of the Legion, which for the first year was called Hilliard's Legion. But military genius was not one of the brilliant parts in the make-up of this many-sided man. He appeared to much better advantage in the court room, on the

hustings, in the halls of Congress, and in the courts of kings than he did in the rôle of a soldier on the tented field.

The Legion, as originally planned, consisted of four infantry battalions, one cavalry battalion, and a battery of artillery. The cavalry and artillery were soon detached from the Legion and will not be further noticed in these reminiscences.

The infantry of the Legion was organized as follows: Colonel Henry W. Hilliard, Commander; Captain Preston Hilliard, Adjutant General; Captain W. H. Fowler, Quartermaster; Captain Somerville, Commissary; Dr. Camillus Hilliard, Surgeon; Dr. H. P. Spangler, Chaplain.

First Battalion.—Lieutenant Colonel Jack Thorington, Commander; Major John H. Holt, Major; Lieutenant John Massey, Adjutant; Dr. Conrad Wall, Surgeon.

Second Battalion.—Lieutenant Colonel Bolling Hall, Commander; Major W. Stubblefield, Major; Lieutenant C. Hall, Adjutant; Dr. J. B. Luckie, Surgeon.

Third Battalion.—Lieutenant Colonel John W. A. Sanford, Commander; Major Hatch Cook, Major.

Fourth Battalion.—Major W. N. Reeves, Commander.

The other officers I do not remember.

The First Battalion was composed of seven companies, as follows: Company A, Captain Daniel S. Troy, Commander; Company B, Captain Ridgeway, Commander; Company C, Captain George W. Huguley, Commander; Company D, Captain R. N. Moore, Commander; Company E, Captain J. W. L. Daniel, Commander; Company F, Captain N. Stallworth, Commander; Company G, Captain W. A. Middleton, Commander.

About the time the Legion was organized Colonel Thorington wrote to Dr. Garland requesting him to recommend a young man for the adjutancy of the First Battalion. The Doctor recommended me in very complimentary terms, as I was informed by parties who saw the letter. The necessity for my joining the Legion at once was the cause of my absence from the commencement at which I was graduated.

MRS. MARY LORD (PARKER) THORINGTON.

I reached Montgomery about the 25th of June and was most kindly entertained in the home of Colonel Thorington as long as the Legion remained in the city. Mrs. Thorington (*née* Mary Lord Parker) was a gracious and charming lady, born in Troy, New York, in 1817, but was in full sympathy with the South. She showed me every possible courtesy while I remained in her home. It gave me pleasure to be able to make some return for this kindness in the education of two of her granddaughters, Misses Mary Ella and Nonie Thorington, many years after the war. These are daughters of the late Judge W. S. Thorington, who read and passed favorable comment on these notes.

COLONEL JACK THORINGTON.

Owing to my military training in the Alabama Corps of Cadets and much practice in various camps of instruction, it fell to my lot to drill the battalion, which was camped in some open fields outside of the city in the locality which Cloverdale now covers with its fine residences. I spent the days in camp and the nights at Colonel Thorington's. As I wish to express my appreciation of the many kindnesses received at his hands, I shall anticipate in the chronological order of my story to give my estimate of him.

He was born in the north of Ireland in 1810 and was a man of fine intelligence and commanding personal dignity. He possessed a vein of humor characteristic of his nationality. He was a man of undaunted courage. If duty called for the sacrifice, he would do what so many "sons of Erin" have done in every land to which they have gone: he would give his life for the honor of his adopted country. He remained with the Legion nearly a year after Colonel Hilliard retired. Indeed, he remained till failing health rendered it impossible for him to be of service in the field. On retiring he bade the Legion an affectionate farewell, manifesting a deep interest in the men he had led to the front. I am persuaded that the collapse of the cause they loved so well hastened the death of Colonel Thor-

ington and many other patriotic men of the South. Among the good Irish friends I have had during my life, I gratefully place Colonel Jack Thorington.

The military drill went assiduously on while we remained in Montgomery. Orders came for us to move to the front on the 8th of July. Besides the organization of the Legion into battalions and companies, the officers and men must now arrange themselves into "messes" for their sleeping and cooking. I was solicited by Dr. Conrad Wall, the surgeon, and Mr. W. H. Micou, the ordnance sergeant, to mess with them. So they became my regular messmates as long as I remained with the Legion. Mr. Micou had brought with him a colored boy by the name of Leri, who was a good forager, a fine cook, and, as the sequel will show, a faithful servant. We were all young men and were very congenial. They were gentlemen of the old Southern stamp, than which there has never been a higher type in any civilization. They were my friends to the end of their lives. In the years long after the war I had the pleasure and the honor of educating five of Dr. Wall's daughters and one of Mr. Micou's—all they had.

LEGION SENT TO CHATTANOOGA, KNOXVILLE, AND CUMBERLAND GAP.

When we left Montgomery on the 8th of July, we did not know where we were going. We rather thought we were going to Virginia, as that was then the most active field of operations. We stopped in Atlanta a short time awaiting orders and spent the time in drilling. When our orders came, it was not to Virginia, but to Chattanooga, that we had to go. We remained about three weeks, while we were being armed and more thoroughly drilled. Here I had the opportunity of viewing for the first time this most picturesque country, from whose mountain observatory three States—Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia—can be distinctly seen; some say four others—North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, and Kentucky—but I never could be sure of the last four. On a clear day the prospect from Lookout Point is magnificent, inspiring the emotion of

sublimity with its billowy mountain ranges one after another like vast waves of the sea caught up and held in a state of fixity by some invisible, omnipotent Power; while the crystal river, glistening in its silvery sheen, winds its huge serpentine folds through these vast piles of granite.

While in Chattanooga I had a narrow escape from the fall of a horse. Colonel Thornton owned a fine young horse that had been trained for the race track. The Colonel ordered me to ride his horse to General McCown's headquarters to deliver a message. On my way I had to pass the railroad engine house. While the horse was not vicious, he was mortally afraid of a locomotive. An engine was just emerging from the house a few yards ahead of me. Knowing the horse's dread of an engine, I snatched up the reins quickly as he turned to run. The hooked bit caught in the martingale ring and held his chin fastened to his breast. He continued to rear up till he began to fall straight backward. I kicked the stirrups from my feet and threw myself to one side to keep him from falling on me. He fell on his back, and I fell close by his side. We both rose at the same time. I caught the bridle and remounted. The fall seemed to steady his nerves, as I had no further trouble with him.

EXPERIENCES AT CUMBERLAND GAP.

Early in August the Legion was moved from Chattanooga to Knoxville and in a short time was moved again from Knoxville to Tazewell, Tennessee, a distance of forty-one miles. This was the first long march we had made up to this time. At the end of this two days' march over a rocky road, with blistered feet and weary limbs, we welcomed a few days' rest. After ten days at Tazewell, we joined General C. L. Stevenson, who was investing Cumberland Gap, held by the Federal General George W. Morgan. The Confederate line was about five miles from the Gap. During this investment the enemy frequently shelled us from their batteries on the mountain peaks. These shells sometimes exploded over our heads, but often went beyond our lines. This was our first opportunity to be-

come acquainted with the peculiarly vicious sound of shells passing through the air. There was something romantic and inspiring in the reverberations of these bellowing sounds through the mountain fastnesses, coupled with the grandeur of the scenery, spiced with just enough danger to take life out of the commonplace.

During one of the days of this siege I experienced my first and last arrest. Interested in the splendid views and the novelty of the situation, I unwittingly wandered beyond our lines, when I was halted by a picket from a hilltop about two hundred yards distant. With his gun ready for use, he ordered me to come to him. There was nothing left me but to obey. On approaching him he told me that I was over the picket line and that he had orders to arrest or shoot everybody who went over the line. I told him that I did not know I was over the line and that I was an officer in Hilliard's Legion and was walking out for recreation. He said that he would have to take me to headquarters, whoever I might be. Somewhat embarrassed, but knowing that I was neither a deserter nor moved by any evil intent, I told him that I would go with him. He marched me to his headquarters and told the officer in charge that here was a man he had arrested over the lines. The officer said that he would have to see the colonel about it. The colonel questioned me closely as to who I was and what I was doing over the picket line. I told him that I was an officer in Hilliard's Legion, which had recently come, and I did not know that I was over the line. He said that he would have to put me under guard till he found out the state of the case. I happened to have in my pocket a small memorandum book and a letter which might identify me. I showed him these and asked him to send a guard with me to my own headquarters. His stern features finally relaxed into a smile at my dilemma as I went off with the guard to my headquarters. When I stated the case to Major Holt, he broke out into a hearty laugh because his adjutant had to be brought into camp under arrest. The boys thought it very funny. They enjoyed it more than I did.

The Federals evacuated the Gap on the 17th of September, and we occupied it on the next day. The First Battalion reached the basin at the foot of the Gap late in the afternoon. As the evening shades were settling down on the mountains we were ordered to ascend the left-hand, or southern, peak by a winding road which began at the highest point in the Gap between the two peaks. I think it must have been ten o'clock when we reached the level on the summit of the mountain. Here we found a few cabins which had been occupied by the Federals. A cold, cutting wind was coming from the north with all the iciness of winter. We warmed ourselves as well as we could by some fires which we kindled out of such light timbers as we could find. The wind hardly permitted these to remain together long enough to burn. After our cold rations were dispatched, we lay down to a night's repose under the sharp blasts of old Boreas. I do not think my slumbers were at all disturbed. I could sleep soundly even on the ground with little or no cover. So much for good health and being inured to hard conditions. When we awoke in the morning, a dense fog covered everything, so that we could not see a man fifty steps away. As the sun rose, the fog began to clear away from the top of the mountain, leaving a solid-looking bank on a level with the peak on which we stood. As the sun advanced, great chasms began to appear in the banks of fog. In the course of an hour the rough and craggy mountain side and the yawning valleys became visible several thousand feet below. I have never witnessed a grander sight. It was enough to make us feel dizzy. It is perfectly vivid to my mind, though seen through the stretch of more than a half century. On the next day we moved down and pitched our tents on the side of the mountain near the highest part of the Gap.

During the few days that we spent there I had the arduously gained pleasure of climbing to the summit of the northern peak. I stood on a crag and looked down into the basin upon the men, who resembled ants passing along the road. I could see in the distance the Blue Ridge, in North Carolina, with numberless undulations of the Appalachians lying between the

Blue Ridge and the Cumberland Range. Turning to the west, the view stretched away to the Cumberland River, winding its way along Pine Mountain, in Kentucky. The person whose life has always been on the plains has missed much of the exhilaration of which life is susceptible.

On another day during this sojourn at the Gap I went into a large cavern down on the side of the mountain. This cavern is capacious enough to contain several large houses and so deep that stones thrown into some portions of it returned a dismal rumble, indicating considerable depth. The part of the cavern made visible by our candles is studded with stalactites and stalagmites, formed by the dripping of water highly charged with carbonate of lime, formations more interesting to the geologist than to the soldier. From this cavern gushes a stream that was turning a mill, a prominent feature of the Gap fifty years ago.

On another afternoon I was sauntering leisurely along the side of the mountain above the basin when suddenly I saw a great volume of smoke and debris spouting up from the covered embrasure of a fortification which the Federals had left filled with shells and ammunition. This was followed by a thundering noise, as if a whole battery of artillery were fired at once. In a second I saw the blazing and bleeding figure of a man scrambling out of the embrasure. I ran as fast as possible to the wounded man. Soon others came. His clothes were all aflame. We pulled him as quickly as we could to a spring branch near by to extinguish the flames. So badly parched was he that his skin peeled off as we handled him. As soon as we got the flames extinguished he said: "There are two more poor fellows back in there." These we found and pulled out. Surgeons were summoned, and the men were cared for; but they were so badly bruised and burned by the bursting shells that they died that night. They had been detailed to guard the ammunition in the fortification. One of them dropped his bayonet on the rock on which some powder had been scattered. The steel bayonet struck fire on the rock and blew up the magazine. The Federals had kept at the Gap large

quantities of ammunition and guns to supply the Unionists with. They had removed some, but had missed this magazine.

As soon as I could I went to a branch, stripped myself, and tried to wash out the odor of the parched skin of my unfortunate fellow soldier. I was solemnly impressed with the horrors of war, whose object is to destroy the lives of enemies; but it sometimes destroys the lives of friends as well.

EXCURSION INTO KENTUCKY.

During the last day of September and the first day of October all the Army of East Tennessee, under General McCown, passed through the Gap to join General Bragg in his campaign through Kentucky. The Legion left the Gap on the 2d of October and brought up the rear of the army. We crossed the Cumberland River a little above Pineville, going some miles down the right bank of the river to Barbourville and then northwest to London. This is a very romantic country of rough, rocky roads for an army to pass over. These mountaineers were generally Union sympathizers in 1862. We hardly ever saw a man; but the women, as we passed them, would scowl at us and sometimes enter into railing accusations against us as vile rebels and wicked intruders on their peace and quietude. After we passed London, we struck a refined population, among whom we found more sympathy. The handsome faces of women wreathed in smiles and their salutations—waving shawls and handkerchiefs—were in striking contrast to the scowling countenances and taunting epithets of their mountaineer sisters. Such a contrast do sympathy and hate make in their manifestations.

As we proceeded toward Richmond, Kentucky, we had smooth, macadamized roads to pass over. When we had advanced to some point southwest of Lexington, there were rumors of battle and distant cannonading. One night our wagons and horses were sent to the rear, and we were ordered to "fall into line" and get ready for battle. Mr. Micou had ordered his servant Lem to go back with the wagons. Lem told his master that he wanted to go with him. Mr. Micou gave

him positive orders the second time. Lem still remained with the line. Mr. Micou became more positive and almost harsh in his command, with some threats if his order was not obeyed. Lem burst into tears and said: "Marse Billy, you know Ole Miss made me promise to stay with you and take care of you when we went into battle. Marse Billy, you may beat me, but I am not going to leave you while I am alive." I did not see more true and heroic devotion during the war than Lem's devotion to his master. There was no battle of any consequence. The battle of Perryville had been fought on the 8th, and General Bragg was maneuvering to make his retreat into East Tennessee.

RETREAT FROM KENTUCKY.

Our Legion was thrown into the rear with General McCown's Division to bring up the rear of Bragg's retreat. For about ten days there was constant watchfulness, little sleep, occasional skirmishing, and great scarcity of rations—all this through clouds of dust and by the carcasses of dead horses scattered along the roads. On this retreat provisions were scarcer than at any time during my connection with the Legion. It was a dry fall, and pure water was sometimes hard to find. On one occasion just before we reached Cumberland River we crossed a muddy-looking stream. We all filled our canteens and took a full draught. The road ran close to the bank for some distance. We had not gone far before we discovered some dead horses lying in the stream above the ford from which we had filled our canteens. These were days when we longed for the cool, clear springs of East Tennessee. The Legion, footsore and weary, hungry and dirty, passed through the Gap on the 22d of October, just twenty days after we started into Kentucky.

General Bragg and the Confederate authorities were greatly disappointed at the outcome of this campaign. General Bragg said in his report:

The campaign was predicated on the belief and the most positive assurances that the people would rise in mass to assert their independence. No people ever had so favorable an opportunity, but I am distressed to add that

there is little or no disposition to avail of it. Willing, perhaps, to accept their independence, they are neither disposed nor willing to risk their lives or their property in its achievement.

On the afternoon of our passage through the Gap we camped down in the valley at the foot of the southern peak, on whose summit we had camped on the 18th of September. During the campaign some one had appropriated my blankets, our tent had been misplaced, and we had nothing but a tent fly to stretch over us. Dr. Wall had his saddle blanket, and Mr. Micou had one thin blanket that he used as a shawl. I had an overcoat cape. This was our stock of bedding. We lay down and slept soundly. When we awoke the next morning, there was about eighteen inches of snow on the ground, and it had blown in on us till we were covered with it. But, strange as it may seem, we were perfectly warm. This snow remained on the ground for about two weeks. With wet feet and clothes, we suffered much from colds. This experience was a painful contrast to the exhilarating experience on the top of the mountain a month before.

Early in November, while Bragg was reassembling his army to meet Rosecrans, who had collected an army in Tennessee, the Legion was moved to Loudon, Tennessee, and then to Bridgeport, Alabama. After a brief interval, it was carried back to Knoxville in the latter part of November. After remaining there about three weeks, the command was located in different stations for the winter. Company A, of the First Battalion, was stationed on detached duty at Bristol. The other six companies, under command of Major Holt, were stationed at Big Creek Gap, about thirty miles south of Cumberland Gap. The other three battalions were stationed at Cumberland Gap and other points. Thus we spent the winter of 1862-63.

Sometime during this winter Colonel Hilliard resigned the command of the Legion. This made way for the promotion of Lieutenant Colonel Thorington to the rank of colonel, as commander of the Legion; of Major Holt to the rank of lieutenant colonel, as commander of the First Battalion; of Captain D. S.

Troy, the senior captain, to the rank of major; and of Lieutenant Clarke to the captaincy of Company A.

On our marches up and down the various roads of East Tennessee we forded Clinch and Powell Rivers many times. There were no bridges over these streams. I generally had a horse to carry me over, either Colonel Holt's or my own. On one of these occasions (a cold day in December, I think it was) I had to wade Clinch River with the other boys. Before crossing, Colonel Thorington issued a humorous order, giving directions about stripping off all but our shoes, carrying our clothes in a bundle on our heads, after the manner of some character mentioned in "Georgia Scenes" who wore only a collar and spurs. Thus dressed we would be ready for the passage. The retention of our shoes was necessary on account of the sharp rocks in the bottom of the river, which was about waist-deep. On reaching the opposite bank we shivered in the chilly blast till we put on our clothes—all dry but our shoes. A march in quick time soon put our blood in fine circulation.

AT BIG CREEK GAP DURING THE WINTER OF 1862-63.

Our encampment at Big Creek Gap was monotonous and was not marked by any special warlike features. I became well acquainted with the officers and men of the six companies that guarded this Gap. We had some good singers. Captain R. N. Moore, of Company D, had been a singing teacher, had an excellent voice, and was fond of singing. He and others made the welkin ring many a night with their hymns and songs around the camp fires made of oak logs. Here, as had been the habit of the godly men of the command, prayer meetings were frequently held and were well attended.

I saw one phenomenon during this encampment that I have never seen elsewhere, except in 1843, when the great comet appeared and I saw something like it. I saw, beginning more than an angle of forty-five degrees above the horizon, a burning mass seemingly about the size of a hogshead moving nearly straight down toward the earth. A considerable number of seconds after it had passed behind the mountain I heard a loud

explosion, like the sound of many cannons fired at once. The burning body left behind a dense streak of smoke that remained some minutes. I learned afterwards that some soldiers who were stationed on picket duty about fifteen miles over the mountain saw it and heard it strike the ground with tremendous noise. This, I think, was a meteorite—that is, a mass of matter that was not burned into smoke and vapor before reaching the earth, as meteors are.

The adjutant is usually required to have a horse to expedite the carrying of orders; but as Major Holt had two horses and kindly placed one of them at my disposal, I had not up to the spring of 1863 had much use for a horse. I was a good pedestrian and often preferred walking even when I could ride. Soon after we left Big Creek Gap I bought a fine little chestnut sorrel horse full of life, which served me as long as I remained with the Legion. When I left the Legion, I sold him to Captain David Clarke, of Company A. The memory of that horse has always given me pleasure, as he was the means of relieving soldiers who were weary and footsore from long marches. I met a man in Montgomery fifty years afterwards who was very appreciative of the rides I sometimes gave him. While the horse was nervous and full of spirit, he was kindly disposed. When I had lost sleep on long marches, I would put the bridle over my arm, lie down on the ground by his feet, and sleep while the command was halted for a rest.

GRACIE'S BRIGADE FORMED.

Early in April the battalions were all assembled at Lea's Springs and placed in the brigade of Brigadier General A. Gracie. The brigade was composed of the four battalions of the Legion and the Firty-Third Alabama and Sixty-Third Tennessee Regiments. In this command they remained till they were surrendered at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. Hereafter the mention of Gracie's Brigade will include the Legion. General Gracie was a New Yorker by birth, a graduate of West Point, but a resident of Mobile when the war broke out. He was a fine drillmaster, a brave officer, and made one of the best

brigade commanders in the army. He was killed at Petersburg in 1864.

I had some correspondence with his son, Colonel Archibald Gracie, of the United States army, in reference to the battle of Chickamauga, about which he was writing a book. He never completed it. He was a passenger on the ill-fated steamer Titanic when she went down in April, 1912. He wrote a thrilling account of this disaster and of his miraculous escape, which was published in *The Outlook*. He never recovered from the nervous shock and died in New York in January, 1913.

During my adjutancy I read before the command on dress parade all the orders that were issued from the Adjutant General's Office in Richmond, from the Department Headquarters, and from Division, Brigade, and Battalion Headquarters, embracing thousands of pages. My health was good, and my voice became so clear from constant practice that it was said that I could be distinctly understood all over the encampment.

From the examination of my monthly reports, General John P. McCown paid me the compliment of being the best adjutant in the Department of East Tennessee.

CHAPTER XV.

Encampment at Cumberland Gap—The Battle of Chickamauga.

AFTER the organization of the brigade, General Gracie had frequent brigade drills over fields and fences, hills and hollows, just as if we were on the battle field.

About the middle of April the brigade moved from Lea's Springs to Cumberland Gap, from Cumberland Gap to Bean's Station, from Bean's Station to Morristown, and from Morristown back to Cumberland Gap about the first of June. From this time to the 9th of August the Legion remained in camp at the Gap doing picket duty, for the most part on the Kentucky side. The first battalion was camped on the western slope of the northern peak and a little north of the road leading into Kentucky.

During this encampment of about two months I distinctly recall two incidents. I was tenting temporarily with Mr. George P. Keyes, my sergeant major, and Rev. Thomas Armstrong, the chaplain of the battalion. Mr. Keyes and Mr. Armstrong were amiable men with whom I was so intimate that I did not hesitate to relieve the tedium of camp life by playing practical jokes upon them when an occasion was offered. On going out of the tent one night I found more fox fire (or phosphorescent wood) than I ever saw in one place. It had the appearance of live coals, extending the whole length of a large decayed log. I gathered up a piece several feet long and threw it into our tent, where Mr. Armstrong was alone. It broke into scores of pieces, flying all over the tent, and looked exactly like great chunks of fire. Mr. Armstrong was so startled that he cried out in dismay. Keyes and I rallied him for being too much afraid of fire to be a genuine Methodist preacher, who ought to be undecoyed by any devices of flattery and undismayed by any dangers of fire. Armstrong was a brave man of irreproachable character. He was wounded in the leg in one of the later battles and died during the war.

(178)

The other incident was an excursion into Kentucky. A body of Federals were encamped at the ford of the Kentucky River about fifteen miles from the Gap. A Confederate force was sent to attack them. This force was made up of several battalions of infantry and two field pieces of artillery. The First Battalion of the Legion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Holt, constituted part of this expedition. The whole force was commanded by Colonel H——, of Georgia, who was the ranking officer of the expedition. He was dressed in a fine, new gray uniform which had not yet seen hard service. He was a very loquacious man, full of high-sounding phrases. I suspected that a dram now and then made him more communicative than cautious. As his adjutant I remained with Colonel Holt during the conference among the field officers. When we were near the ford of the river, some women who claimed to be Confederate sympathizers informed us that there were lying in ambush in one of the narrow mountain gorges just ahead of us a body of the enemy; that there had come into the road behind us a strong force; and that we were completely cut off from the Gap and were to be attacked in front and rear. I think the report was a ruse to delay us while the Federals made their escape; but our commander believed that the report was true and stopped for several hours debating what to do. The day wore away without any developments. We afterwards learned from some Confederate scouts that these Federals had left the river and gone back into Kentucky and that there was no enemy behind us.

I distinctly remember how insecure I felt in the hands of a commander in whom I had no confidence. I felt what the old hunters used to call the "buck ague." We were not exchanging prisoners at that time. I dreaded capture and a Northern prison. I did not feel the confidence in Colonel H—— that a soldier in Nathan Bedford Forrest's command felt when he said: "General Forrest is a thousand men." Our men under a commander in whom they had confidence would have made a valiant fight, as they did on many a field afterwards; but under the commander of that expedition I do not know what

they would have done. I know that a competent leader is the most important factor in an army. Alexander the Great is reported to have said: "An army of stags commanded by a lion is better than an army of lions commanded by a stag."

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

During the early part of August General Buckner, who had been in command of the Department of East Tennessee since Bragg's retreat out of Kentucky, commenced the evacuation of East Tennessee, in accordance with the plan to concentrate the Confederate forces near Chattanooga, in order to check General Rosecrans, who was threatening that part of the country. On the 9th of August the Legion left Cumberland Gap and took up the line of march by way of Strawberry Plains, Knoxville, and Turkey Creek to Loudon, where we remained till the 1st of September. Then Buckner's Corps, of which Gracie's Brigade formed a part, began a continuous movement that was to have no intermission till we were settled in the besieging line in front of Chattanooga after the battle of Chickamauga. Over a rocky road, enveloped in clouds of dust, we marched constantly by day and sometimes by night. I recall nothing of special interest on this march till we reached McLemore's Cove.

This cove lies south of Chattanooga about twenty-five miles, between Lookout Mountain and Pigeon Mountain. It is from five to eight miles wide, about fifteen miles long, and contains about ninety square miles. Chickamauga Creek rises in the southern or upper end of it, runs in a northerly direction, and empties into the Tennessee River just above Chattanooga. The cove is entered from the west through Stevens Gap and from the east through four gaps in Pigeon Mountain. Behind Pigeon Mountain General Bragg had his army massed.

The Federal army was at this time perilously separated under an erroneous report from General Sheridan that Bragg was retreating to Rome, Georgia. The right wing was about thirty miles south of Stevens Gap, under General McCook. The left wing, under General Crittenden, was about twenty-five

miles north in two bodies some ten miles apart. General Thomas, who at this time held the center, marched his corps through Stevens Gap into the cove and was proceeding to cross Pigeon Mountain through Dug Gap. General Bragg was aware of all this and ordered General Hindman to make a vigorous attack on the head of Thomas's columns while in the cove. Hindman delayed till he could send to LaFayette and get Bragg's permission to change this order. Bragg sent him word to go ahead and execute the orders he already had. Bragg had also ordered General Hill to send Cleburne to support Hindman. For some reason Hill did not send Cleburne. Thus a day was lost in making the attack on the enemy in the cove. In the meantime Buckner's Corps was ordered to come from the extreme right of Bragg's army. We had a forced march of a good many miles to reach the cove. After we got into the cove, we made some protracted double-quick movements, trying to bring the retreating enemy to bay, and had some skirmishing in this pursuit. Here I saw the first dead Federal, lying on his back between two corn rows with open glazed eyes as he had looked upward for the last time. This sight affected me more than the sight of hundreds of dead men did on the field of Chickamauga. Our chasing and killing a few poor fellows was of no avail. The delays of the preceding day had enabled Thomas to discover his danger and retreat behind the natural fortifications in front of Stevens Gap. Thus Bragg failed to crush the center of Rosecrans's army through the delay of his generals. He laid the blame upon Hindman and Hill.

His next move was to fall upon the separated portions of the left wing of the Federal army under General Crittenden. He ordered General Polk to make an immediate and vigorous attack. But Polk, believing that a general attack was about to be made on his wing of the army, waited until he could summon Buckner's Corps to his support. Thus we had another long forced march. But the delay of a whole day enabled Crittenden to unite his forces and take a strong position west of Chickamauga Creek.

Bragg's plans were well laid, and his orders were promptly given; but for some reason he did not have the confidence of his subordinates. John Fiske, in his "History of the War in the Southwest," says in substance: "If Robert E. Lee or Stonewall Jackson had been in command of Bragg's army, it is difficult to see what could have saved the Federal army from destruction." One necessary element in a military commander is the power to inspire the confidence and to secure the prompt and unquestioned obedience of his subordinates. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson could do this. Whether Bragg's failure was due to his own fault or that of his generals, I do not know.

General Bragg's third plan was to move his army down the Chickamauga over the bridges and fords below the position of Crittenden's Corps, sweep up the valley, drive him back on the Federal center, and get between it and Chattanooga. When Rosecrans saw the situation, he states in his report, "it then became a matter of life and death to effect the concentration of the army." On the night of the 18th he succeeded in moving Thomas's Corps to Crittenden's left and in placing the bulk of his army between Bragg and Chattanooga. This brought on the battle of Chickamauga during the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, which has been pronounced "one of the bloodiest in modern times."

During the afternoon and night of the 18th most of the Confederate army crossed to the west of the Chickamauga. In the late afternoon Gracie's Brigade crossed on a bridge about a mile below Lee and Gordon's Mill. We lay on our arms that night four or five hundred yards from Barnes's Federal Brigade, which was stationed on a hill just across a branch of the creek. All was quiet along the Chickamauga till about eight o'clock the next morning, when some of the First Battalion while lighting their pipes started a fire in the dry leaves in our front. The smoke revealed our position and drew the shells from a battery of the enemy. They burst in our front and over our heads, doing some damage. Lieutenant Colonel Holt ordered me to detail some men to put out the fire. The men

started, but hesitated when the shells came thick and fast with startling explosions. I said to them: "Well, if you can't put the fire out, I will do it myself." They could not stand this reflection on their courage and promptly went with me and extinguished the fire. In good health and with steady nerves, I could hold myself still in the midst of these bursting shells without the twitch of a muscle. I mention this to show what a difference there is in being in fine condition and in being bruised in body by Minie balls and bereaved in mind from the loss of friends—a state in which I found myself on the 23d and 24th in front of Chattanooga. This difference will appear when I describe the circumstances then.

The battle began in earnest about half past nine o'clock, when General Forrest came in conflict with General Thomas's left. This was the signal for the bloody drama to begin. Soon both armies were moving in the direction of this vortex of fierce fighting. Soon Walker's Corps became engaged with Croxton's and Starkweather's Divisions, and the battle in a short time extended all along our front. For hours the roar of musketry was one continuous sound, like a dozen railway trains crossing trestles, or the roar of an approaching hurricane, varied only by the thunder of cannon and the bursting of shells. There was something sublime in this awful scene that made our blood tingle in our veins. Every now and then we were moved forward at a double-quick, first to the right and then to the left, so as to keep within easy reach of the raging conflict.

When we started in the morning, there were two lines ahead of us. Litters carrying the wounded passed through our line going to the rear. The horrors of battle thus became evident. During the afternoon the front line was relieved. As the soldiers passed through our ranks with reduced numbers and powder-stained faces one of them said: "Boys, you will find a hot place out there." We were only spectators through the long hours of this memorable 19th of September. These were hours that tried men's souls, hours when they were seriously called upon to examine the foundation of their faith, hours when they became earnestly prayerful or insanely reckless,

hours in which it would not do to let one's self go to pieces, if he had any respect for his good name or for the imperatives of duty.

Just before dark the only remaining line was withdrawn from our front, passing over us to the rear and leaving us face to face with the enemy.

Except in one part of the field where Cleburne made a fierce attack on the Federal divisions of Johnson and Baird for about an hour after dark, and the rumbling of heavy artillery moving over the rocky roads continuously to a late hour, there was comparative silence along the Chickamauga through the hours of that solemn night whose end was to lift the curtain on the scene of many a tragedy.

The night was cold, and we had little but our clothing to shield us from its cutting air. I had only an overcoat cape. We had been forbidden to kindle any fires. We had nothing to eat except cold beef and tough biscuits made of flour and water three days before; but we had something else to think about besides the comfort of our bodies. The night was clear, and the stars seemed to look down on us with pity as we were, each one in his own way, trying to adjust his spirit to the ordeal set for the rising sun. Few and low were the words spoken. I can only recall some of my own reflections thus: "I am not responsible for bringing on this war. I am in it through what seems to be a call of duty. This call I must obey, leaving the issues in the hand of God, who is able to preserve my life, which I solemnly rededicate to Him. I know that He can, by means of a twig, divert a Minie ball from a vital part or, by a grain of sand in the casting of a shell, deflect a fragment from its fatal course; or He can, without any means, preserve a life placed in His hands." I had a comfortable conviction that He would cover my head in the hour of battle. With these reflections I braced my spirit for the trial which lay before me.

We were ordered to be ready to move forward at daylight. Daylight came, and the sun rose on as beautiful a Sunday as he had ever shone on since the morning of creation. Just after sunrise General Gracie rode along our line and said: "Alabam-

ians, you will be led in battle to-day by General Longstreet. Show yourselves worthy of your native State." A hearty cheer rose in response. Longstreet had arrived on the battle field at eleven o'clock the night before. We waited till about nine o'clock before the word "Forward!" was given. When the command was finally given, we moved rapidly, passing over ground from which the enemy had retreated. About eleven o'clock Longstreet discovered a gap in the Federal lines, into which he plunged the divisions of B. R. Johnson, Law, and Kershaw, breaking the Federal line, "sending four of their brigades over the ridges to the west and north, separating the troops of Davis, Sheridan, and Wilder from the left wing of the Union army. Generals Rosecrans, McCook, and Crittenden, being in the rear of Sheridan's line when the break occurred, were swept off the field in a general rout. Apprehensive that the day was against him, Rosecrans proceeded directly to Chattanooga, leaving Garfield, his chief of staff, to return to Snodgrass Hill with orders for Thomas." This quotation, from an article published at the dedication of the Chickamauga National Park, is from Captain J. C. McElroy, of the Eighteenth Ohio Regiment. As it is from the Federal side, I am sure that it is not overdrawn; besides, it confirms my recollection of the thrilling movements of that eventful forenoon. We felt sure that victory was perching upon our banners. During the afternoon we were advancing toward Snodgrass Hill, where the battle was now nearly all concentrated. We were drawing near to the most fatal spot on that whole sanguinary field of Chickamauga, Horseshoe, or Snodgrass Hill. On the brow of these hills, which bend around in an irregular semicircle opening toward McFarland's Gap, General Thomas had erected breastworks of logs from two to three feet high. Behind these he had collected in compact lines all the forces of the Union army that remained available. After the flight of Rosecrans, McCook, and Crittenden, he held this place with consummate skill and courageous tenacity from twelve o'clock to 6 P.M., while the remnant of the Federal army was being

withdrawn through McFarland's Gap. On account of this feat he won the title of "Rock of Chickamauga."

General Longstreet was the ruling spirit among the Confederates on September 20, 1863. If he could have dislodged Thomas sooner, much more of the Federal army would have been destroyed. During the afternoon he made six heavy assaults on this hill. General Kershaw says: "These were the heaviest assaults made on any one place during the war." Preston's Division (including Gracie's, Kelley's, and Trigg's Brigades) made the last of these attacks late in the afternoon. In order to reach the breastworks where the Federals were posted we had to pass over the top of a ridge several hundred yards from their position, then go down a slope into a ravine, and up the steep side of Snodgrass Hill. The moment we appeared on this ridge we were greeted by a ferocious volley of musketry. We had advanced only a few steps when Lieutenant Colonel Holt was mortally wounded. I ordered him carried to the rear. A few minutes later I was struck by a glancing ball on the inside of my left ankle, which I felt give way under my weight. As soon as I found that it was not broken I forgot all about it for the time. We had not advanced to the bottom of the ravine before many of our men had fallen, some killed outright, more wounded, among them my friend Captain R. N. Moore, whom I sent to the rear as soon as I saw how he was wounded. When I saw how we were being butchered and discovered no ranking officer of the battalion taking charge, I endeavored to get the men to move forward without waiting to fire and reload. I saw General Gracie coming along in the rear of the line on foot. I ran to him and asked what orders he wished me to carry. He said: "Tell the men for God's sake to go forward." I then ran along the line repeating the General's order. The roar of the guns was so deafening that the men could scarcely hear me. While we were moving up the hill toward the breastworks and the battalion was not moving rapidly enough, I went in front of the line and motioned the men to come on faster. It occurred to me that I did not want to be shot in the back. Just after I had turned to

face the enemy a Minie ball struck my left breast a little below the collar bone. So violent was the blow that it stopped my breath for some seconds. It burned like a coal of fire. I was sure that it had penetrated my chest. Lieutenant Joe Barker and one or two others ran to me and asked what they could do for me. I answered: "Never mind me. Go on faster!" This exhortation to the men recalled my thoughts from myself and rallied my mind from the first momentary depression. As soon as I could I drew a deep breath and found that I could not hawk up blood nor run my finger into a bullet hole in my breast. I saw that I was not yet killed, though badly stunned.

I had my overcoat cape rolled up and swung over my left shoulder, with the ends fastened together and secured to my sword belt on the right side. The ball had passed through seven folds of this cape and lining, making fourteen cloths, through a heavily padded military coat, and through two shirts. But for striking the center of this roll, the elongated ounce missile would have passed through me and another man standing in the line of its course. God had saved my life, not by a twig or a grain of sand, as I had thought the night before He could do, but by means of my cape.

There was a lull in the enemy's firing. Thomas was withdrawing the last of his forces. As the sun went down behind the hill they were all gone except the Twenty-First and Eighty-Ninth Ohio and the Twenty-Second Michigan Regiments. These commands had failed to receive the order to retire and were surrounded and captured by Kelley's and Trigg's Brigades, of our division.

Thus ended the fighting of these two memorable days. But not so the suffering and the sorrow. As night spread her sable curtain over the melancholy scene the men of the First Battalion who were left alive collected around the fires made of rails about three hundred yards from the fatal hill. Hither we brought our wounded.

As soon as I was relieved from the strain of the battle I found that I was suffering severe pain in my ankle joint. This, though protected by a high-quartered shoe, was so badly

bruised that it remained swollen for many days and gave me trouble at times for several months. The missile which struck my breast broke the skin, but did not pass through the flexible cartilage of the breastbone. The contusion was so great that the whole left side of my breast turned very dark in the next two or three days and then became a greenish hue, which did not wholly fade out for two or three weeks. But I considered myself fortunate indeed and almost forgot my slight scratches when I saw the great number of my comrades mangled and bleeding and some of them dying. I have always remembered with deep gratitude my narrow escape.

I know that a soldier can die the death of a Christian, but his supreme motive in what he is fighting for must be the glory of Christ. One of the most triumphant deaths I ever witnessed was that of a soldier under the most unfavorable circumstances. I am not altogether satisfied with my action in this battle. While I had some patriotism and some sense of duty, I am convinced that pride and selfish ambition entered too largely into the motives that prompted my action. I am profoundly thankful that God has graciously spared my life for more than fifty years, whose discipline of disappointment, trial, and sorrow has, I trust, chastened the selfish ambitions of my young manhood.

I should like to omit all record of the mournful scenes after this battle. The incidents were too numerous and too horrible to be mentioned in detail. I shall allude to only two comrades, who were lying around the fires on the cold rocky ground with little or no cover, and only one surgeon to stanch their bleeding wounds. "There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears."

There lay a fine young man whom I had known at the University. His life was ebbing away through a mortal wound. His pitiful cries for help were heart-rending as he called out: "O Dr. Wall, save me! O Dr. Wall, don't let me die!" The Doctor could do nothing for him. He soon sank into unconsciousness and then into death.

The other was also a splendid young man, as modest as he

was brave. He had been a leader in the religious meetings of the battalion, a youth of spotless character, proving that a man can keep himself pure in spite of the demoralizing influences of army life. His abdomen was so badly torn open that his intestines were coming out on the ground. He knew that his end had come, yet he was the calmest and the happiest man in all that sorrowful company. His mind was perfectly clear. He said with a luminous smile that he was ready to go. He sent messages to his relatives at home. He bade us good-by as if he were going to his home in Montgomery. He then turned his thoughts toward heaven with serene confidence and glad anticipations, presenting a striking example that

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Thus passed into life eternal this valiant young soldier of the Legion, this triumphant young soldier of the cross. Blessed be thy memory, O Zeno Gayle!

When the sun rose on that field of death, those who were able had to engage in the melancholy task of sending home or burying our dead and, besides our own dead, fully as many of the enemy, but now enemies no more. Death takes the sting out of enmity. We were occupied in this woeful duty for two days. There were so many thousands of the dead to be buried that, it seemed to me, as I rode over the field the second day after the battle, there must have been hundreds of Federals still unburied. The odor arising from them and the dead horses was almost unbearable. How long these poor fellows remained unburied I do not know.

General Bragg began moving his army up to Chattanooga on the 22d. On Wednesday morning, the 23d, all of Gracie's Brigade who were able to go followed with the purpose, it was reported, of storming the enemy's fortifications. I was not able to walk. But for the fact that I had a horse, I should have been compelled to remain in the field hospital, as Dr. Wall advised. With every muscle in my body sore and with my mind sad over the shocking sights of the last five days, I had

no heart to make a charge on any more breastworks, nor could I keep myself from wincing under the bursting shells that exploded over our heads. I did not have the firm nerves and physical stamina of which I was conscious on the morning of the 19th. I tried to brace my courage to make the charge on horseback if this should be commanded, but it would have been a most repulsive duty. I felt the revulsion which naturally comes after days of stirring endeavor. No man knows how brave he is till he has run the whole gamut of physical and mental conditions. No man can be uniformly brave without a high moral purpose to sustain him when animal courage is exhausted and temporary excitement has subsided. Napoleon is quoted as saying: "No man is brave at all times." General Grant has stated substantially the same psychological fact. I am sure that no man should waste his resources of valor in braggadocio. But in the presence of danger every man would be wise to go quietly and cautiously, relying on a Power higher than his own, as Washington and Lee and Stonewall Jackson were accustomed to do.

In this connection I may offer what I consider the psychological explanation of the fact that men feel so little fear while actually engaged in battle, whereas they felt so much in contemplating the danger beforehand. In the contemplation the sensibilities are in full play. In the active engagement the mental faculties are abnormally stimulated, while the operation of the sensibilities is temporarily suspended. The soldier knows that he is in danger, but he does not feel it. He feels no gush of sorrow over a friend shot dead at his side, nor the usual sympathy for a wounded comrade writhing in agony, nor does he have the sense of fear which he would ordinarily experience—all because his power to feel is paralyzed for the time being. Moreover, our feelings become less sensitive from the sight of multiplied suffering and death on the battle field. My feelings were more moved when I saw the first dead man in McLemore's Cove than they were at the sight of hundreds on the field of Chickamauga. This blunting of the sensibilities is one of the evil effects of war.

CHAPTER XVI.

Losses in the Battle—Consolidation of the Legion—Excursion across French Broad River—Three Men Shot for Desertion—Disillusioned of My Dreams of Military Glory—Return to the University—Captain D. Poynor, Professor Crawford H. Toy, Captain John Howard Murfee, and Mr. Paul F. Tricou—Dr. Thomas Osmond Summers—Professors E. R. Dickson, B. F. Meek, and H. M. Somerville—Fight at Chehaw—Corps Sent to Blue Mountain, Pollard, and Blakely—Sent with a Guard to North Alabama.

IT was reported in army circles that General Longstreet was held back by General Bragg from storming the breastworks in front of Chattanooga. For some reason the attack was never made. Bragg decided to settle down for a regular siege. The left of his army rested at the foot of Lookout Mountain, the center extending about halfway between the city and Missionary Ridge, running a little west of Orchard Knob, the right extending to the Tennessee River about two miles north of the city. Gracie's Brigade occupied a position near the center of this line of investment. At first we were vigorously shelled by the Federal batteries.

Now settled down in the siege, the first opportunity is given to speak fully of our losses in the recent battle. General Gracie says in his report: "The First Battalion, Alabama Legion, sustained the heaviest loss." Two-thirds of this battalion were either killed or wounded. I think we had the worst place in the whole line; besides, I never have thought that our part of the line was as well managed as it might have been. I believed then, as I believe still, that a more rapid charge would have been less fatal. We had no field officer in command. At the outset Lieutenant Colonel Holt was fatally wounded. Major Troy was absent on sick leave. None of the captains, so far as I saw, took active command of the battalion. As adjutant I did what I could to hasten our movement, which was retarded by constant firing and reloading; while the Federals, shielded behind their breastworks, had us out in the open at a great disadvantage. We should have got at them in the

shortest order. I mean this criticism as a reflection on no one's courage, for it was not possible for any command (officers and men) to have shown more cool bravery in the face of death.

Speaking of the losses in both armies, Federal Captain H. V. Boynton says: "Few, if any, of the great battles of the war show an equal amount of casualties, considering the numbers engaged and the time of fighting. The losses of killed and wounded and missing for Rosecrans's army were sixteen thousand one hundred and seventy-nine." Most reports make the losses of the Confederate army about the same as those of the Federals. Captain J. C. McElroy, of the Eighteenth Ohio Regiment, says: "Both armies suffered severely in killed and wounded. It is estimated that not less than thirty thousand were struck with shot and shell during the two days' battle. No men on any battle field of the world ever exhibited greater personal daring or more steadfast courage than was displayed at Chickamauga by rank and file of both armies; and while we may bitterly regret the carnage, grief, and waste which resulted from the conflict, we cannot feel otherwise than proud of the stubborn valor manifested in this engagement by the American soldier, whether he wore the blue or the gray."

During this siege Lieutenant Colonel Holt died from the effect of his wound, and also Captain R. N. Moore, two splendid Christian gentlemen whose passing was an occasion of sorrow to the whole battalion. The death of Lieutenant Colonel Holt made way for the promotion of Major Daniel S. Troy to the rank of lieutenant colonel and gave him the command of the battalion. He was a true friend whose name I shall have occasion to mention several times hereafter.

The siege became very monotonous and disagreeable. When it rained, we moved around in the mud. There was no drainage for our camp. Our water supply was very impure. The location soon became unsanitary. Our rations consisted of "blue" beef and cornbread made out of musty meal. These conditions brought on a good deal of dysentery. I became very unwell with the prevailing disease—the only time I was sick during the war. The doctor was not able to check my

malady, which seemed in danger of becoming chronic. Upon the recommendation of Dr. Wall and Lieutenant Colonel Troy, I was granted a furlough of twenty days. I left the camp about the last of October.

On the 4th of November Longstreet's Corps was sent to Knoxville to check Burnside's operations in East Tennessee. Gracie's Brigade soon followed and became a part of Longstreet's Corps for the remainder of the war.

Before my furlough was out I started back to the command. In Atlanta I met some of my comrades who had been sick and wounded and who were returning to the army. We were informed that our brigade had gone into East Tennessee with Longstreet, that the railroad had been cut, and that we would have to go around through the Carolinas and Virginia. We made this trip in box cars during a very cold spell of weather. When we reached Bristol, Tennessee, we found the bridges destroyed and the railroads all torn up. There was nothing left to do but to go on foot from Bristol to our command, which we found at Dandridge, Tennessee, a distance of fully a hundred miles. The weather was extremely cold. Snow and ice covered the railroad track over which we had to travel, sometimes walking the slippery timbers of trestles and broken bridges, sometimes sleeping on the frozen ground by a log fire when we could not get a depot or other shelter to cover us. We had no rations except such as we could buy. Provisions were scarce, as both armies had been over the country. One night, in company with Captain Stokes, of the Third Battalion, and several soldiers, I was sleeping in the office of a railroad depot. After we had lain down, a soldier came and whispered to the captain, saying: "Captain, if you hear any one come into the room during the night, just remain fast asleep, and it will be all right." When we awoke the next morning, we found our haversacks filled with nice barbecued kid. The fellows had found a herd of goats, had killed one or two, and barbecued the meat. We ate of it freely and asked no questions. After a tramp of some five or six days, we found the brigade at Dandridge, thirty miles east of Knoxville.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE LEGION.

I had been so long cut off from the command that I knew nothing of what had happened. I found that the four depleted battalions of the Legion had been consolidated into two regiments. The six companies of the Second Battalion and the four companies of the Fourth had been formed into the Fifty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, and four companies (A, B, C, and D) of the First Battalion, with the six companies of the Third, had been formed into the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment. The remaining three companies (E, F, and G) of the First Battalion had been organized into the Forty-Third Battalion of Alabama Sharpshooters. Colonel John W. A. Sanford was made colonel of the Sixtieth Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Daniel S. Troy lieutenant colonel, and Major Hatch Cook major. According to military usage, the colonel carrying the larger number of companies into the Sixtieth Regiment had the privilege of choosing his staff officers. This left me without a place in the regiment. I was disappointed, but had no just ground of complaint. Lieutenant Colonel Troy had been my friend as captain of Company A and as major and lieutenant colonel of the First Battalion. He directed me to remain with the regiment on such duty as might be assigned me until he could hear from the War Department, to which he had sent a communication before leaving Chattanooga recommending me for honorable mention and for promotion. He felt sure, he said, that I would be assigned to duty in some branch of the service. Not hearing anything from his recommendation for some weeks, he wrote again, sending the paper up through the regular channels, with the approval of the officials through whose hands it had to pass.

EXCURSION ACROSS FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

While we were at Dandridge in January part of Longstreet's Corps, under General Bushrod Johnson, accompanied by Longstreet himself, made an expedition across French Broad River in pursuit of a Federal party sent from Knoxville.

On this excursion I had my first and only full view of General Longstreet. The most exciting thing on this excursion was the fording of French Broad River. At the point of crossing, the river is separated into three channels by some islands, each channel being about seventy-five or eighty yards wide, from three to four feet deep, and very swift. The men had to go across ten abreast to keep from being washed down by the current. The water came halfway up our saddle skirts. My little horse found it hard work to stand up against the force of the stream. After getting across and going a few miles, we had a sharp skirmish with the retreating enemy. In this skirmish my friend Captain R. A. Middleton was dangerously wounded. After spending two or three days on the eastern side without tents or baggage, we returned to Dandridge.

As Longstreet was cut off from the main army and had no railroad connections with the South or with Virginia, he had to depend on the country for his commissary supplies. This prevented him from remaining long in any one place. The soldiers built huts in one or two places, but soon had to leave them in order to get provisions in new territory. The winter was intensely cold, and the men were poorly supplied with clothing, shoes, and blankets. There was a great deal of suffering.

There was another trouble besides sickness liable to grow out of the unfavorable conditions of camp life. Owing to insufficient clothing for necessary changes and lack of adequate facilities for bathing, some of the men became infested with body lice, a most disgusting nuisance. There was danger of these vermin being dropped in the camp and spreading among other men. So much afraid of this was I that I went outside of the encampment, stripped off my clothes, examined them thoroughly, and bathed myself in a pond of freezing water while the cold wind whistled around me. The modern European soldiers are subjected to frightful conditions, but their sanitation is much better looked after than was sometimes possible among the Confederate soldiers in 1864.

THREE MEN SHOT FOR DESERTION.

Another incident during my connection with Longstreet's Corps was a mournful sight to behold. The whole command was drawn up in some open fields to witness the execution of three men who had been tried by a court-martial and condemned to be shot for desertion, the greatest crime known in military discipline. A squad of fourteen men had been detailed to do the shooting. That these men should not know which one did the killing, guns were handed to them on the eve of the execution, every other one loaded with a blank cartridge. The three deserters were led out blindfolded and made to kneel with their backs to the squad. At the command, "Ready, aim, fire!" the condemned men fell over dead. I have forgotten to what command they belonged. They were not Alabamians. No soldier of the Legion was, during my connection with it, accused of desertion and only one of poltroonery, a fellow who shot himself through the hand in order to get a discharge from the service, as was believed by his captain, though the man claimed that it was accidental.

During the last year of the war great pressure was brought to bear on some poor fellows on account of the suffering of their families at home. To this pressure some men did yield. I do not believe that any private pressure, however urgent, can justify a breach of the sacramentum, or military oath, when voluntarily taken in defense of one's country. Some honorable way of relief should be found.

DISILLUSIONED OF MY DREAMS OF MILITARY GLORY.

After weeks of weary waiting, the communication in regard to my status was returned by some official of the War Department in the name of S. Cooper, Adjutant General, with this indorsement: "No such name on our roster as Adjutant John Massey." This disappointed and disillusioned me of my dreams of military glory. This convinced me that the Confederate authorities did not set any value on my services in the field.

I had in my pocket a letter from Dr. Garland inviting me for

the third time to return to the University. I had been thinking all along that I was serving my country more effectively in the field than I could at the institution. Upon this unexpected turn of affairs I took a statement from Colonel Troy, with Dr. Garland's letter, to General Longstreet's headquarters and obtained a passport to the University. The action of the War Department set me free to return to the position which had been open to me ever since I left it in June, 1862.

Although disappointed at the time, I have congratulated myself ever since that the matter turned out as it did. I believe that there was a good Providence in it all. By reviewing my studies and teaching a year in the University I was better prepared for what came as my life work than I would have been by remaining in the field. I have long been of the firm belief that God had in store for me something better in helping to make good men and women than I would have had in seeking glory through a profession whose object is the destruction of men. Now, in my eighty-second year, I would rather feel the consciousness of having endeavored to inspire several thousand young people with nobler ideals of life and to imbue them with the just fear of God and the love of their fellow men than to have won the privilege of wearing the title of major general.

I have had some satisfaction in finding that the Confederate War Department did have my name on its roster, as appears in the records published after the war. The following extract is from the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XXX., Part II., page 534:

Roll of Honor, First Battalion, Alabama Legion: Adjutant John Massey; Private John H. Connor,* Company A; Private J. E. Wright, Company B; Private James M. Gibson, Company C; Private B. A. Davis,* Company D; Sergeant J. L. Cox,* Company E; Private A. J. Daw,* Company F.

Mr. Connor went into the fight saying: "I shall be killed to-day." He fell right at the breastworks, shot in the forehead. He was as brave a man as ever breathed. The above

*Killed in battle.

seven names are all of the First Battalion that are mentioned, though I feel sure that many others are just as deserving of public mention.

From the "Confederate Military History," published in 1899, Volume VII., pages 695 and 696, the following extract is taken:

John Massey, LL.D., one of the most eminent educators of Alabama, was born December 16, 1834, and was graduated at the University of Alabama in 1862. . . . He enlisted in Hilliard's Legion and was appointed adjutant of the First Battalion. In the battle of Chickamauga he was distinguished for gallantry and won a place on the roll of honor. He was twice wounded while leading his battalion in the last charge up the heights of Snodgrass Hill on the evening of September 20, 1863. Llewellyn A. Shaver, in his "History of the Sixteenth Alabama Regiment," into which part of the First Battalion was merged, says: "It is due that incomparable soldier and gentleman, John Massey, adjutant of the First Battalion, to mention the fact that at a meeting of the battalion sometime after the battle it was the unhesitating sentiment of all that his gallantry in the battle of Chickamauga was too conspicuous to pass unnoticed by his comrades or unrewarded by his country, and accordingly his name was subsequently forwarded to the War Department with the urgent recommendation for promotion."

I have no regrets for having gone into the war. In going I obeyed some of my best impulses. I have no regrets on account of leaving the army when I did. On retiring I obeyed the call of duty as I then saw it.

In this connection I wish to state that I am under lasting obligation to the officers and men of the First Battalion for their kind and respectful treatment. Of Colonel Thorington, Lieutenant Colonel Holt, Lieutenant Colonel Troy, Surgeon Conrad Wall, Ordnance Sergeant William H. Micou, and Sergeant Major Keyes I have already made special mention. I wish also to add to these Sergeant Major Llewellyn A. Shaver, who was my sergeant major after the retirement of Mr. Keyes. His fidelity to every duty imposed secured for him the cognomen, "Shaver the Faithful." After passing safely through the war, he led the life of a useful citizen till his death, in 1912.

RETURN TO THE UNIVERSITY.

The passport was granted by General Longstreet without any question or hesitancy. I bade farewell to my friends, many of whom I never saw again. I had to return through Virginia and the Carolinas. I reached the University about the last of February, 1864.

During the years of my college course it had been my intention to study law. As far as I could spare the time from my regular work as assistant professor, I began the study of law under Judge W. Moody, the father of Hon. Frank S. Moody, of Tuscaloosa. The Judge was the son-in-law of Mrs. Sims, of whom I have on a former page made grateful mention. Partly owing to this relation to my friend Mrs. Sims and partly to his own great kindness, he was exceedingly obliging in lending his law books and in directing my studies during the last year of the war.

In my classes in the University this year of 1864-65 there were a number of young men—too young to go into the war—who have since risen to eminence, among them Chief Justice J. R. Dowdell, Hon. H. S. D. Mallory, and Judge Joseph N. Miller. When young Dowdell came to the University, he was small and very youthful in appearance—too young, some thought, to be a cadet. But when it was announced that he was the son of James F. Dowdell, Dr. Garland said: "I know there is something in him if he came out of the loins of James F. Dowdell." Mr. Dowdell had graduated under the Doctor at Randolph-Macon College.

CAPTAIN D. POYNOR.

My roommate at this time (1864) was Captain D. Poynor, who had come to the University in September, 1861, as Instructor of Military Tactics, but who was later Assistant in Mathematics. I had not become intimate with him till I returned to the University and was invited to room with him. He had the distinctive traits of a Virginian of the best type. He was born in Lawrenceville, Brunswick County, Virginia, November 14, 1835, and was graduated from the Virginia

Military Institute in July, 1860. He was a man of dignity and, to strangers, of rather reserved temperament. He was a man of fine native ability and had, by study and good reading, become well informed for a man of his years. He was tall, slender, and of erect stature, the fitting counterpart of a character which was formed on principles of rectitude and inspired by the soul of honor. Like the rest of us mortals, he had his temperamental weaknesses. His *bête noir* was that demon which haunts but never kills, a tendency to indigestion. I think some of his individual traits were intensified by his malady. Whatever deficiencies he had in his make-up leaned to virtue's side, a candor that was not always mixed with policy and a modesty that did not do full justice to his ability. Beneath a bearing of hauteur that sometimes caused him to be misunderstood, there was a kind and sympathetic heart when one got close enough to him to feel it. He was a member of the Fraternity, a club that sprang out of warm personal friendships and, without constitution or by-laws, had nothing to hold it in existence but the affectionate regard existing among its members. It consisted of William J. Vaughn, Eugene A. Smith, D. Poynor, Paul F. Tricou, and the writer of these reminiscences, together with several young lady friends who, I suppose, were rather more than honorary members, as three of them afterwards became the wives of three of the members of the Fraternity. I mention this club to show in what esteem Poynor was held by his comrades.

From Captain Poynor I learned more of the atmosphere of the Virginia Military Institute and of the characteristics of some of its professors than I would probably ever have learned otherwise. He made some incidents seem very vivid. I recall some of these about Major Jackson, who afterwards became famous as "Stonewall" Jackson. He was noted for his habit of sitting for long periods with solemn mien and folded arms meditating, a prominent feature of his devotional life. He was so awkward in his manners as to be the butt of ridicule and so rigid in his exactions as to become the target upon which offenders vented their spleen. On one occasion a student threw

a heavy weight, barely missing the Major as he was passing under a window. The Major was not in the least disturbed, merely remarking: "I believe he intended to kill me."

Captain Poynor had a vivid recollection of how pleased Major Jackson was when he was getting ready to take charge of a body of Virginia troops. He seemed to scent "the battle from afar" and to hear, like the war horse described in Job, "the thunder and the shoutings." He looked more pleased than Poynor had ever seen him. The prospect of war transformed him from an ungraceful professor into a veritable son of Mars, making a much more admirable figure in the field of war than he had been in the dull routine of college life.

There must be latent powers in some men that never appear till the proper occasion brings them out. I here recall a statement of General Dick Taylor's published in the *North American Review*: "We cannot tell how great Stonewall Jackson was. He measured fully up to every occasion. We do not know how much more brilliantly his genius would have shone if it had been tested by greater occasions." Something of this latent power was developed in General Grant and General Forrest. General Lee's genius was already known, at least to General Scott, who said: "Lee is the greatest military genius on the American Continent."

Captain Poynor has moved on in the even tenor of private life and has reared a large and excellent family. One of his sons is an Episcopal minister, two others are merchants and farmers and are filially caring for their parents in their old age; and two of his daughters are graduates of the University and are filling responsible positions in prominent schools of the State. I would say: "A blessing on you, my friend! You have served your generation better than many a man who has climbed into public position."

PROFESSOR CRAWFORD H. TOY, CAPTAIN JOHN HOWARD MURFEE, AND MR. PAUL F. TRICOU.

On my return to the University I found three new men connected with the work of instruction and administration—Craw-

ford H. Toy, Captain John Howard Murfee, and Paul F. Tricou. Professor Toy had taken the place of Professor Benagh in the chair of Mixed Mathematics. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia and was a man highly gifted in linguistic talents, as has been stated by Dr. Gross Alexander and as his subsequent career plainly shows; but he was not considered the equal of Professor Benagh in the Department of Mixed Mathematics.

Being an ordained Baptist minister, he was Chaplain of the University. One part of his duties was to conduct prayers in the Rotunda before breakfast each morning and to preach to the corps occasionally on Sunday afternoons. His sermons were always intellectual, but, as the boys thought, very dry. His prayers were rather long and almost always included a petition for the heathen. One morning he detained the corps longer than usual. The officer of the day was waiting at the door of the mess hall for the corps to come to breakfast. Seeing the sergeant of the guard coming from the Rotunda, he inquired: "How long before the corps will be out?" The sergeant replied: "Some time yet. Old Toy has just got to the heathen."

For many years Dr. Toy has been Professor in Harvard University and is an authority on Sanskrit and Eastern languages. He, D. Poynor, W. J. Vaughn, B. F. Meek, E. A. Smith, P. F. Tricou, J. H. Murfee, and the writer took their meals together in a small room on the second floor of the mess hall building from February, 1864, to April 3, 1865. Dr. Toy contributed to the pleasure of our association by his dignified and intelligent conversation. I am glad to have known so distinguished a gentleman.

Captain Murfee was the State Captain of Company C during this time. He gallantly led the skirmish line against the Federals on the night of April 3, 1865, and was severely wounded in this action, which will be described in the next chapter.

Mr. Tricou was a young man of French extraction. He had gone into the army with some company from New Orleans and was severely wounded and temporarily disabled for

field service. He had been employed by the University as book-keeper. For this position he was well qualified. He was bright, amiable, and clean in his conversation and habits of life—altogether a lovable young man, considered worthy to be a member of our Fraternity. He returned to New Orleans after the war and died in 1901. I never saw him after we separated in the spring of 1865.

DR. THOMAS OSMOND SUMMERS.

Also during this notable year of 1864, on my return to the University, I found Dr. Thomas Osmond Summers, pastor of the Methodist Church. He had been connected with the Publishing House; and when the Federals occupied Nashville and the Publishing House, Dr. Summers came to Tuscaloosa by private conveyance through North Alabama over "the mountains of Gilboa," as he called them. He was a very learned man, styled "a walking library" by some of his friends. He was peculiar, almost eccentric, in his manners. He was my pastor during my second connection with the University. He was very cordial and frequently invited me to his house to dinner after church on Sundays. He was very candid in criticizing my faults, which, I have no doubt, needed much pruning. He did this in so kindly a manner that I felt grateful instead of taking offense. It is not every well-meaning person who can chop off our excrescences without so wounding as to do more harm than good. This service Dr. Summers could render without losing his hold on the subject. I think I am under obligation to make special mention of him.

He was born in Dorsetshire, England, in 1812; came to the United States in 1830 and was admitted into the Baltimore Conference in 1835; went to the republic of Texas and was active in the organization of the Texas Conference in 1840; came to Alabama in 1843, soliciting money for Texas Methodism. While on this tour he exhibited some Texas frogs, showing his taste for zoölogy, such taste as he had for nearly everything else in the universe. He visited Tuscaloosa, where he met Miss Marsilla Sexton. She was, according to an old Methodist cus-

tom, recommended to him as a suitable young woman for his future wife. He married her in 1844 and was stationed in Tuscaloosa.

When I knew him in 1864, he was in his second pastorate in that charge. After the war Dr. Summers returned to Nashville and was editor of the *Christian Advocate* till 1878. In 1875 he was elected Professor of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University, and there he remained till his death, in 1882. While he was a man of prodigious learning, more learned in some respects than Dr. Manly or Dr. Garland, he was not the equal of either of these elect sons of humanity in power to rule men. He kept his membership in the Alabama Conference to the day of his death. So we may claim him as an Alabamian.

During this memorable year I became engaged to Miss Fredonia A. Taylor, whose attractive face had arrested my attention, whose brilliant talents captivated my imagination, whose candor compelled my respect, and whose charming personality won my affections.

PROFESSORS E. R. DICKSON, B. F. MEEK, AND H. M.
SOMERVILLE.

I found Professor E. R. Dickson, Professor B. F. Meek, and Professor H. M. Somerville teaching in the University. Professor Dickson was a graduate of Yale College. He had taught in the Tuskegee Female College before going to the University. He was a man of ripe scholarship, especially in philological subjects. From him I got the idea of tracing many of our English words back to their origin in the Greek and Latin languages, a plan I used with my classes in teaching those subjects.

After the war Professor Dickson went to Mobile, taught a private school awhile, and finally was elected Superintendent of the Public Schools of Mobile County. In this position he remained many years. His oldest son, Rockwell, was a pupil of mine in Mobile and was distinguished for his originality in mathematics.

Professor Dickson was regarded by some people as hard,

uncivil, and boorish in his manners. This was an instance of how much a man may be misunderstood. I had the pleasure of visiting him and his family in his home out at the end of Dauphin Way. On one occasion my family spent the night with him. I have never seen a more genial household. Mrs. Dickson played the organ, and we had some singing, in which Mr. Dickson joined with much zest. When Fannie J. Crosby's hymn,

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by,"

was sung, he said with manifest feeling: "That is my favorite hymn." At the core he was true and warm-hearted. He was a brave, independent man whom you could drive back into his shell by cool treatment, but whom you could draw out into one of the sunniest of men by turning your kind side to him.

Professor Benjamin F. Meek, a younger brother of Alexander Beaufort Meek, had been a teacher in Barton Academy in Mobile, but was now assistant professor in the University. He was a man of decided literary taste and extensive culture. In physique he was very large and angular, with light hair, blond complexion, and a peculiar nervous movement of the head and eyes that gave him a restless air. He was brave, sensitive, and easily offended, but just as ready to offer an apology and forgive an offense when reparation was duly made. I saw this exhibited on one occasion when he had misunderstood a remark made by a friend and had answered in a cutting reply. After two or three spirited rejoinders had been passed between the two men and they were in the act of coming into conflict, I stood between them, holding them apart at arms' length and affirming: "Gentlemen, you have misunderstood each other." I said to the friend who had made the first remark: "You did not mean any offense by your first remark, did you?" He answered: "No. I am surprised that he took it so." I then asked Mr. Meek: "Will you take back the offensive remark you made?" He replied: "Yes; and I will apologize, as no

offense was intended." As soon as I could get each of the several offensive words retracted, I stated: "Now, gentlemen, there is nothing between you. Shake hands and let bygones be bygones." They did and were friends, just as they had been before.

This incident shows how conflicts arise and how they may be settled among brave, honest men. It is not so easy to settle a fuss among cowards.

After the war, when the University had been restored to its normal condition, Professor Meek was placed in the chair of English Literature, a position which he filled with marked ability till his death. He was a good man, who felt the responsibility of inculcating a religious spirit in the institution. He persisted in going to the chapel and opening the morning sessions with religious service as long as he was able to walk. Such men's influence does not die with them.

Professor Henderson M. Somerville was a man of decided talent. This was shown not only in the rôle of pedagogue, but at the bar and on the bench in later years. During the early years of Reconstruction it was a common thing to have white men arraigned before the United States Court under Judge Busteed, a Radical judge noted for his arbitrary and harsh rulings. He was the analogue of Lord Jeffreys, of England. On flimsy and one-sided evidence he frequently sent the accused to the Dry Tortugas. In one of these trials Mr. Somerville was employed as counsel for the defendants. The judge reluctantly granted him only an unreasonably short time to prepare his case, but he presented it in such a masterly way as to secure the release of his clients and make a fine reputation for ability as an attorney. He became distinguished as a jurist, whose career was closed by death in 1915.

FIGHT AT CHEHAW.

At the commencement in June, 1864, the cadets were furloughed to rendezvous in Selma about the middle of July. Governor Watts attended the commencement and made a patriotic address. As he was leaving for home he heard of Rous-

seau's raid through Northeast Alabama. He hurried back to Montgomery and there learned of the near approach of the raiders. He called together all the cadets who lived in or near the city and those who were passing through on their way home, organized them into a company, and sent them with the Home Guards of the city on a special train to Chehaw, where they met the raiders in a spirited action and turned them away from Montgomery and no doubt saved the city from destruction. Cadet Robert J. McCreary, of Evergreen, Alabama, received a dangerous wound in the breast from which he finally recovered, and Cadet William B. Gilmer received a severe wound in the knee which grievously lamed him for life. I knew him well through his long and upright life and had the honor of graduating his daughter, Miss Leonora Gilmer, in 1901. There were some other casualties, among them a young man from Montgomery by the name of Theodore Bethea, who was killed.

I once heard the remark made that it was a pity to be killed in a little obscure backwoods skirmish. I have taken some pains to give the details accurately; for the subjects of them deserve as much credit as if they had fallen on any one of the world-renowned fields of Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, or Gettysburg. Their honor lies not in the greatness of the battle, but in their prompt obedience and in their fine spirit of valor. On account of their prompt response to his call and their gallantry in the fight, the Governor extended the furloughs of these cadets for a few days. On the expiration of the furloughs they all but one reported for duty in Selma.

CORPS SENT TO BLUE MOUNTAIN, POLLARD, AND BLAKELY.

The corps was soon moved from Selma to Blue Mountain, then the terminus of the Selma, Rome, and Dalton Railroad and one mile above the present city of Anniston. After camping here a few days, we were moved as a guard to Coosa River Bridge. Early in August we moved back to Selma and up the river to Montgomery, where the corps was reviewed by the Governor, and that evening took the train to Pollard.

On our arrival in Pollard we found several companies of militia composed of old men, too old and infirm to be in the regular service. They had no officers who knew anything about military tactics. They were armed with such old guns as they could pick up. Colonel Murfee was placed in command of all the troops at this point. He ordered me to take charge of the militia companies. I found that they could not drill with their stiff, rheumatic, and sore legs. This was a disappointment to me. I had been so accustomed to the drill in the corps of cadets and in the army that I did not think much of a command that could not move with promptness and precision at any order that might be given. If we should be attacked in our position, these old fathers might shoot as best they could with their old guns; but if we should have to move forward to make an attack, I did not see how they could advance, and I was sure that they would make a poor appearance in a retreat such as we had to make out of Kentucky. I felt the great difference in the efficiency of these old undisciplined militiamen and that of the Legion which I had helped to lead up Snodgrass Hill the year before.

A little later the corps moved to Old Blakely, where a detail of cadets was stationed on guard duty at General Liddell's headquarters, in the old courthouse. After spending several weeks around Blakely, Saluda Hill, and Pollard, expecting an attack on the eastern shore of Mobile River, we were ordered back to Montgomery and furloughed for a few days with orders to assemble at the University for the approaching session.

This year of 1864-65 was one of much uncertainty and anxiety. About the middle of December Mobile was thought to be in imminent danger. The corps was ordered to the city to aid in its defense. The trip was made on the steamboat Gertrude during an intensely cold spell, when everything was covered with snow and sleet. The boys were in high glee over the prospect of active service. Before leaving the University they were furnished with three days' rations. Many of them ate the whole supply the first day and had nothing to eat the next two days. When they reached the city, they were so hungry

that they eagerly ran after the old women who were selling ginger cakes around the docks. During their stay of about ten days they were stationed out at Spring Hill. The most striking service they were called on to render was to escort Admiral Raphael Semmes from the railroad station to his home on his return after the destruction of the Alabama. As no attack was made on the city, the corps was ordered back to the University.

SENT WITH GUARD TO NORTH ALABAMA.

Provisions were getting scarce, not only in the army, but also at the University. We had to get our flour from mills in North Alabama and had to haul it in our own wagons. Bushwhackers and robbers infested these northern counties, taking horses and any other property they could capture, sometimes committing arson and murder. It was dangerous to send teams without a strong guard. I was sent in command of a squad of cadets to get a supply of flour from one of the mills not far from where the city of Birmingham is now located. It required about a week to make these trips. While we were in this region we kept constantly on the alert and at night selected a suitable position for defense, tied our teams a little distance from the wagons, and slept on our arms close to the teams, with one man always on guard. We went well armed. Thus protected, no harm ever came to the University teams, while depredations were quite common in that section. I mention this to show what a deplorable state the country was in.

Many were beginning to feel that the only hopes of the Southern cause centered in General Lee and his army. However dark every prospect seemed, our faith still stood firm in this incomparable man. Our faith was not misplaced; for, after everything finally crumbled away from him, when in the history of the world did a commander ever rise so gloriously out of defeat?

CHAPTER XVII.

University Burned—Members of Corps Wounded—March to Marion—Corps Disbanded—Starting to Join General Lee's Army—The Assassination of President Lincoln—Back to Choctaw County—The School at Mount Sterling—The Oath of Allegiance—Rev. J. W. Rush—Marriage to Miss Fredonia A. Taylor—The Taylor Family.

CONDITIONS were unfavorable for doing college work. Indeed, college work would have been impossible if we had not become accustomed to this chronic state of uncertainty and impending danger. We could not remain keyed up to high tension all the time. For several months a guard had been kept at the bridge over the river and on all the roads leading into Tuscaloosa. This guard was made up alternately of a detail from the corps of the cadets, who performed the duty one day, and of a like detail from the Home Guards, who performed the service the next day. The night the Federals entered the city the Home Guards were on duty. So we managed to go on with our work till Monday night, April 3, 1865. We went to bed that night, as usual, knowing that guards were on duty at the bridge and on all the roads.

At midnight the long roll was sounded with alarming vigor. Cadet Captain Sam Will John, who was awake, heard Dr. Garland running along the walk calling out: "Beat the long roll. The Yankees are in town." The corps, consisting of three hundred cadets, was promptly formed and marched down Main Street in quick time. Colonel Murfee threw out a line of skirmishers which was gallantly led by Captain John Howard Murfee, who drove back a detachment of Federals toward the river. The Colonel also ordered me to take two or three men and go down the back street between Main and the river, to see that the enemy should not come in unawares behind the corps. This street ran by Dr. Leach's, parallel with Main, and at right angles to the street leading to the bridge. Professor W. J. Vaughn and P. F. Tricou accompanied me. As we passed Dr. Leach's we could see in the starlight a large num-

ber of carriages and buggies standing around the yard without any horses hitched to them. About the time we entered this back street we heard sharp firing on Main Street, which ceased after a few rounds. As we proceeded we observed no sign of any one till we reached the corner of Washington Hall. As soon as I cleared the corner I heard a voice in a sharp tone call out: "Who goes there?" I gave my name promptly, as I knew the voice to be that of Ed Vaughan, a former college mate. "Hello, John," he said. "I came within an ace of shooting you. It has not been a minute since the Yankees were shooting at me from this corner." After the firing ceased on Main Street, everything was still. In a few minutes the corps had turned from Main into the street running to the river bridge and was drawn up in line across the street. There was an ominous silence. After waiting a minute or two, I said to the officer at the head of the column: "I will go down toward the river and reconnoiter. Tell the boys not to shoot while I am in front." As I started Ed and Clay Vaughan followed me, talking. I reminded them to keep quiet, as the enemy would locate us by our voices. I went to the right, one of the Vaughans took the center, and the other the left side of the street. I think we had gone about sixty or seventy yards when I heard a voice with an Irish brogue call out: "Who goes there?" We made no reply. The voice came again: "Who goes there?" Clay Vaughan in a clear voice answered: "A Rebel." I heard the click of muskets a few steps ahead and knew what was coming. I raised my gun to take aim at the blaze which came as quick as a thought. We all three fired at the blaze. The whole Federal squad fired at us. The cadets turned loose a volley, filling the street with bullets as thick as hailstones in a thunderstorm. We were between the fires, but none of us was struck.

In a few moments the firing ceased, and we returned to the corps. I was surprised to see a soldier dressed in blue standing near the head of the corps and, a few feet away, Dr. Garland and Colonel Murfee in very earnest conversation in an undertone with a Confederate officer.

In a moment or two Colonel Murfee, without a word of explanation, marched us back to the University in quick time. I was mystified till the matter was explained. The Confederate officer was Captain Carpenter, who had that night been married to Miss Emily Leach. The vehicles I saw at Dr. Leach's door had brought the wedding guests. The Federals had surprised the guard at the bridge, had entered the town, captured two pieces of artillery and all the horses, including those at the wedding party. They had also taken Captain Carpenter prisoner and carried him to General Croxton, at the bridge. General Croxton and Captain Carpenter were both from Lexington, Kentucky, and knew each other well. The Captain informed the General that he had just been married and requested to be sent under guard to inform his bride that, though a prisoner, he was safe and would not be harmed. On his return from Dr. Leach's he called Dr. Garland and Colonel Murfee aside and told them that the Federals were fourteen hundred strong, that they held the bridge and were fortified behind cotton bales, that it would be a useless sacrifice of life to attack so large a force of seasoned soldiers with only three hundred young boys, and advised the Doctor and the Colonel to take the corps away as soon as possible. Under the circumstances Dr. Garland ordered the cadets marched away.

On reaching the University we were ordered to get our overcoats, fill our haversacks with crackers from the commissary store as quickly as possible, and be ready to move at the command. By two o'clock in the morning we were on the march toward King's Bridge, about eight miles east of Tuscaloosa. We crossed the bridge, tore up the floor, and ascended a hill covered with thick woods and placed ourselves in position to ward off an attack in case we should be pursued.

Early in the day we heard the explosion of the magazines and saw the smoke ascending from the burning of the University buildings. Mrs. Garland, by her personal efforts, saved the President's house, which the raiders were setting on fire, and Mrs. Chapman saved the Observatory. But for the heroic efforts of these ladies at their own personal risk, it is probable

that every building belonging to the University would have been swept away in a general conflagration.

We made our breakfast on crackers and spent a dismal day on this, the 4th of April, 1865. During the morning Dr. Garland assembled the officers for a council of war. It was decided to join General Forrest in Selma, if possible.

On the march out of town Fred DuBrutz, of Choctaw County, came to me and said: "Captain, a number of us have resolved to go back and make a Thermopylæ of it. We want you to lead us. We don't like to leave this way." I answered: "Neither do I; but the first duty of a soldier is to obey orders, and we are under orders."

MEMBERS OF THE CORPS WOUNDED.

In the skirmishing on Main Street the following members of the corps were wounded: Captain J. H. Murfee, seriously in the ankle; Cadet A. T. Kendrick, slightly in the forehead; Cadet W. M. King, seriously in both legs; Cadet W. R. May, dangerously in the breast. Captain Murfee was carried to the residence of Mrs. Owen; King, to the Methodist College, in which his sister was a student. Kendrick was able to remain with the corps. May was kindly cared for in the city. They all finally recovered.

MARCH TO MARION—CORPS DISBANDED.

About dusk in the evening of April 4 the corps was drawn up in line and led in prayer by Professor Toy. I heard the remark: "That was the best prayer I ever heard Professor Toy make." The prayer was a good one, as all his prayers were. I suspect that the reason this prayer seemed the best lay in an attitude of mind more appreciative than when his other prayers were heard in the Rotunda, just before breakfast, with no enemy near. Soon after the prayer we set out toward Selma.

The following are some of the features of this march of three days: We halted at Hardy Clements's long enough to have dinner cooked for three hundred hungry cadets. We slept one night in a ginhouse and "pickroom" during a very

heavy rainfall. The next day we found a creek overflowing the lowland for several hundred yards, through which we had to wade in order to get on the bridge. Notwithstanding sloppy roads and scanty rations, the corps marched into Marion on the afternoon of the third day in fine style and held a dress parade on the courthouse square. The patriotic citizens received us with great cordiality, took many of us into their homes, and provided comfortable quarters for all. We shall look in vain for a community whose generous hospitality surpasses that of Marion. On our arrival we learned that Selma had fallen on Sunday night, April 2; that General Forrest had cut his way out and had passed through Marion two days before. With no mails, no telegraph, no mounted couriers, we could not find General Forrest or any other Confederate commander. We could not return to the University, for it was in ashes. We had no commissary stores to furnish our rations. We could not long remain quartered on the kind people whose stock of provisions was growing less every day. After waiting several days without finding any way to relieve the urgency of the situation, Dr. Garland disbanded the corps with orders to assemble at Auburn in thirty days. In the meantime the surrender of Lee on the 9th and of Johnston on the 26th made nugatory the order to reassemble. Thus ended the career of the First Alabama Corps of Cadets. It fell to the lot of the writer to witness great enthusiasm over its origin in 1860, to watch with absorbing interest its checkered and stormy life of five years, and to experience genuine sorrow at its untimely end amid the gloom of April, 1865. Reluctantly leaving its *Alma Mater* in ashes and its native land bathed in tears, it vanished, like the spirits of the heroic dead, with no stain on its honor. Its good name will live as long as the University of Alabama endures.

I believe that those three hundred young fellows would have eagerly attacked Croxton's whole brigade, which outnumbered them five to one; but the great fatherly heart of Dr. Garland could not suffer them to be butchered when he knew that the sacrifice would be useless. He was influenced by the same mo-

tive which impelled General Lee to surrender the remnant of his gallant men, who said: "We would rather die than come to this." We admire the heroism of the men. Their devotion makes us think better of humanity. We venerate the great souls of Dr. Garland and General Lee. Their nobility lifts our thoughts of human nature into kinship with the divine.

The object of General Croxton's raid through Tuscaloosa was to break up the University, which the Federal authorities rightly thought was a source of keeping up the war spirit and of furnishing efficient men for the army. As soon as its destruction was accomplished, he left without making an effort to pursue the corps of cadets.

For some of the details in the history of these closing days I am indebted to Mr. J. G. Cowan, who kept a diary of this period.

STARTING TO JOIN LEE'S ARMY.

The officers and professors who had gone with the corps promptly returned to Tuscaloosa. As soon as we could get a few clothes ready Captain D. Poynor, Captain E. A. Smith, Mr. P. F. Tricou, and the writer started for General Lee's army. Each carried a knapsack for clothes, a haversack for rations, a canteen for drinking water, and a gun and cartridge box. We expected to go on foot over all the gaps where the railroads had been destroyed. We were to walk to Prattville and spend a day or two at Dr. Smith's, then go on our way. We were enjoying this walk till we got within about fifteen miles of Prattville, when we began to meet soldiers saying that General Lee had surrendered. We did not believe it. We were like the old negro of whom General Fitzhugh Lee used to tell a story. When he was told that General Lee had surrendered, he indignantly contradicted it, saying: "That little upstart of a General Fitzhugh Lee may have surrendered; but Marse Robert—never!" After going a little farther, we met others who showed us their paroles. The terrible fact dawned upon us at last. Our steps through the remaining fifteen miles to Prattville were not so elastic.

Soon after we reached Prattville a detachment of General

Wilson's army passed through. I was the only one of our party in Prattville the day the Federals passed. The others were out in the country. I put on Dr. Smith's straw hat and linen duster and was not molested. I suppose they did not care to be bothered with such a "country cracker."

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

During our stay in Prattville the news of President Lincoln's assassination reached us and made a sad and profound impression. The better classes of the Southern people have never had any sympathy with assassination. It was feared that the South would fare worse under Andrew Johnson, who was known to be very bitter against secession. It was also a matter of regret that John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Mr. Lincoln, was a Southern sympathizer, which fact, it was apprehended, would tend to intensify the bitter feeling already existing against the South. Our fears were all realized. In the North indignation was very intense. In New York City feeling ran high, and the mob spirit was rampant. Thousands of citizens, mad with rage, marched through the streets with arms and torches, vowing to wreak vengeance on any man known to be a Southern sympathizer. Through Wall Street the mob surged, crying for vengeance and thirsting for blood. James A. Garfield, not then thirty-four years old, but a well-known figure, a member of Congress, and ex-soldier, who had resigned from the army after having been promoted to the rank of major general of volunteers for gallant services at Chickamauga, appeared on the porch of a hotel and waved his hand to the mob to attract attention. Supposing that a bulletin was about to be read, it grew silent. Then Garfield delivered this, one of the shortest and most eloquent orations of which there is any history:

Fellow Citizens: Clouds and darkness are round about him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne, and truth shall go before his face. Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives.

The tumult was silenced, the mob melted away, and quiet and order were restored. The short speech inspired those who heard it with hope and confidence and drove from their minds the frenzy of passion and the lust of vengeance. Sixteen years later President Garfield was laid low by the bullet of Charles J. Guiteau, a crazed assassin. After many weeks of suffering, he passed to his long account, sincerely mourned by the South as well as by the North.

After being kindly entertained by Dr. Smith and his generous family for two or three weeks, I returned to Tuscaloosa and spent several weeks with friends in that hospitable community. Among these I wish to mention Mrs. T. P. Lewis. While I enjoyed the kindness of my friends, I could not remain longer dependent on any one. Indeed, my remaining as long as I did was a stern necessity. I had not a decent suit of clothes. I had no money, and, what was worse, no one else had any. There were no mails. There were no means of public conveyance and little private travel, for all the horses had been taken by one army or the other. I could not go anywhere. I could not hear from anywhere. I would have walked if I had known where to find a place that would afford me a living for any honorable service that I could render. But business was paralyzed everywhere. At last I was offered a seat in Mr. Charles Walker's carriage as far as Faunsdale. Thence I went on the railroad to Demopolis. There I had a friend, J. F. Griffin, who had been one of my roommates in college. He had sold some cotton and had some money in "greenbacks." He lent me fifteen dollars. With this I went on a boat to Jackson, Alabama, the home of my fiancée, Miss F. A. Taylor, to make the acquaintance of her family.

Perhaps this is as appropriate a place as any other to mention some of the losses that Alabama sustained in consequence of the war. To say nothing of the destruction of her University buildings and millions of dollars' worth of private property, the suspension of business, and the depreciation of values, it has been estimated that she sent 120,000 soldiers into the field out of a white population of 526,271. Of these, it is

believed that 35,000 lost their lives, besides many more who died soon after the war from wounds and diseases contracted in the army, making not less than one-third of all those who enlisted. Colonel W. H. Fowler, State Superintendent of Army Records, made this report in December, 1865: "I assert with confidence that Alabama sent more troops into the service than any other State of the South in proportion to population and that her loss was heavier than that of any other."

BACK TO CHOCTAW COUNTY—THE SCHOOL AT MOUNT
STERLING.

After spending a few days at Jackson, I went on a boat to Tuscahoma, in Choctaw County, and thence out four miles to Mount Sterling, where I was solicited to take the boys' school. This had been taught in the early fifties by Mr. George F. Mellen, as it was later, from 1869-1880, by Dr. S. S. Mellen, two of my former teachers, but was now without a teacher. In visiting the prospective patrons of the school I spent the night with Professor Ben E. DuBose, who had once taught this school. He made the statement that he would dread to undertake the management of the boys' school in Mount Sterling because the boys were so bad. Of course this made me feel that I had a hard job on my hands. But I had been assistant in the school at Pierce's Springs and also in the University, and I had been a Confederate soldier and was somewhat accustomed to hard jobs. I resolved to give the best service in my power. About the last of August I opened my school, which was soon filled up with forty pupils, the limit I had set. I was surprised and pleased at the ease with which I managed those boys. I think there were three reasons for my success:

1. I put my best service into the school. I came near breaking myself down with the work of the year. So much worn was I that I found it necessary in April to take a short vacation. During this time I went to Mobile, consulted Dr. J. C. Nott about my health, bought some good clothes, and called by Jackson to pay my respects to the Taylors, though Miss Fredonia, the one in whom I was most interested, was absent

in Woodville, Mississippi, teaching in the family of a Mr. Simrall. Under Dr. Nott's prescription my health improved. One of his directions was to desist from smoking.

2. The second reason of my success was that I had as pupils three young men who had been in the Confederate army: two brothers, Maybanks DuBose and John Wesley DuBose, and Charles B. DuBose, a cousin of theirs. The first two had been pupils of mine while I was the assistant at Pierce's Springs; the other was a young man preparing for the ministry. These young men set a fine example and aided in creating a loyal spirit in the school. Charles B. DuBose joined the Alabama Conference the next year and was a faithful preacher for some years, till his life of usefulness was cut short by yellow fever. He had charge of one of the Churches in Pensacola when the epidemic came. He sent his family away, but refused to leave his afflicted people, most of whom were obliged to remain in the city. He and the Catholic priest were the only pastors left to minister to the sick and to bury the dead. Mr. DuBose, who had been a brave soldier, now showed the same heroic spirit in the pestilence walking in darkness that he had shown in the destruction caused by shot and shell on the battle field. He deliberately chose to stay at his post of duty till he went down to death. He was buried on the shore of Pensacola Bay, whose waves will sing his requiem till the morning of the resurrection.

3. The third reason for my success at Mount Sterling was the friendly influence of Miss O. C. DuBose, who was principal of the girls' school in the village. She was a strong character and was a stanch friend when she was a friend. She exercised her influence in favor of my school. I make this statement as a tribute to her memory.

In succeeding years I educated one of Maybanks DuBose's daughters and two of Charlie DuBose's. So the threads of our influence are woven into the warp of each other's lives.

In the summer and fall of 1865 there was great confusion growing out of the movement of the cotton that had been stored away during the war. Some of it had been sold to the Confederate government and paid for in Confederate bonds.

Some had been sold to commission merchants in Mobile. Some was still held by the farmers who produced it. Except what had been shipped to Europe during the early years of the war, it was all stored away under ginhouses and sheds on the plantations.

After the surrender, agents of the Federal government scoured the country in search of Confederate cotton, which they claimed was the property of the United States by right of conquest. The merchants were eager to get possession of what they had bought. The parties who still held their cotton were anxious to prevent it from being captured and carried off in the general scramble. Cotton was commanding five hundred dollars a bale and was the only thing in the whole country that would bring money.

The Federal agents were not very particular what cotton they seized. They seemed to think that it all belonged to the United States. The farmers claimed that the Confederate government had never made its bonds good and that they had, therefore, never been paid for their cotton. Some thought that they had a right to it.

The Federal agents could protect their claims with soldiers. The merchants and farmers had to protect their cotton with private guards as best they could. Five dollars a night was the price paid for guards.

There was great activity everywhere. Wagons were moving on all the roads and sometimes through the woods by day and often by night, hauling cotton to the river. There was a general rampage, and occasional killings occurred. I attended the funeral of a young man who was killed while driving a wagon-load of cotton to the boat landing.

Those who had cotton of their own sold it and bought some new clothes. Many who had none took some ("Confederate cotton" they called it) and followed the fashion. Some people seemed to have lost their discrimination between what was theirs and what was not. One preacher advocated "taking Confederate cotton." J. W. Rush, the presiding elder, condemned it from the pulpit in the most emphatic terms. Whoever might be the rightful owners of the cotton, I knew that I

was not. I determined to have nothing to do with it. I continued to wear my old dingy Confederate uniform till I could, by teaching, make the money to procure a better wardrobe.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

After the surrender I was not molested by the officers of the United States government. In November, 1865, I went voluntarily to Lieutenant Schrann, the officer in charge of Choctaw County, and took the oath of allegiance to the United States. I took this oath in good faith and have always considered it as binding as if nothing had happened from January 11, 1861, to November, 1865.

When Alabama seceded, I believed that she was the only body politic to which I owed allegiance. When the Confederacy was formed and Alabama became a part of it, my allegiance went to that government also. But when Alabama had, by the terms of the surrender, accepted these results of the war—namely, that the Confederacy was extinct, that secession was dead—and when she had by vote declared her purpose to remain in the Union, I considered that I was under obligation to declare my allegiance to the government of the United States, if I intended to live under it and claim its protection. In this change of the point of sovereignty I neither sacrificed the integrity of my manhood nor violated my oath of allegiance.

The United States has no more loyal citizens than the old Confederate soldiers who remained true to their cause till it was lost, who knew how to die for principle, but who did not know how to compromise the truth as they had always held it. Let no old Confederate offer any suppliant apology for what he did in defending his native land. Let him rather adopt the sentiment expressed by Maurice Thompson in an address to the Grand Army of the Republic:

"I was a Rebel, if you please,
A reckless fighter to the last;
Nor do I fall upon my knees
And ask forgiveness for the past.

A traitor? I a traitor? No!
 I was a patriot to the core;
 The South was mine, I love her so,
 I gave her all—I could no more."

DR. J. W. RUSH.

During this year of 1865-66 at Mount Sterling I became acquainted with Rev. J. W. Rush, who was presiding elder of what, I believe, was then called the Suggsville District, which embraced two appointments west of the Tombigbee River. Between these two appointments he used to stay at the home of Mrs. Manning, with whom I boarded. I found him an interesting personality, whose visits were an inspiration at a time when I had very little entertaining companionship outside of my books. This acquaintance with Mr. Rush was the beginning of a friendship which grew in strength and affection to the end of his life and still lives even while I linger on these mortal shores.

Dr. Holmes said that if you would start a person in life under the best conditions you should go back two hundred years and train his ancestors, in order to get blood of the purest strain and spirit of the finest tone, so far-reaching and dominating is the law of heredity.

John Wesley Rush was fortunate in his inheritance. His father, Charles George Rush, came of virile German stock trained in the doctrines of Lutheran independence. Young Rush was brought up in the Lutheran Church, in which he was confirmed in his early manhood. After coming to Alabama, in 1818, he joined the Methodist Church, which he loyally supported with his time, his means, and his prayers. He was noted for his strong character, sound sense, great industry, and earnest piety. Such was his piety that he was content to remain in the world and contribute to its betterment, or he was ready to depart and be forever with the Lord. The former state of mind was shown by the life he lived. The latter was demonstrated by his conduct on November 13, 1833, when he was awakened by the loud screams of people crying out: "The

day of judgment has come!" Mr. Rush dressed in haste and went out to behold the heavens all ablaze with countless balls of fire falling to the earth. He accepted the belief of the others that this marvelous display was the opening scene of the last great day. He had years before committed his life to God and, like John Wesley, was ready for this sublime event. With joyful confidence he expected to see Christ "coming in power and great glory." But the hours passed, the day dawned, the stars melted away, and the sun rose as usual. The world was still going on. Mr. Rush was disappointed. Though his faith in Christ was tested on a false issue, it was, nevertheless, really tested. From that night forth he was not afraid of the advent of death. His faith was like that of Enoch and Elijah.

In 1836 he moved from Montgomery County to Macon and bought a plantation two and a half miles south of Tuskegee. Here he lived till 1858, when he went to heaven, not through the magnificent display of falling stars, but through the natural abatement of his physical powers.

His character and manner of life were remembered by the older people in the community when I moved to Tuskegee, in 1876. I have heard that he was so punctual in attending all Church services, night and day, that the horse which he drove would of its own accord leave the street at the right place, turn to the church (then on a side street), go up to the hitching post, turn the buggy wheel to the right position for the occupants to alight, and then stand without being hitched till his master returned.

With his habits of industry, frugality, and good judgment, Mr. Rush prospered in business and used his money on churches, chapels, schoolhouses, missions, orphans, and strangers. Every good cause appealed to him. As an indication of his concern for his slaves, he built a neat chapel for their convenience and provided religious services, which he required them and the overseer all to attend dressed in their best clothes. So carefully did he look after their morals that gross immoralities were rarely ever known among them.

His wife was filled with the same pious and generous spirit.

She abounded in all phases of liberality. Her money was only a means to a higher end. She laid up her treasures in heaven. As an indication of the direction in which the current of her thoughts flowed, she, like Hannah of old, dedicated her son to the ministry before he was born. Through his infancy, childhood, and youth her faith never failed, even while he was going through the period of boyish waywardness.

She lived to see him soundly converted, called to the ministry, graduated from Emory College, and received into the Conference. On returning from church on one occasion when he had occupied the pulpit, she informed him for the first time that she had dedicated him to the ministry even before his birth. This revelation startled him, as he realized that he had been in the hands of the Lord from the beginning.

Like many other educated young men of that time, he was appointed to preach to the negroes. His ministry to them he always considered among his most fruitful labors. At the end of this pastorate he preached his farewell sermon and was on the point of dismissing the congregation when the leaders beckoned him to wait while they took up a collection. When he saw their hard-earned contributions poured out on the table as a thank offering to him, he was so moved with sympathy and love for them that he broke down in tears. This is a specimen of the feelings that often existed between the races before the war.

Dr. Rush, during a long and faithful ministry, filled nearly every prominent appointment in the Alabama Conference.

Such was the parentage and such was the career of Dr. John Wesley Rush, who was one of my most intimate friends for many years. He is mentioned several times in these memoirs. I had the honor of educating three of his daughters and one of his sons, who are perpetuating his fine qualities.

During my year at Mount Sterling I was still expecting to study law, but my work was so heavy that I had no time nor strength to devote to the study of law. I had classes in reading, grammar, rhetoric, and composition, Latin through Cæsar, Vergil, and Horace, Greek through Xenophon and Homer, in

mathematics through arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and a class in French. The amount and variety of this work seem incredible; but I managed to do it to the satisfaction of the patrons.

Though not having time to devote to the study of law, I wrote to my friend, Colonel D. S. Troy, of Montgomery, and made arrangements to go into his law office the ensuing fall. He had been my stanch friend all through our war experiences and was now ready to aid me in my studies and give me some clerical work while I was getting ready to go into the practice.

The trustees of the Mount Sterling Academy expressed themselves as well pleased. Mr. William D. Gaines, the Chairman of the Board, was very complimentary and urged me to remain; but, having made up my mind to go to Montgomery, I closed my school the first week in July, 1866.

As soon as I could wind up my business I went to see my friend Colonel Yates. After a hot day's ride of thirty miles, I reached his house in the afternoon and found him sick. After the usual salutations, I informed him with some degree of pride that I was ready to pay him what I owed him; that I wished to pay interest on the debt; and that, as I had to pay in "greenbacks," I would pay the difference in the value of the greenbacks and the gold which he loaned me six years before. In a serious tone he said: "You don't owe me anything." I answered: "Yes, I do, and you have my notes for three hundred dollars." His answer was: "I never intended to make you pay those notes. I just took them to make you work." He grew desperately sick and died three days later. Before he became unconscious he said: "I am so glad that you came to be with me in my last hours." Thus passed away a generous friend who made it possible for me to get a collegiate education. If the value of my life work has been increased, this has been due to the liberality of Colonel Alfred C. Yates. Out of the money I had expected to pay him I furnished Mrs. Yates what she needed for his funeral expenses.

After the burial of my friend, I went to New Orleans to meet Miss Taylor on her return from Mississippi. There was

no railroad between Mobile and New Orleans in 1866. The travel was done on a line of elegant steamers plying between these two cities. During my stay in New Orleans I was hospitably entertained in the home of Mrs. W. M. Weibling, an aunt of Miss Taylor's.

On our arrival in Jackson I met a Mr. W. B. Hill, of Summerfield, who had been looking for me for some time. He informed me that he and I had been elected co-principals of Centenary Male Institute; that he had been sent to find me and solicit my acceptance of the position, which he thought would pay us three thousand dollars apiece; and that Rev. J. W. Rush and Dr. J. Hamilton were members of the Board of Trustees and had recommended me, though a stranger to all the other members of the Board. I was reluctant to give up my plan of going to Montgomery; but this seemed to be so flattering an offer, unsolicited, that I thought it might be wise to make a little more money before embarking in a profession which I knew did not generally pay very well in the beginning. So I accepted the place for one year without yet abandoning my purpose of going into law.

MARRIAGE TO MISS FREDONIA A. TAYLOR.

Now came up the question whether Miss Taylor and I should be married before I went to Summerfield or whether we should postpone the matter indefinitely. It was a serious question, the decision of which, I believe, changed the whole course of my life. We did what our feelings prompted and what the outlook seemed to justify. We were married on September 23, 1866, by Dr. Jefferson Hamilton, of Mobile, and took a boat for Demopolis immediately after the ceremony. From there we went by rail to Selma and thence to Summerfield by carriage.

THE TAYLOR FAMILY.

The following reference to the Taylor family is taken from West's "History of Methodism in Alabama":

Mrs. A. C. Taylor, the first avowed friend and active benefactor of Methodism at the town of Jackson, Alabama, lived many years and ren-

dered great service to the cause espoused; and through all the years of her Christian pilgrimage she entertained pious sentiments and the blissful anticipation that she would enter into the palace of the King Eternal. Sometime after Mrs. Taylor joined the Church her husband, Mr. Walter Taylor, attached himself to the same Church and was liberal in his support of the institutions thereof. Mr. Walter Taylor and Mrs. A. C. Taylor had eight children, who grew to maturity and became Methodists. The family has been noted for intelligence and refinement.

Mr. Taylor was a man of superior intellect. He was a graduate of Augusta College, Kentucky, under the presidency of Dr. H. B. Bascom, in the class of 1838, with first honors. He was the valedictorian of the class. The degree of A.M. was conferred on him the same year.

At the age of twenty-four he was married to Miss Amanda Caroline Lankford at her home, in Coffeetown, Alabama, and brought his bride immediately to the beautiful home he had prepared for her in Jackson, Alabama.

While Mr. Taylor's native ability and educational advantages fitted him for high positions in public life, he preferred merchandising in his native town and making a lovely home for his family, in which he found his chief pleasure. He was always the high-toned gentleman, courteous and considerate of others. In his home he treated his wife and daughters with the same deference that he invariably showed to other women. He did not accumulate wealth, because he could never say "No" to any call upon his generosity nor turn a deaf ear toward any one asking his aid. Though not demonstrative in his religious profession, his motto was, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." He lived his religion in his daily life.

In the first years of their married life there was no church in Jackson. Mr. Taylor donated a church building, furnished it with a pulpit and seats, and paid for the services of a preacher, while his wife was the only Methodist in town. She went among the people, encouraged them to attend the services, and thus laid the foundation for Methodism in Jackson. Sometime later Mr. Taylor joined the Church.

His generosity abounded in other ways. When there was

no school in the community, he maintained a private school in his home, to which he invited his neighbors to send their children. In addition to the burden of rearing a large family, he and his wife at different times during their lives took into their hearts and home thirteen other children, some partly orphaned, others entirely so.

To Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were born one son and ten daughters. The son and seven daughters grew to maturity. The son, Walter Taylor, Jr., was my pupil while I was in charge of the male school in Summerfield. He was one of the most brilliant young men I ever taught. Of the daughters who reached maturity, Fredonia Alethea was remarkable for her early interest in religion, joining the Methodist Church at the age of nine; for her unswerving adherence to the truth under all circumstances; and for her high mental endowments and her eagerness to acquire knowledge. She took the first honors in the Tuscaloosa Female College and was the valedictorian of her class. She excelled in literature, art, and music. But, above all her accomplishments, she was a true woman, a devoted wife and mother, and a genuine Christian, as appeared in the final test.

Florence, the second daughter, was educated in the Tuskegee Female College. Aurulia, the third daughter, attended a girls' school in Auburn. Carrie, the seventh daughter, attended college in Centenary Female College during the presidency of Professor W. J. Vaughn. During their girlhood these were all regular attendants in the Sunday school, either as pupils or teachers, and all united with the Methodist Church.

I was not so well acquainted with Mr. Taylor as I was with Mrs. Taylor. I was only an occasional visitor in his home; and when I was a visitor in his family, he was nearly always engaged in his business. I saw much of Mrs. Taylor in her own house; besides, she spent some time in my family on four different occasions. She was a woman of the highest ideals, of great force of character, and withal of great affability and tender sympathy. Her end was the fit sequel of such a life. I called to see her a short time before her death. She knew

that her work was done. She was waiting for her translation. Her husband and seven of her children had passed over the mysterious stream that divides the heavenly land from ours. She felt some nervousness about crossing the river, but her heart was with her Lord and the company on the other shore. Noble woman! She had fought a good fight. She had kept the faith. Henceforth she will wear a crown of righteousness promised to those who hold fast the profession of their faith unto the end.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Summerfield—Centenary Institute—Dr. A. H. Mitchell and Mrs. Fidelia (Douglas) Mitchell—Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Harrison—Rev. and Mrs. Greenberry Garrett—Dr. John S. Moore—Mrs. S. L. W. Daniel—Dr. S. W. Vaughan.

AS Summerfield was my home for eight years, during which I had a variety of experiences, some of the most pleasant and some of the most sorrowful of my life, and as I here formed very close and cordial relations with some of the noted people of that day, I consider it proper to give a brief account of the origin and characteristics of the place.

It was originally called Valley Creek and was incorporated as a school in 1829. When the centenary of Methodism was celebrated, in 1839, there was great activity in Methodist circles in raising money for the foundation of schools. As Valley Creek was centrally located, it was thought to be the best place for a college in Middle Alabama. There were no railroads and no large centers of population. Satisfied with conditions as they then were and not dreaming of the astounding changes that were to come in less than three-quarters of a century, the citizenry imagined that this place might in course of time become the capital of the State. But let us not smile at their simple faith, for they had faith that resulted in works. They did the best thing they knew for their generation. As an outcome of the centenary movement Valley Creek was, in 1842, chartered as Centenary Institute and started as an institution of higher learning. In 1843 Dr. A. H. Mitchell was called from Emory College to the presidency. In 1845 the name of the place was changed from Valley Creek to Summerfield, in honor of the eloquent preacher, John Summerfield.

During the later forties and the fifties, and even into the early sixties, this school became the most noted institution in all Central Alabama. Much of the time from 1845 to 1865 there were as many as five hundred students in attendance. The work done was not of the highest grade according

(230)

to the modern standards, but it was of a kind that made good men and good women. From the evidences they left behind them, as large a portion of them served their generation efficiently while they lived and then went to the kingdom of God above as of any generation that has ever lived in Alabama.

One striking feature of Centenary Institute was its religious tone. So far as I can learn, it was the most positive spiritual influence that has ever been exerted in education in this State, unless that in old LaGrange College may have been its equal. I had been hearing of Summerfield for many years. It was as a city set on a hill. I believe that my decision to go there when I did was somewhat quickened by a wish that I might secure some spiritual benefit by breathing its religious atmosphere.

The Institute as organized under Dr. Mitchell consisted of two separate departments, Centenary Female College and Centenary Male Institute. It was to the latter that I was called. Dr. R. K. Hargrove (afterwards Bishop) had been in charge of the Female College the previous year. Professor W. J. Vaughn was just coming in to take charge of it when I entered the male school, in 1866.

Mr. Hill and I opened with about seventy-five boys and ran on smoothly till sometime in the early spring, when one of our boys stabbed another in a manner that could not be passed over lightly. I was in favor of dismissing the offender; but Mr. Hill, being influenced by a friend of the family of the offender, was in favor of letting the offense pass with only a reprimand. We finally compromised on a week's suspension and ran to the close of the session. While Mr. Hill and I remained friends to the day of his death, I resolved never again to go into partnership with any one in the management of a school. I had been a soldier and knew how to obey orders and did not mind doing so; but when I had to take the responsibility of management, or even half of it, I wanted a free hand to do what I deemed right and proper. I offered to resign in his favor; but he declined to accept this offer and took a school in Dayton, Alabama.

From the close of that year, 1866-67, I have always assumed the responsibility of managing my school without interference from teachers or trustees. I have sometimes asked advice of my teachers, but have always assumed the entire responsibility in matters of government. In some cases I found it necessary to dismiss pupils, which I always did with the least possible publicity. In several cases I felt obliged to require the resignation of teachers. I cannot recall a single case of unpleasant discipline over which I have any regret.

On September 15, 1867, in Jackson, Alabama, John Taylor Massey, my oldest son, was born. He was baptized by Dr. A. H. Mitchell.

The session of 1867-68 was a hard one, owing to the fact that there was a failure in the crops. The patronage was small and collections poor, but the success with the pupils I had was very gratifying. There was a growing pleasure in my work, notwithstanding the discouraging feature of limited financial remuneration. I am convinced that the teacher who does not do his best in spite of poor pay has missed his calling; but the fact that he does his best on poor pay is the strongest moral appeal that can be made in favor of his being paid a decent living.

The session of 1868-69 was more prosperous financially, and I was so much absorbed in my work that the thought of ever going into the practice of law was beginning to fade out of my mind. Besides, my family was increasing, and the inexpediency of making a change in my profession was becoming apparent. The fact that I could make a living by teaching and the growing evidence that I was exerting considerable influence over the minds and characters of my pupils gradually brought me to the settled conviction that this was my calling—a calling whose prime object is the building up of humanity, a calling upon which I could claim the blessing of God. Since 1869 I have never thought seriously of changing my vocation.

On September 29, 1869, my second son, Louis Vaughn Massey, was born in Summerfield, Alabama. He was baptized by Rev. M. E. Butt. After the death of his brother Johnnie, he

was my almost constant companion for the next two years. He was an interesting boy of fine capacity, to whom I endeavored to give the best educational advantages. Through his good name and that of his son, John Castleman Massey, I hope that our family name will be worthily perpetuated. I am more anxious that my children shall make and maintain worthy characters than that they shall have a good time or achieve worldly success. They will never know the deep solicitude I feel for their welfare unless they gain some conception of it through their own children.

I had now, in the third year of my residence, become acquainted with the people. In a small place of not more than two or three hundred the people see one another in all phases more clearly than they do in large cities or in sparsely settled neighborhoods. Besides, there was a closer community of interests and sentiments than usual. The Johnston family, who were Presbyterians, were the only family I recall who were not members of the Methodist Church. Although class meetings had been abolished as a test of membership by the General Conference of 1866, still the use of class meetings had not become obsolete in Summerfield. So the people who attended these meetings had, in addition to the fruits they bore in their conduct, opportunity to become acquainted with the inner life of their neighbors. There were several religious services each week which a considerable number of the people attended, besides one or two "protracted meetings" each year. Now, while my observation convinced me that all this did not make saints of some of the people, it did develop a high type of piety in some others and did give an opportunity for becoming intimately acquainted. It may be interesting and instructive to preserve the memory of some of these people as I knew them a half century ago.

DR. A. H. MITCHELL AND MRS. FIDELIA MITCHELL.

Dr. Archelaus H. Mitchell was the king of Summerfield. He was a native of Georgia, born in 1807; was a graduate of Franklin College (University of Georgia); was in college with

Bishop Pierce, Robert Toombs, and Alexander H. Stephens; had taught Bishop McTyeire and Dr. W. A. McCarty in Cokesbury, South Carolina; and was teaching in Emory College when he was called to Centenary Institute in 1843. Some-time later the University of Alabama conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, in recognition of his ability and his work in education. He had begun his education late in his youth and could hardly be called a very accurate scholar; but his was a strong, positive personality coupled with traits that some people called little. Soon after I went to Summerfield my wife and I were invited to attend the celebration of his birthday, October 15. On this day he closed his fifty-ninth and entered upon his sixtieth year. This was the beginning of my intimate acquaintance with him and his wife, for whom I always entertained an affectionate regard.

In physique he was tall, bony, and broad-shouldered, slightly bow-legged and big-footed, with a large square head, from which the hair stood up straight in front, light blue eyes, and a tremendous Roman nose, which hooked over and almost touched his chin. He had a distinct, energetic enunciation that made him, not eloquent, but impressive. He was not a good conversationalist. He was not a patient listener. He was too apt to inject his laconic remarks that did not always contribute to the easy flow of the conversation. But with all his peculiarities he was an old Roman in integrity. In his bosom beat as warm and sympathetic a heart as could be found in many who claimed to be capable of more generous sentiments. He was not constituted to be a gentleman of leisure. There was no avenue for waste in his composition. He lost no time in idleness. He squandered no energy in useless pursuits. He spent no money on nonessentials. His economy in money matters provoked the criticism of free livers, yet his generosity put his critics to shame when it came to providing for the needy and pushing forward useful enterprises in the world. He was not a wit, but there was something in the tones of his voice and the turns of his thoughts that awakened emotions of the ludicrous without any such intention on his part.

As stated above, his name was Archelaus H. Mitchell. He pronounced the name Arch'y-lus, accenting the first syllable instead of the third. At a General Conference of which he was a member and Dr. Thomas O. Summers was the Secretary, Dr. Summers, in calling the roll, called out: "Archelaus H. Mitchell." Dr. Mitchell said: "Arch'y-lus, if you please." Dr. Summers, with his strict notions of classic pronunciation, called again: "Archelaus H. Mitchell." Dr. Mitchell answered the second time, "Arch'y-lus." Dr. Summers called the third time: "Archelaus H. Mitchell." Dr. Mitchell said: "Humph! Were you at the christening?" Dr. Mitchell, being five years the senior, made the repartee more pointed.

He was a member of a militia company during the last days of the war, such a company as I commanded at Pollard. His company was sent to aid in the defense of Selma and was in the city when it was captured. Before it was taken there was some shooting on both sides. The Doctor took aim at a Federal soldier and pulled the trigger, saying: "May the Lord have mercy on his soul!" When he was asked years afterwards whether this story was true or not, he said it was. When asked whether he killed any one, he said: "I don't know; but I sent three bullets as straight as I could." When the city fell into the hands of the Federals, the Doctor took refuge under some doorsteps on the side of the street along which the soldiers were gathering up prisoners. A man of the bayonet spied him and ordered him to come out. As the old man crawled out and straightened up his huge grizzly form, towering away above that of his captor, the soldier called to his comrades in a loud voice: "Run here quick, boys. Here is the daddy of all the Johnny Rebs."

His form was so angular and ungraceful and his voice so hard and dry that one would have thought him devoid of pathos, yet as pathetic a thing as I ever heard from any man I heard from him. Dr. Mitchell, Rev. Greenberry Garrett, and Dr. Jefferson Hamilton had been bosom friends for many years. They had stood shoulder to shoulder and fought the battles of the Conference before the world. They had been bound to-

gether in a sacred trio in their private homes. Mr. Garrett and Dr. Hamilton died some years before Dr. Mitchell. He was preaching a sermon in which he alluded to their departure. He must have felt as John Wesley did in the last years of his life while trying to read his brother Charles's "Wrestling Jacob":

"Come, O thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before me is gone,
And I am left alone with thee."

When he came to the line, "My company before me is gone," Mr. Wesley's voice was hushed in tears. So Dr. Mitchell's voice grew soft and tremulous as he referred to the going of his companions and said: "I feel like a solitary old pine standing bare and limbless, from which all of its companions have been cut down." His tall, rugged stature looked so much like a solitary old pine standing out against the sky that this comparison expressing his loneliness made a pathetic scene that I have rarely witnessed.

His religious experience was not a striking one, but was, I believe, not an uncommon one. He did not know the time when he was converted. He only knew that he had committed his life to God in Christ and that he was trying to live as became a Christian. I have sometimes thought that it was a good thing to have such a steadying balance wheel as his experience during the revivals in order to keep religion from running off wholly into excitement.

He said that he grew up in a family noted for strict integrity, but in which there was no public recognition of religion. He took his father into the Church after he became a minister of the gospel.

Dr. W. P. Hurt, pastor of Church Street Church, Selma, went out to Summerfield to see Dr. Mitchell a short time before his death. He was over ninety and in much feebleness. After some conversation, Dr. Hurt said: "You have had a long life and a varied experience, Doctor. You know that in the course of nature you cannot expect to remain here much lon-

ger. How do you feel at the prospect of death?" He raised his emaciated frame up on his elbow, looked his friend straight in the face, and said: "To tell you the truth, Brother Hurt, I have never been able to contemplate death with much enthusiasm." He did not need dying grace before death; but two weeks later, when his time came to meet "the king of terrors," he passed away in great peace. Dying grace was given for the dying hour on October 3, 1903, he lacking only twelve days of being ninety-six years of age.

Mrs. Fidelia Douglas Mitchell was a native of Massachusetts. She had come South as a teacher when many of our best teachers came from the North. She was employed as a teacher in the College during the life of the first Mrs. Mitchell and sometime later was married to Dr. Mitchell. She was a woman of rare common sense, deep piety, and large public spirit. She entered into all the social life of the young people as one of them and was equally ready to share the sorrows of the afflicted and to administer comfort to the disconsolate. She had the nimble faculty of adapting herself to every phase of human experience and yet of remaining through it all the same unwavering pointer to the Star of Bethlehem. She was as nearly Pauline in her feeling as any one I have ever known in becoming "all things to all men," that she might win some.

She was a "Yankee" in her economy. While her hospitality was as generous and enjoyable as that of any of her more lavish Southern neighbors, nothing went to waste about her house. I was many times entertained at her table when at the beginning of the meal there was nothing in sight. Soon some article of food would be brought on without any apology. By the time we had eaten this, from a little stove in the corner of the dining room she would have something else handed, till an ample meal had been served without waste and without ostentation. All the time she was making us feel free and easy—a great contrast to some elaborate dinners I have seen in which hostess and guests and servants were all on thorns lest something improper should be done.

She was a great help to me in some of the sorrows I was

called to pass through. After her death Dr. Mitchell said to me: "I have buried two wives. The first was the most beautiful woman I ever knew; the second was the best one I ever saw."

MR. AND MRS. B. I. HARRISON.

Mr. B. I. Harrison came to Valley Creek (Summerfield) in 1832 and was a trustee of the schools for many years. He was a native of South Carolina and a graduate of the South Carolina College (University of South Carolina). He told me that Dr. Thomas Cooper, a man of great versatility of talents and prodigious learning, who was President of the College from 1820 to 1834, had "ruined a whole generation of young men by his skeptical teaching." Dr. Cooper must have been an extremist, as he had, before coming to South Carolina, been fined and imprisoned by the courts in Pennsylvania for a violent newspaper attack made on President John Adams.

Mr. Harrison was a man of frail physical constitution, but of fine intellectual parts. He was a great reader of standard literature. He was especially fond of Charles Lamb. There seemed to have been something in the gentle spirit of the poet and critic of "Elia" that appealed to Mr. Harrison's sensitive nature.

He was not religious when he came to Alabama. At a meeting held in 1835 he was fully convinced of the reality of the Christian religion and of his need of its support. He resolved to forsake the world and to seek the Saviour. From that hour salvation was the supreme desire of his heart, which was drawn out in incessant prayer during his waking hours for twelve months, till one day, while riding on horseback in company with two godless men, he fell into deep meditation and secret prayer. Thus riding along the road with no extraneous help, his doubts fled away, and his soul was bathed in the light of the divine Spirit, showing that God can meet men anywhere when they are ready to meet him. Some people need the stimulating help of others to enable them to make a full commit-

ment of themselves to God. Others must have all human help removed before they can come to the point of relying on nothing but God. Mr. Harrison was not what is generally styled a success as a business man, but he was a man of lovely spirit.

In addressing my school on one occasion he said: "Young gentlemen, never try to cover up your sins. Be sure they will find you out. But remember that there is always one way out of a wrong thing. Have the manhood to acknowledge your sin, then you will have the evidence in yourselves that you are doing your part to correct your faults and the witness of God's Spirit making you feel the blessedness of him whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered."

Mrs. Harrison's maiden name was Adaline H. Simmons. She was a woman of rare ability and of extraordinary religious zeal. She had a very ardent temperament and was demonstrative in her feelings. I believe that there are many persons of less fervid temperament who, though perfectly sincere in their devotion, do not make the same demonstrations that Mrs. Harrison did. "One star differeth from another star" in the realm of religious experience as well as in the firmament. Mrs. Harrison was "an elect lady" and "adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things."

REV. AND MRS. GREENBERRY GARRETT.

Rev. Greenberry Garrett had been for many years an active member of the Alabama Conference, but was, when I went to Summerfield, a superannuate and held the position of postmaster in the village. In his early years he had been a missionary to the Cherokee Indians in North Alabama and East Tennessee. He was familiar with the Indian language and was always ready to entertain his friends with specimens of their speeches and songs. He was presiding elder of the district that embraced Pierce's Springs, Mississippi, in 1855. During his presiding eldership I made my first public move in religion, as stated on a former page. He had a keen dark eye, an aquiline nose, and a large chin, indicating positiveness of character. He was by natural disposition a determined man who could not

brook restraints gracefully. As he grew older this trait assumed a tone of impatience. This was manifested when the students would ask irrelevant questions about the mails. This impatience prevented him from seeing dormant possibilities of good in his fellow men. His lack of prophetic vision and sympathetic faith in young humanity was manifested on one occasion when he passed an uncomplimentary judgment upon the future of Samuel Will John, the baby boy of Mrs. J. R. John. This was done in the presence of a large company of friends. It deeply wounded Mrs. John, who never forgave it till her son had become a man whom she was proud to claim as her son and whom the State of Alabama has been pleased to honor as one of its strong and valiant men. Rather than pass an unfavorable judgment upon a boy, better do as Daniel Webster once said that he felt like doing: touch his hat to every boy he met, for he was thus paying his respects to the future manhood of the country. In her old age Mrs. John used to laugh at this prophecy, which was entirely reversed. She passed it to the account of Mr. Garrett's lack of prophetic vision.

Mr. Garrett's impatience was prominently exhibited on one occasion when he was requested to marry a couple in the church at eleven o'clock on Sunday, when he had to preach. No doubt he had selected his hymns without any reference to the marriage. The bridal party was late getting to the church, which was packed with people, many of them seemingly more interested in the wedding than they were in the sermon. Necks were craned and eyes turned toward the door till the old man's patience went all to pieces. Finally the bridal party arrived, and the conjugal knot was tied in great haste. The preacher, in a harsh voice and in a chopped-up style, as fast as he could utter the words, went through the marriage ceremony. Before the parties could get fairly away from the chancel, he announced his first hymn:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope
Or spark of glimmering day."

Notwithstanding his faults, he was a true man, such stuff as martyrs are made of. He would have gone to the stake for his principles.

Mrs. Garrett was from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Her maiden name was Eliza Williams. Her marriage to Mr. Garrett was her second marriage, as it was also his. She had in her own right property enough to support her, but she was exceedingly industrious and desirous of seeing the fruits of her labors. As her house joined the College lot, she was in the habit of taking some girl students to board. Boarders are nearly always keen-eyed observers of the saving qualities of their hosts and kindly interested reporters of their frugal management. Mrs. Garrett's boarders were quite free to speak of her fine economical traits, as is evidenced by such tender expressions as the following: "Aunt Garrett, please give me a little more sugar in my coffee." Her standing answer was: "Stir it, my dear." She never permitted undissolved sugar to go into her dishwater. But I can bear testimony to the fact that she was a kind neighbor, abounding in alms-deeds, and that the real salt of Christian charity was remarkably efficient even while working through her human qualities.

DR. JOHN S. MOORE.

Dr. John S. Moore deserves mention in this connection. He had been a teacher in the male school and was retiring as I went in. He was at the next Conference appointed preacher in charge of the Summerfield Church, where he remained two years. He was a Virginian by birth and education. He had taken a four-year course at Randolph-Macon College, from which he was graduated. But finding, as he expressed it, that he "was not educated," he took an extra four years in the University of Virginia, receiving the degree of M.A. He had a fine logical mind that could be satisfied with nothing but absolutely correct standards in all departments of life.

He had, as he himself admitted, broken down his nervous system by his protracted courses of study, from which prostration he never fully recovered. I think this disorder gave his

mind more of a somber cast than was natural. Notwithstanding this tendency to see the darker side of life, he had many lovable elements in his composition which I learned to value very highly. Besides the cordial relation of pastor and private member, we carried on a course of study together. Our subject was Sir William Hamilton's "Metaphysics." Our plan was to get one or two chapters each week and recite the paragraphs alternately without using the book, keeping the connection of the thought in the development of the subject. I found this a stimulating mental exercise as well as a delightful intercourse with an open-minded friend in whom there was no guile.

He was a very exacting teacher, who had no patience with shams or shirking. His standard overtopped ordinary pupils. He could carry good students along on a high plane, but he lacked some of the sympathetic talent required to come down to the lower orders of undisciplined minds and inspire them with hope and confidence in making the most of themselves.

As a speaker he was rigid in gesture and inflexible in voice. His words came slowly, sometimes hesitatingly; but when they did come, they were the right words. His sentences seemed like tempered steel, not susceptible of correction. When he had a subject thoroughly wrought out and warmed by the fire of his great heart, his speech went forward with convincing power. I have heard sermons from him equal to the best I ever heard, estimated by what a sermon should be intended to do—to produce conviction of the truth.

When one knew him well, there was a manifest vein of humor that effervesced in jokes and funny anecdotes which he could tell with surprising effect.

He would stand by the truth as he conceived it even when it was embarrassing to do so. As an illustration, I had a class in Bourdon's "Algebra," in a very hard part of the book. A member of the class who had been his pupil the year before went to him to get help, complaining that the lesson was too long. Mr. Moore, thinking that Mr. Hill, my associate, taught all the mathematics and that I ought to know what the class was saying, informed me the next time he met me that those

algebra lessons were too long and that Mr. Hill knew nothing about teaching when he gave such lessons. I stated that this was my class and that I had given the lessons. I well remember his embarrassed expression. He was too honest to take back what he believed to be true. He did not wish to wound his friend. He felt that there was no explanation that he could consistently make. He said nothing for some seconds. I finally relieved the tension by saying that I guessed the lessons were too long for this class; that I had had former classes to do this work, but if this class could not I would shorten the lessons; and that my associate was a good teacher and finally thanked him for his candor. He ever afterwards treated me with great kindness and respect. I think he became convinced that I knew something about teaching, as he in after years sent three of his daughters to school to me.

I have always appreciated two compliments that he paid me: that I had religion and common sense and that I knew how to kick the chunks out of my way in running my school.

MRS. S. L. W. DANIEL.

Mrs. Susan Lee (Winfield) Daniel was born in North Carolina October 24, 1820, and died in Avondale, Alabama, May 1, 1910, being nearly ninety years of age. When I knew her in Summerfield, whither she had moved on account of the schools, she was the widowed mother of ten children, eight daughters and two sons. Two of these children preceded her, two have followed her to the goodly land, and six still survive.

Although the struggle is a hard one, the mother can rear a family better than the father can. Somehow God helps the widow, and somehow in the process she often develops a Christian character rarely ever seen under other conditions. Mrs. Daniel was one of my nearest neighbors and one of the best. In cases of sickness and death in my family she was a friend indeed. Her piety was of a quiet sort; but, measured by the standard set by Christ in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, she should be numbered among those on his right hand.

Her sons were for several years pupils of mine. One be-

came a successful business man in Birmingham; the other is Dr. John Daniel, a professor in Vanderbilt University. These boys had to work hard and practice economy in their early years, the most favorable conditions for making efficient men when there is reasonable opportunity for education. Mrs. Daniel's history has verified these scriptures, "With long life will I satisfy him;" and, "I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

DR. S. W. VAUGHAN.

Another near neighbor was Dr. S. W. Vaughan, who was my family physician and one of the best I ever had. He was a man of superior ability, not only as a physician, but as an original thinker. He was a religious man, but of a different stamp from many others in the community. He was a strong believer in the efficacy of prayer. I saw this exhibited in some of the trying experiences of his life, especially at the deathbed of his wife, who passed away not only in peace, but in triumph. The Doctor was sure that this triumph over death was in answer to prayer. Mrs. Vaughan was a splendid woman, was consistent in her life, but never made such public demonstrations of her piety as some I have mentioned.

The Doctor could not indorse some of the doctrines preached and some of the highly wrought states of feeling in the revivals of Summerfield. He thought that these were the cause of several cases of insanity in the neighborhood. There was one remarkable case of a talented young preacher who became violently insane, as was supposed, on account of his intense interest in religious doctrine. He was like the man of Gadara. He could not be bound with chains nor kept confined in the asylum. The very mention of Sam Briggs spread terror through the neighborhood.

I am under lasting obligation to Dr. Vaughan and his family for many acts of kindness; also to Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Barker, and Mrs. M. A. Jones. I wish also to mention the kindness of Dr. C. B. Moore, one of the physicians who attended my wife in her last illness.

CHAPTER XIX.

Bishop James O. Andrew—Colonel Robert A. Baker—Mr. Mark Canning and Wife—Friction between the Races—Personal Feeling toward the Negroes—Death of Mrs. Fredonia A. Massey—Trouble among the Students—Advice of Dr. Mitchell—Marriage to Miss Elnora Frances Dallas—The Dallas Family—Students Who Have Become Distinguished—Colonel Samuel Will John.

THE most noted man in the community was Bishop James Osgood Andrew. He was born in Wilkes County, Georgia, in 1794, and died in Mobile, at the home of Rev. J. W. Rush, his son-in-law, March 1, 1871. He was an itinerant preacher in the South Carolina Conference from 1816 to 1832. In 1832 he was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States and served the entire Church till 1844. In 1844 he married a lady who owned slaves. On this account the Northern members of the General Conference of 1844 desired him to "desist from the exercise of his office." The Southern delegates protested against this action. The matter was settled by dividing the Methodism of the United States into two Churches, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The former occupied mainly the Northern, or nonslaveholding, States and the latter the Southern, or slaveholding, States. This seemed to be the only solution of the matter at that time. Such is the outline as found in "The Americana."

Only a brief filling in of this outline will show him to have been one of the great and good men of his time. He was highly endowed by nature. He had a big brain and a big heart, into which the Spirit of God constantly shone from his conversion, at the age of twelve years. The following sentences are taken from *Harper's Magazine*:

Bishop Andrew had not many helps in intellectual culture in his youth. The schools of Georgia were few. Men of wealth could send their sons to Northern colleges or abroad. His parents were not able to give him these advantages for mental culture. But his religious training was complete.

His father was a devoted minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his mother was a woman of extraordinary intelligence, dignity, and kindness. He was devoted to his mother, who lived to see the tender care she had bestowed upon her cherished son richly rewarded in a life of great devotion, unsullied purity, and remarkable success.

He was licensed to preach at the early age of eighteen and started out on his ministerial career with nothing but his Bible, hymn book, and Discipline. Besides these weapons, he was inspired by the prayers of his mother, who said: "And now, my son, remember that I live if you stand fast in the Lord and continue faithful in the work of your Master." But his sensitive spirit could not but feel keenly his limitations for this most responsible calling that ever comes to men. So humiliated was he at the failure of his first attempt to preach that he resolved to abandon the ministry. On his way home he met an African slave who had heard him preach. The negro was as much edified by the effort as young Andrew was depressed by it. This was a critical moment in his life. If he could benefit even the humblest, he resolved to conquer his diffidence and to go on in the ministry. From this time there was opened in his great heart a never-failing fountain of love and sympathy for the lowly. He was ever ready to speak in their behalf.

Harper's Magazine gives an account of a great speech made by Mr. Andrew at the missionary anniversary of the South Carolina Conference early in 1832. Professor Parks, who had a great reputation as an orator, was slated for a speech which all were desirous of hearing. Mr. Andrew was called to make the introductory speech. As he lifted the negro out of his humble condition through the power of the gospel into a place in his Father's house, the people, who had been accustomed to hang on the golden tongue of William Capers, were transported into ecstasy. A gentleman distinguished in politics, who had heard Henry Clay in his best moods, declared that he had never heard him equal that speech of Mr. Andrew's. Professor Parks gracefully excused himself from following so powerful a speech.

This speech was made in behalf of the missionary work among the negroes. Some who were not interested in missions anywhere were afraid that such work among the slaves would have an evil influence. But the zeal and eloquence of Andrew and Capers overcame this opposition and created an active missionary organization which extended throughout the South Atlantic and Gulf States. This opened the way for all the preachers to carry the gospel to the colored people through a society which could conserve the results. Some of the best preachers gave their entire time to this work. One result was to accomplish more for the evangelization of the African than had been done up to that time through all the past centuries. Another result was to counteract the influence of such fanatical schemes as that of John Brown and to render morally impossible during the war and the Reconstruction period such anarchy and butchery as were perpetrated in Santo Domingo. This successful effort in Christianizing the negroes has been singularly omitted by many writers. The negroes should not be too much blamed if they have forgotten it, since the drift of events has tended to blot it from their memory.

The negro never had a better friend than Bishop Andrew. It is not an uncommon thing that the most devoted friends of a good cause are the ones to suffer most from misrepresentation. It was so with Bishop Andrew. During the stormy discussions of 1844 and afterwards he was accused of selfish and ignoble motives, but through it all he bore himself with admirable self-possession and noble dignity.

I knew him only in his old age and extreme feebleness. In the few efforts which I heard him make there was no sign of his former power as an orator. I asked Dr. Mitchell, who knew him in his prime, how he in his old age compared with himself in his meridian. The Doctor said that in his palmy days he was a man of great power in the pulpit and of extraordinary common sense in administration; that, while his power of oratory had passed with the vigor of his manhood, his good judgment and genial spirit remained like a glorious sunset after a brilliant day.

COLONEL ROBERT A. BAKER.

Another prominent man of Summerfield was Colonel Robert A. Baker. He had just moved out as I moved in. Although I was not acquainted with him through personal association, I had excellent opportunities for becoming acquainted with his character and methods of business. During my first year's residence in the place I boarded with Mr. Lewis R. Davis, an intimate friend and admirer of Colonel Baker. He gave me much information concerning Colonel Baker.

Another opportunity of becoming acquainted with his spirit and manner of life grew out of the fact that he was the executor of the estate of Mr. Alexander Dallas and the guardian of his minor children, one of whom became my wife seven years later. A brief reference to him may not, therefore, be out of place, as this may throw some light on the history of the times. He was a man of large brain and might appropriately have been called "Mr. Greatheart." He was interested in every good work that was going on and was ready to initiate any enterprise that looked to the betterment of his fellow men. He was a leader in all Church work, took part in the public discussions of the day, and was the organizer of a business on a great scale. He was a cotton factor, whose main office was located in Mobile, the center of the cotton trade. He was the custodian of the property of many widows and orphans. There were no such institutions as guaranty and trust companies. Much of the business now done by such companies was then intrusted to the hands of individual men. As Colonel Baker had the confidence of the people, much of this business was committed to his management. One of the cardinal principles of his business code was: "Keep in debt, as this stimulates activity in business." He never carried this principle so far as was expressed by another enterprising business man in later years: "Keep in debt about two jumps ahead of the sheriff." But such a principle is lacking in proper caution and in strict regard for the interests of other people. When the current of business runs smoothly, all may turn out well; but

when it has to run over shoals and falls, great disasters are often the result.

When the war came, Colonel Baker was heavily loaded with debt. He had in his business the money of many people who could least afford to lose it. He was an honest man. He was keenly alive to this responsibility. He left his quiet home in Summerfield soon after the surrender, went to Mobile, and made a desperate effort to carry his business through successfully. But the task was too great for a man past middle life. He went to a premature grave under the strain. He died like many another good and great-hearted man, as one of the fatal results of the war. While much of the finest blood that ever ran in Southern veins was already in the cold ground when the Confederacy went down in tears, still much more was doomed to be dried up in its fountains through disappointment, sorrow, and grief.

Mr. W. L. Baker did all he could to keep the business going after his father's death and to recoup the rightful dues to creditors and guardians, but that business had gone over the falls and went to pieces along the rapids during the succeeding years of Reconstruction. The Dallas heirs never received much of the fine estate their father left them in 1858.

MR. MARK CANNING AND HIS WIFE.

Mr. Mark Canning was another citizen with whom I entertained the most cordial relations for many years. He came from Ireland in his early manhood, stopped for a short time in Livingston, Alabama, and worked at his trade. Mr. Stephen Potts, a relative of Colonel Baker, discovered the fine points in the character and the mechanical skill of this young man and recommended him to Colonel Baker, who was looking for a good workman for his town. Through the influence of these gentlemen Mr. Canning came to Summerfield. As soon as his fine qualities were fully proved, Dr. Mitchell, who owned a blacksmith and wagon shop, took him in as a partner. He showed such efficiency and trustworthiness that the Doctor committed to him the whole management of the business and

the care of his house while he went to Montgomery to take charge of Court Street Church. So satisfactory was Mr. Canning's work, much of which he did with his own hands, that the shop drew trade from the adjacent country and even from Selma. He was soon able to buy out Dr. Mitchell's interest and to run the shop successfully on his own account.

While he was a man of limited education, he was endowed with quick perceptive powers, lively sensibilities, and as generous impulses as any man ever brought from the emerald hills of Robert Emmett and Daniel O'Connell. Proud but affable, self-respecting but full of good cheer, he made everybody in the village feel better by his hearty laughter. He dressed well, drove the finest horse in town, and associated with the most cultivated ladies of the community. He married Miss Sallie Isabella Dallas, who belonged to one of the prominent families of the place.

He had imbibed some of Colonel Baker's notions of borrowing money and doing business on a large scale. He believed in having everything done in fine style. He had no patience with a niggardly spirit. He sometimes manifested scant respect for small economies. The following instance is an illustration. An old gentleman by the name of Torbert sent two boys to my school. On his visits to Summerfield he would pay fifty cents to ride from Selma on a wagon rather than pay two dollars to ride in a fine hack. Mr. Canning thought this was beneath the dignity of a gentleman.

When Mr. Torbert's boys left school he owed me seventy-one dollars, which he was not able to pay on account of the failure of the crops and the financial panic of 1873. Eleven years after Mr. Torbert's boys left school he sent me a post office order for every dollar he owed me. His example is one of many that should put us on guard against discounting people who practice small economies. Such people are often honest; and honesty merits respect, even if not so amiable a quality as generosity.

Mr. Canning was doing well in Summerfield, but he decided to move to Selma and enlarge his business more rapidly than

he could do by his annual income. He had a fine prospect. Extensive additions seemed to be demanded in his shops. This required more money, which he could easily borrow; but when the panic of 1893 came and other untoward events followed, he had to close his business hopelessly involved in debt. He went to his grave a mournful wreck of his former self. Let the shepherd's song in Browning's "Saul" be his elegy:

"The man taught by life's dream, of rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this."

Mrs. Sallie I. Canning was one of the elect ladies of the land. After she moved to Selma, in 1876, she became an enthusiastic worker in the United Charities of that city. She was full of good works and almsdeeds, like Dorcas, while she lived; and now being dead, her name is still redolent of good deeds among her neighbors, both Jews and Gentiles, both whites and negroes.

FRICION BETWEEN THE RACES.

The session of 1870-71 was a very trying one. In addition to the continued decline in my wife's health, some ugly troubles between the races gave me a good deal of annoyance. I had always entertained a friendly feeling toward the negroes and could get along with them; but young, hot-blooded students could not live peaceably with them, especially when the negroes were incited by a low class of "carpetbaggers" and "scalawags" who were trying to climb into places of profit and power by stirring up strife between the races in order to curry favor with the national government. The leaders of the Republican party at that time may have been honest, but it is hard for any man who lived through the days of Reconstruction to believe that they were fair judges of the situation.

The friction between the whites and the negroes became at one time very acute. A difficulty arose between a student and a negro. A company of negroes surrounded the room of the student and made some ill-natured demonstrations. The other students and a number of white men collected for the protec-

tion of the student. The negroes, knowing that they were backed by great numbers in the county and by the carpetbag rulers in Selma, grew very insolent. Some of the older white men and some of the negroes held a meeting in the interest of peace. But some of the leading negroes did not want peace. They kept stirring up the animosity of the negroes in Selma till they finally threatened to come out to Summerfield and burn the town. While I knew that threats were cheap and should not be taken too seriously, I did not know to what lengths mean whisky and malicious white men might lead a crowd of ignorant negroes inflamed beyond the control of reason. As we were afterwards informed, three hundred did start with the express purpose of executing this threat; but they were halted and turned back on the outskirts of Selma by a company of determined white men headed by Captain Joseph F. Johnston, afterwards Governor and later United States Senator. It is due Senator Johnston to say that he did valiant service in rescuing the State from the domination of ignorance and fraud. He was an efficient man wherever he served.

In these troublous times we were, of course, determined to defend ourselves; but it was a distressing situation to be placed in when we might be forced to take the lives of ignorant beings egged on by bad leaders who would slip back out of the range of all risk when danger came. I felt that if I had to choose between open war with an honorable foe and this state of things, I should choose war.

The most deplorable result of the Reconstruction period was the alienation of the negroes from the whites. The leaders under carpetbag rule sought to accomplish this alienation for selfish purposes. Some of the white teachers in the colored schools of that period, prompted no doubt by humane motives, thought that the surest way to elevate the negro to independence was to separate him from the sympathy and the service of his former master. These teachers did not have the sanity and the vision of General S. C. Armstrong, who saw that these ill-timed efforts to thrust the negro forward before he was ready for self-government were, as he expressed it, "like a

wooden bridge built over a river of fire." These unwise attempts, occurring simultaneously with the insolent conduct of those in political power, backed by the army, sometimes provoked the Southern people to acts of violence which increased the animosity between the races. This hostile feeling, like the opening of a levee and "the letting out of water," was more easily started than stopped.

PERSONAL FEELING TOWARD THE NEGROES.

After saying this let me say again that I entertain none but kind feelings toward the colored people. It should never be forgotten that before the war the relations between them and their masters were, in the main, very cordial; that during the war they remained peaceable on the farms and made the crops for the support of the country while most of the white men were in the army; that some of them, as I have already stated, exhibited remarkable fidelity to their masters under trying circumstances; and that during the days of Reconstruction they did not do so badly as might have been expected. The Indians of America would have done worse, as hundreds of scalps proved. The Indians of Asia would have been more malignant, as the Black Hole in Calcutta showed.

It will be a mark of wisdom in the colored people to endure their lot patiently till they can, by working according to the laws of God, make their condition better. It will be a mark of magnanimity in the white people to treat them in a spirit of forbearance, kindness, and fairness while they are trying to improve their condition. It will be the part of humanity and piety in both races to "bear each other's burdens" and to seek the guidance of the universal Father, who can bring order out of chaos, light out of darkness, and good out of evil when his laws are revered and obeyed.

On October 14, 1871, in Summerfield, Alabama, my daughter, Fredonia Eva Massey, was born. She has always been appreciative of her opportunities for education. After graduating from the Alabama Conference Female College, she spent

three years in the New England Conservatory of Music, completing the course for graduation in pianoforte. Since then she has studied two years in Berlin and three years in Paris. She has the reputation of being an excellent teacher; and, what is still more to her credit, I never knew her to be guilty of a falsehood. She inherited many of her mother's fine qualities. It is my devout wish that she may cultivate the faith in Christ that sustained her mother to the end.

DEATH OF MRS. FREDONIA A. MASSEY.

At the beginning of the session of 1871-72 I took no students into my family on account of my wife's health, which continued to decline. Several weeks before the end came I had called for her mother, who came promptly and remained till the worst was all over.

The doctors had told me that they saw no chance for my wife's recovery. The day before she died she asked me what they thought of her case. I felt obliged to tell her what they said. She closed her eyes as if in solemn prayer for some moments. She evidently felt that she was facing the awful change. I read to her portions of the fourteenth chapter of John and tried to center her faith on Christ, who had gone to prepare a place for her whenever it was His will to take her to Himself. I had been feeling for several days that I could not bear to see her go out into the darkness of death. I prayed most earnestly that God would make her way clear, if it was His will to take her. The following evening she seemed perfectly reconciled. Her mind was as clear as it had ever been. She spoke to me about the children and expressed concern for them. She said that she did not ask fame or fortune for them; she only desired that they might be prepared for eternity. She sent messages to her relatives in Jackson. She gave directions about her burial and bade us all an affectionate farewell, including the servant, Lavinia, whom she exhorted to lead a good life and meet her in heaven. During the night she asked us to sing. Rev. A. D. McVoy sang, at her request:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

In parts of this hymn she joined with evident joy. Among her last utterances was the prayer of Stephen: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." After several hours of unconsciousness, she passed away at twelve o'clock the next day, November 21, 1871. When it was all over, I felt sure that she was released from suffering and was at rest in Paradise. Her mother, though deeply afflicted, bore it with striking Christian fortitude.

We carried her body to Jackson, Alabama, and laid it away in the family graveyard. The good-hearted Lavinia went with

us to take care of the children, the oldest four years old, the next two, and the youngest six weeks.

In this connection I shall mention the unselfish friendship of my neighbor, Rev. Simon Peter Richardson, who went with me at his own expense on this sad trip and delivered a beautiful funeral discourse in honor of my wife. He also baptized the baby, Fredonia Eva Massey, while in Jackson.

I had to return to my school and my desolate home. My little boy Johnnie was so distressed on my leaving that it almost broke my heart; but I had to go to work to make a living for myself and my children, and I also felt a new motive to do something to relieve the sorrows of the world as well as to relieve my own necessities. I found useful occupation to be a great solace in sorrow.

When I went to Jackson sometime later to see my children, my little boy clung to me so tenaciously, begging me not to leave him again, that I determined, contrary to the judgment of his grandmother, to take him back to Summerfield with me. Never was a child more devoted to his father. He was perfectly contented with me and was a great consolation to my bereaved spirit.

He generally went with me to the academy in the morning and played around the yard while I was engaged with my classes. Sometimes I left him with Mrs. Daniel, my next-door neighbor. She and my other kind neighbors nursed him through a severe spell of fever in the fall of 1872. My faithful servant Lavinia did much in helping me to take care of him.

My two younger children I had to leave with their big-hearted grandmother and her faithful daughters. My sister-in-law, Miss Teresa Taylor, took charge of the baby, to whom she was as much devoted as if it had been her own child. During the winter the children had the whooping cough, which greatly increased her labor and anxiety. I am under lasting obligation to her as well as to her mother and sisters. As some compensation for her care of my children at a time when I could not take care of them myself, years afterwards, when

she was in her grave, I took her daughter, Eva Graham, and kept her in college for six years, till her graduation.

TRouble AMONG THE STUDENTS.

During these years, besides my own private sorrows, I had trouble with some turbulent boys whom revival meetings could not work into peaceable, to say nothing of saintly, ways. I had difficulty not only in keeping them from a state of antagonism with the negroes, but at one time from a state of war between two factions in the school. This became very acute. I had used moral suasion and all milder means till patience ceased to be a virtue. After trying for a week to reason the demon out of the boys, I got up on Monday morning, after a troublous Sunday, determined to cast him out or cast the boys out. I put on my best suit of clothes. I always had a sort of instinct that there is some virtue in good clothes, though I had not always been able to wear them. I went to the academy fully determined what I would do. A full determination even in a crisis sets the mind somewhat at ease.

I told the boys in a few words that I had been dealing with them as gentlemen and that this course had met with slight response, that I had decided that the peace of the school should be disturbed no longer, and that all who were not willing to respect my wishes for harmony and good order must go now. I asked the leader on one side whether he wished to go now or to remain on terms of permanent peace. He looked rather taken aback and said that he wanted to stay in school and would promise to comply with my wishes. I asked the leader of the other faction what he wished to do. He said that he was willing to make peace and would promise to maintain it. I said: "Now, don't make any promises unless you are going to keep them. Any renewal of these disturbances will after this, *ipso facto*, cut you off. If you know your minds and mean to avoid strife, meet here in front of my desk and shake hands as a ratification of your promises." This they did. Then I asked all who were willing to bury all differences and to cultivate a spirit of good will to hold up their hands. All

hands went up. I had gained my point. As they retired from the room at recess, those who had been at daggers' points went out locked in each other's arms.

A few times in my experience as a teacher I have had to pass a critical point, which I managed to do successfully. I always avoided making a sharp issue, if possible. There is danger in it. It is not best to brandish the sword of justice too freely, but it has to be drawn sometimes. When it is drawn, it must be used, as far as necessary, to secure respect for rightful authority.

ADVICE OF DR. MITCHELL.

After the death of my wife, I had no disposition to go into society. I did not seek the company of ladies. Her life and death had made a profound impression upon me. I can understand the liability of people of deep feeling to cultivate morbid sentiments for the dead to an unreasonable degree without being aware of it.

In the spring of 1873 Dr. Mitchell took the liberty of suggesting to me the second time that, as I was still a young man, I might make a mistake in remaining single too long; that the solitary life I was living was not the most conducive either to my usefulness or to my happiness; that it would not be well to have my children grow up away from me; that if another woman was ever to take charge of them it would be best to make the change while they were young; and that he had been through a similar experience and advised me to entertain the thought of a second marriage. I made no reply, but took the matter under consideration.

I found upon examination that the parables of Christ threw light on the relation of the sexes in the future life; that "they who shall be accounted worthy to attain that world and the resurrection from the dead neither marry nor are given in marriage; . . . for they are equal unto the angels of God," plainly teaching that some of the affinities of this world are not perpetuated in the next, except as they have helped us, as all human affinities should do, to grow up into those higher universal relations that exist in the family of God in heaven. I

saw that, while I was living in the world, it would be best to use the ordinances which God has established and designed to promote our highest development and greatest usefulness.

I had had no ordinary woman for a wife, and I was sure that I did not want an ordinary one. But, then, where could I find one who would appeal to my imagination and hold my affections? There was a young woman who had graduated two years before with distinguished honors under President W. J. Vaughn and was considered by President McVoy as the most accomplished and valuable teacher in his faculty. She was very modest, but dignified and attractive, a young woman of refined manners and discriminating taste, as was shown by the fine exhibitions which she directed. Would so accomplished a young woman be willing to unite her fortune with a poor man handicapped with three little children? I did not know; but, be this as it might, I knew that I would never win the kind of woman that could appeal to me if I did not show self-respecting manhood enough to appeal to her fancy. She was living with her brother-in-law, a good friend of mine. I asked him if there was any objection to my visiting Miss Dallas at his home. He said there was none. I then asked her permission to visit her in a social way. She granted it. And so the matter went on till our engagement was made for the following fall.

MARRIAGE TO MISS ELNORA FRANCES DALLAS.

As I had to get my house in order to take some boarding pupils the ensuing season and had to bring my two younger children from Jackson, I thought it best for our marriage to take place in the early part of the summer. We were married on July 9, 1873, by President A. D. McVoy.

THE DALLAS FAMILY.

Mr. Alexander Dallas was born on the Island of Islay, Scotland, February 14, 1798. At the age of twenty-two he came to the United States, landing in South Carolina. By diligent work and careful economy he accumulated a small

capital. With this he came to Alabama, settling first near Belmont, in Sumter County. Later he crossed the Bigbee River into Greene County and bought the plantation on which he lived the remainder of his life.

While he was in South Carolina he was married to Miss Eliza Lucy, who died in the Belmont home, leaving six children. About two years later he was married again, to Miss Frances B. Jackson, whose family also had come from South Carolina. Though not yet seventeen years old, she was a woman of great strength and dignity, who through her whole life commanded the respect and affection of her husband's children by his first marriage. She herself became the mother of eight children, all of whom but one grew to maturity.

Both husband and wife were endowed by nature with a high degree of common sense and wonderful capacity for toil and endurance. She, like Solomon's wise woman, looked well to the ways of her household, while he gave his personal superintendence to the affairs of his plantation. While a kind and considerate master, he knew what good work was and always managed to secure the best efforts of his slaves. He took an honest pride in his work. A man of robust health, he was never known to be ill. When death came to him, it was by an accident. While superintending the starting of a new gin his sleeve was caught in the saws, his arm was drawn in, and the arteries were so badly lacerated that he bled to death before a physician could be summoned, October 23, 1858.

Our plan in the war was to tie a cord or a handkerchief very tightly above the wound till a better appliance could be obtained. If this had been done in Mr. Dallas's case, his life would probably have been saved. Dying at the age of sixty, he had reared and educated eight of his fourteen children and accumulated an estate worth about seventy-five thousand dollars, which, through the disasters of war, ran to waste in the next few years.

Mr. Dallas took much interest in promoting good schools in the community. His active mind was so eager for knowledge that he was careful to improve himself by a wide range of

good reading, especially in history, biography, and religious literature. In politics he was a Whig and an ardent admirer of Henry Clay. His faith in God was the crowning glory of his strong and useful life. He conducted family worship in his home and frequently called in his slaves for prayer and religious instruction. When they got married, he had the ceremony performed by a minister and gave them a wedding feast. Mighty in prayer and fervent in exhortation, he served his Church well as steward and class leader. Rev. Josiah Barker, who was once his pastor, told me something of his whole-hearted piety, which often broke forth in praises to God. During the annual protracted meetings he was always careful to look after the entertainment of visitors from other communities.

Mrs. Frances Jackson Dallas, his wife, was equally as strong a character as her husband, but of a less demonstrative temperament. In the language of Dr. Mitchell, who knew her well:

Her piety was quiet, but decided; not very demonstrative, but very consistent; always upon the side of right and ready for every good word and work. Hers was a well-rounded Christian character; "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Like the woman in the Gospel, "she did what she could" while she lived; and, having served her generation according to the will of God, she, like David, "fell on sleep and was laid to her fathers."

Next to the youngest child of these worthy parents was Elinora Frances Massey, who inherited their intelligence, energy, and philanthropic spirit, and who did honor to them and to every relation that she sustained in her passage through the world.

STUDENTS WHO BECAME DISTINGUISHED.

The session of 1873-74 opened with only a moderate patronage. We had just passed through the financial panic of 1873, and money was very scarce—a condition that always works a hardship on schools dependent on patronage for support. The work of the year went on without any striking features. As this was my eighth and, as it turned out to be, my last year

at Summerfield, I shall here give a résumé of the work. During these rather inauspicious years I had many good students and some very superior ones, quite a number, considering the size of the school, who have attained large influence. Among them Dr. John S. Frazer, who is one of the leading members of the Alabama Conference, and the late Dr. V. O. Hawkins, of the North Alabama Conference, are representative clergymen; Judge John R. Tyson, formerly Chief Justice of Alabama, the late Judge J. C. Richardson, Mr. F. M. Jackson, the late Freeman Daniel, of Birmingham, Mr. Henry L. Gaines, Dr. Vivian P. Gaines, of Mobile, and Dr. John Daniel, of Vanderbilt University, are representative laymen.

One of the most brilliant among the students of those years was Rev. Robert T. Nabors, who became well known as an orator. Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald wrote this eulogy:

Rev. R. T. Nabors, Chaplain of Vanderbilt University, died of pneumonia on Tuesday, April 1, 1884. The body was laid to rest in the Vanderbilt burying ground amid manifestations of profound feeling. He died early, but he lived long enough to develop a Christian character of exquisite symmetry and beauty; long enough to impress his influence upon a large and rapidly widening circle of admiring and affectionate friends; long enough to attain a pulpit excellence rarely equaled; long enough to leave a name that, in the circle of those who knew him as he was, will be linked with those of Summerfield and Cookman.

In 1880 he preached the commencement sermon before the Alabama Conference Female College. Many who heard it pronounced it the most eloquent sermon that they had ever heard. When I offered to pay him for his services, he would take nothing, saying: "You have already paid me many times in what you did for me in Summerfield."

Altogether, I feel assured that my work was not in vain, though not a financial success and not without trouble and sorrow. Summerfield was on the wane. It was an inaccessible place, in addition to the drawback mentioned on a former page. It was becoming harder every year to get patronage from a distance. Upon the foreign patronage the school had mainly to rely, as the local patronage was small. I had come to see that this was not now a good location for a school, whatever it

might have been in former years under entirely different conditions. I saw that, if I was ever to do much as a teacher, I must go where the pupils were to be found.

At the close of the session in July, 1874, some of the trustees were very desirous that I should take charge of both schools, the female college as well as the male academy. Professor McVoy had been talking about going away. I reluctantly consented to the arrangement on two conditions: First, that McVoy was not to be superseded unless his resignation was voluntarily offered; and, second, that the proposed arrangement should meet the unanimous approval of the Board. The Board by a majority vote decided to place both schools under my supervision. I found that McVoy was very much hurt at the action of the Board and that this action was not unanimous. I positively declined to have anything to do with an arrangement that would displace a fellow teacher. McVoy was retained for another year.

COLONEL SAMUEL WILL JOHN.

During my residence in Summerfield I became intimately acquainted with the family of Judge J. R. John, of Selma, one of whose sons, Samuel Will, I had known at the University. This young man of positive and courageous temperament stood ready to check all forms of shirking and deception among his fellow cadets. His conduct was prophetic of what he has since become, one of the most intelligent and enterprising citizens of the commonwealth, one who regards the welfare of the public above his own advancement. He deserves honorable mention, not only because he has been my intimate friend for fifty years, but also because he has rendered valuable suggestions in the preparation of these notes. I had the honor of teaching his daughter, Miss Estelle John, and of graduating his niece, Miss Mary Blandin, during my connection with the college in Tuskegee. Two of his sisters, Misses Mary and Annie John, were college mates and bosom friends of my wife, Elnora Frances Dallas, with whom the latter divided the first honors of their class.

CHAPTER XX.

Move to Mobile—Mr. William Otis—Father Abram J. Ryan—Dr. E. P. Gaines—Dr. Jefferson Hamilton—Dawn of a Brighter Day for the South—The Last Speech of Jefferson Davis.

IN September, 1874, I had some communication with Dr. Hamilton, presiding elder of the Mobile District, relative to a district high school which his District Conference had resolved to establish in the city of Mobile. The committee that had charge of the matter offered me two thousand dollars and a house to live in for the first year, with the understanding that suitable buildings should be erected for the future operation of the school. I offered my resignation to the Board of Centenary Institute and made my arrangements to move to Mobile.

I went ahead of my family and opened the school. In a few days a letter came from my wife stating that Johnnie was sick. Soon afterwards came the sad intelligence that he had diphtheria and later a summons to return to Summerfield at once. I found my bright, beautiful seven-year-old boy at death's door. This was a distressing sight. He died on October 10, 1874; and we buried him near Bryan Dallas, my wife's brother, who was killed in the army and whose remains were brought home for interment. Though the loss of this intelligent and interesting boy, who had been my close companion, grieved me sorely, I did not complain. I recalled that Christ had said, in speaking of children: "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." I knew not what trouble and anguish God had saved him from by taking him while his "mind was pure and form was young."

"Go to thy rest, fair child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and meek and mild,
With blessings on thy head;
Ere sin could wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere."

As soon as possible I returned to Mobile with my family and resumed my work in the school, which Dr. William Shapard, pastor of St. Francis Street Church, had kindly carried on during my absence.

There was an epidemic of smallpox in the city, and yellow flags were posted all around us during the whole winter. We were vaccinated; and after the first flush of apprehension we went wherever we pleased in the city with immunity from the disease.

Soon after our arrival we united with Franklin Street Church ("the old beehive") because my friend, Rev. J. W. Rush, was the pastor. At the following Conference he was succeeded by Dr. Edward Wadsworth, who has been mentioned. Dr. Wadsworth was an able preacher of zeal and power. His distinguishing characteristic, along with the clearness of his sermons, was the exceeding particularity about his grammar. In the exegesis of his text he would frequently do some parsing. But he rarely ever failed to make the subject clear and convincing.

MR. WILLIAM OTIS.

The most prominent and influential man in Franklin Street Church at this time was Mr. William Otis, an Englishman, who had come to this country a poor man, had engaged in the sawmill business, and had accumulated a considerable amount of property. He was very economical in his personal expenditures and very liberal in all Church work and public enterprises for the relief of the sick and the suffering. He had a big square head, a broad nose, and a red English face—a typical John Bull in dogged persistence. You could not coerce him. You had to lead him if you moved him at all. But back of his heavy-looking physiognomy there was as big a heart as ever came from Old England. In his religious notions he was a genuine Wesleyan. Prayer meetings, class meetings, love feasts, and watch nights never became obsolescent in his mind. Camp meetings too were great meetings with him. He kept a large two-story cottage on the Seashore

Camp Ground, at which he entertained liberally all visitors who were not able to pay board at the public tent. He also believed in kneeling for prayer, which he always had before breakfast. On one occasion while prayer was being conducted in his tent a young man failed to kneel. Mr. Otis went to him and laid his hand upon his shoulder, saying: "Kneel down, young man. Any one who eats at my tent must kneel for prayer." Mr. Otis was in some respects like Mr. Alexander Dallas, who has been mentioned, though of a less ardent temperament.

We had many pleasant friends in the membership of our Church, among them the Michaels, the Simmses, the Austins, the Hoppers, the Reids, the Porters, and the Dicksons. In St. Francis Street also we had many warm friends, among whom were the Bakers, the Dormans, the Danners, the Williamses, and the Hearins.

FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

One of the most noted men in Mobile during my residence there was the Catholic priest, Father Abram Joseph Ryan. He was a Southerner to the core. He was born in Norfolk, Virginia, April 15, 1839, and died in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1886. Soon after his ordination he entered the Confederate army as chaplain and continued in this service till the close of the war.

He was a man rather below medium height, of florid complexion, with a large head covered with light auburn hair which hung down over his shoulders. I heard him in the pulpit and on the platform. He was in demand on nearly all public occasions. He was an easy, graceful speaker, rather ornate than strong. He was a man of poetic temperament and wrote a number of poems which were very popular in the South after the war, more, I think, on account of the intense Southern feeling they expressed than for their intrinsic literary merits. While we accord to him the virtue of being a true patriot, he seemed never to have been able to get away from the sentiments expressed in "The Conquered Banner" and "The Sword of Lee." Perhaps if he had lived longer he would

have seen what General Lee saw at once, that it was not the part of wisdom to perpetuate bitter regrets over the "lost cause," however natural such regrets might be.

These verses from his poem, "The Quest of the Soul," leave no doubt that he was a man of sincere piety:

"I walked in the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: 'In the world each ideal
That flits like a barque on life's wave
Is wrecked on the shores of the real
And sleeps in a dreamless grave.'

So I toiled on, tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at the altar,
And I heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond human ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the divine,
And I fell at the feet of the holy:
Then above a voice said, 'Be mine';
And there arose from the depths of my spirit
An answer: 'My heart shall be thine.'"

DR. E. P. GAINES.

Another prominent man in Mobile at this time was Dr. Edmond P. Gaines, whom I have mentioned in an earlier chapter. He had been my father's family physician twenty-eight years before and was during my residence in the city my family physician. He had been exceedingly attentive to my mother and was now just as kind to my wife. He was a true man, who never forgot his old friends, no matter what station they occupied. Although an aristocrat by birth and family connection, yet everything human appealed to him. Candid almost to brusqueness, he would tell the truth about any matter that involved the welfare of the public. He would say that there was danger when he saw signs of approaching epidemics. Some of the other doctors who were inclined to hide out the danger as long as possible called him "sensational." He had

had yellow fever and always remained in the city during epidemics. He was a brave man who could stand in the midst of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness" with as much nerve as any soldier ever exhibited in facing death on the bloody field of war.

He was a humane man who gave his professional services to the poor and helpless as readily as to the rich and influential. He was sometimes impatient and irascible, but always full of sympathy and tender regard for the distressed.

I had not seen him since he left Choctaw County, when I was a country lad of twelve years. When he learned where I came from, all the associations of "Old Choctaw" welled up in his mind. When he learned that I had just lost my little boy, his warm heart was sensibly moved as he tried to console me, not so much by an exhibition of Christian faith as by showing me what greater sorrow might have befallen me if the boy had lived. He told me that he had lost a darling child years before and had felt rebellious over the loss. Then he added with emphasis: "I have become entirely reconciled, for worse things can come to us than the death of our children." He did not explain; but I learned, in the language of another friend, "Not our dead children, but the living, give us the greatest trouble."

He had had tuberculosis in his earlier years. As a result he had lost one lung entirely, but had cured the disease and lived to do many years of hard work as a practitioner and as a lecturer in the medical college. The loss of one lung put double duty on the other and caused it to become abnormally large. This gave him a one-sided appearance. With all of his physical one-sidedness and other imperfections, he was a noble specimen of manhood and one of the best friends I had in Mobile. Several of the best friends I have ever had have taught me the force of these two sayings, "*Humanum est errare*" ("It is human to err"), and, "*Humani nihil a me alienum*" ("Nothing human is devoid of interest to me").

I come now to a man who, though afflicted with a permanent physical infirmity like St. Paul, was as free from imperfection of character as any man I have ever known.

DR. JEFFERSON HAMILTON.

While I was teaching at Mount Sterling, in 1865-66, I became acquainted with Dr. Jefferson Hamilton, who was then stationed in one of the Churches in Mobile. Through the influence of a mutual friend he sent me a pupil over whom he exercised some kind of guardianship. So pleased was he with the outcome of this student that he sent me his son several years later and became my friend to the end of his life. He and Dr. J. W. Rush had more to do with my making the only three moves I have ever made than any other two men. They were the cause of my being elected to the male school in Summerfield in 1866. They were the principal movers in my going to Mobile in 1874. Dr. Rush, as will appear on a later page, was a member of the Board of Trustees that induced me to go to Tuskegee in 1876. I had something more than dry respect for these godly men, whose lives were devoted to the betterment of the world.

Dr. Hamilton was another man who had a good inheritance. Silver and gold he had none beyond a bare living, but in mental and spiritual inheritance he was rich. He was a native of Massachusetts, that State which has been said to have done more in promoting the educational and literary life of this country than any other State in the Union. He was born at Brookfield, Worcester County, the birthplace at a later date of Professor George Frederick Mellen, who has been mentioned in a former chapter. Dr. Hamilton was born August 20, 1805, of deeply pious parents, who were Methodists after the strict methodical practices that gave rise to the name of the denomination. He grew up under the severe regimen and rigorous conditions of a New England farm where the people had to struggle hard to get a living out of its rocky soil. This strenuous outdoor life corresponded well with the strict discipline of the followers of John Wesley in the early part of the nineteenth century.

His father was one of those New England Democrats who have exhibited a strength of conviction and a tenacity of purpose unsurpassed by any citizens in our republic. Though

bearing the surname of Alexander Hamilton, the great leader of the Federalist party, Mr. Hamilton followed his own convictions and aligned himself with the school of the author of the Declaration of Independence and founder of the Democratic party, notwithstanding the Federalist party had the most powerful leaders in New England at that time. As a mark of his political convictions he named his son Jefferson, who inherited all the firmness and tenacity of his father.

His mother was one of the holiest women of her generation. Her tender hands smoothed the pillow of the invalid; her cheerful face brought sunshine to the homes of sorrow; her earnest prayers renewed the hopes of those on the brink of despair. Her son was her companion on these visits of mercy as well as at the house of God.

When he was converted at the age of twenty, he at once caught the inspiration of the great religious movement started by John Wesley in England and continued in New England by Jesse Lee, of Virginia. Dr. Hamilton resembled Mr. Wesley in quality of metal and tenacity of purpose.

He did not do what so many young men have done, rush into the ministry before he was ready. He sought the best preparation within his reach. He went to Wilbraham Academy and placed himself under the direction of that most saintly man, Dr. Wilbur Fisk, for whom he always entertained the greatest reverence. Dr. Fisk had twice declined the office of bishop that he might the more fully devote his time to preaching and training young men for the ministry. Like his model, Dr. Hamilton gave his life to preaching and building up an intelligent and efficient ministry.

He joined the New England Conference in 1831, serving different appointments till his second year in Bromfield Street Church, Boston, when he had a severe attack of measles, which left him with an asthmatic trouble which continued to the end of his life. His physician advised him to go to a southern climate. In 1837 he came to Alabama, where, with the exception of two years in New Orleans, he continued to the end of his life, in 1874.

In the Alabama Conference he was the leader among such men as Thomas W. Dorman, A. H. Mitchell, P. P. Neely, E. Baldwin, Thomas O. Summers, O. R. Blue, R. K. Hargrove, Allen S. Andrews, Mark S. Andrews, Edward Wadsworth, and W. A. McCarty. One of his confreres said: "He did more than any other man in molding the character of the preachers and in fixing the high standard of faith and usefulness." In the words of Bishop Fitzgerald: "It would be hard to pack more nervous energy, common sense, keen sensibility, brain power, and spiritual fervor into one man's make-up than was found in this thin, pale-faced preacher, who was vital all over and through and through." Most men with such will power and such energies are inclined to be harsh and dictatorial, but not so with Dr. Hamilton. He was one of the most lovable and affable men I have ever known. His bodily infirmity never beclouded his cheerfulness or ruffled his temper. He was always the same courteous Christian gentleman.

Though of slight physique, never weighing more than one hundred and twenty pounds, he was a man of commanding presence, whose noble head and fine features, lighted up with brilliant eyes, elicited respect and good will. With perfect self-command and graceful movements, he was admirable in performing public ceremonies. At my marriage to Miss Fredonia A. Taylor he was the officiating minister. As we stood before him without book in hand his appropriate ceremony and opportune prayer were singularly beautiful. After the salutations, I handed him a twenty-dollar bill. Two years afterwards, when he was attending the commencement in Summerfield, I handed him another twenty-dollar bill, remarking as I did so: "This is the second installment on my marriage fee." With the most pleasant expression of surprise he said: "You must think I did you a good job. This is very complimentary to the madam."

Although he came near dying three times with yellow fever, nothing could induce him to leave the city during an epidemic. Sometimes he was the only pastor left to visit the sick and

bury the dead of all classes. He would have no pay from other Churches for his services.

He believed that the South was right during the Civil War. For its success he prayed. Its defeat was a disappointment to him, but he did not stake his religious faith upon the result of a conflict waged with carnal weapons. When the war ended and he found himself on the losing side, "he accepted the result, free from the sycophancy of the post-bellum renegade on the one hand or stupid factiousness and hopeless desperation on the other." His faith was too deep-rooted and steadfast to be overthrown by any temporal calamity. While he was a loyal citizen to the government under which he lived, his citizenship was in heaven. He did a great work during the troublous period of Reconstruction by calling the thoughts of the people to the foundation of true religion. His efforts, along with the efforts of other men of like spirit, were the cause of the wonderful growth of the Church after the war.

Dr. Hamilton died at Opelika during the Conference of 1874, three months after I went to Mobile. He was the prime mover in the district school enterprise. After his death the committee manifested little interest in the matter. No suitable buildings were ever erected, and the enterprise failed of realization.

While I got only a bare living out of the school, and we had a hard time owing to my wife's poor health and our limited means, I have never regretted going to Mobile. My two years' residence there gave me a wider acquaintance with various classes of people and some valuable experience in the struggles of life. One valuable lesson was to collect as I went and to pay as I went. The panic of 1873 and the stringency of the succeeding years had burned out the credit system for the time being.

I mention here what my noble-hearted wife's modesty would suppress. Two small sums of money, one from an uncle's estate in Scotland and one from her father's estate, came to her during our hard experience in Mobile. She generously spent most of this for the benefit of myself and of my children,

her step-children. A part of it went to put a tombstone over the grave of my dear Johnnie. When I protested against her using her money so freely for my benefit, she replied: "Whatever is mine is yours." This was the spirit of the woman.

While I was not satisfied with the results of my work in Mobile, I had some evidence that my efforts were appreciated. When inquiry was made among some of my leading patrons whether I would do for the Alabama Conference Female College, they said: "Yes; he will do for any place." This was reported to me by Dr. W. A. McCarty.

I had in my school in Mobile as long as his father was stationed in the city Charles A. Rush, who has risen to prominence as a preacher in the Alabama Conference and who is now President of the Southern University. His wife, Mrs. Rosaline Roebuck Rush, I graduated in 1884. President Rush and wife are not the only couple of fine people with whose education I have had something to do.

DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY FOR THE SOUTH.

I am not writing a history of Alabama or of the period of Reconstruction, but I have some very vivid recollections of the years from 1865 to 1877. Brown says in his history of the State:

Alabama was for several years subject to the worst kind of government which Americans have ever had to submit to; and many citizens, despairing of any decent form of government, began to leave for other States and for foreign countries. Those who remained were forced to stand helpless for a time, while strange white men under the protection of the military power of the government parceled out among themselves the posts of honor.

All this I remember most vividly. I have refrained from recording anything that will perpetuate bitterness, but I would not be true to my recollection if I should ignore all memory of those dark days drawn out into dreary years. I take pleasure in recording the recollections of the years 1875, 1876, and 1877, years that began to bring hope to the people of Alabama. The orgies of misrule had lasted as long as humanity could endure them. The Southern people had stood the ordeal till

patience was at the breaking point. The Northern people were beginning to awake to some sense of the enormity of such misrule, as was indicated by the Democratic majority in the Presidential election of 1876. Though President Rutherford B. Hayes was placed in the Presidency by methods which are now generally considered unlawful, he proved to be a friend to the South. He was anxious to see better governments in the reconstructed States. He withdrew the army and left the State governments to be conducted by those who alone had intelligence and patriotism enough to rescue society from disaster.

The three most striking results of the war were the extinction of slavery, the settlement of the question of secession, and an increased power in the general government. After fifty years of observation and experience as a Southern man, I am convinced that all these results have been best for the South.

From my boyhood I never had any sympathy with slavery as an institution. While it had many amiable features, I do not believe that it was built on a foundation of righteousness that can stand the test of advancing Christian civilization.

As to secession, I always thought that we had the right to secede, considering the clearly expressed conditions under which the original thirteen States went into the Union; but, as I stated in Chapters XII. and XIII., I doubted the wisdom of secession in 1861.

As to the necessity for a strong central government, I am satisfied that we need a stronger national government than we ever could have made of the Southern Confederacy. With the States supreme, they would have been in danger of warring among themselves and liable to fall a prey to some foreign power, the fate that befell the ancient Grecian States. Yet to make the Central government so strong as to ignore the local State governments would pave the way to monarchy. Let the States exercise all their original powers that do not contravene the general good. Let the National government have entire control of everything outside of the local interests of the States, thus securing a workable plan between the extremes of absolute States' rights and unlimited centralization.

These issues being settled, we are determined to make the most of the Southern States as integral parts of the United States government which our fathers had so large a share in forming. In the language of Senator B. H. Hill: "Let us turn our backs upon the past; and let it be said in the future that he is the greatest patriot, the truest patriot, the noblest patriot who shall do the most to repair the wrongs of the past and promote the glories of the future."

The noble, self-sacrificing conduct of General Lee stands out against the dark background of the past like the rainbow of promise emblazoned on the vanishing storm cloud. During the war, when animosities were inflamed to an extreme degree, a plan was laid before Jefferson Davis to assassinate certain Northern leaders. He promptly repelled the suggestion, saying: "The laws of war and morality, as well as Christian principles and sound policy, forbid the use of such means of punishing even the atrocities of the enemy." The high-souled sentiment expressed in these words will constitute a brighter halo around his name than can ever be formed around the name of any man whose preëminence is gained by means of "blood and iron"; and his last self-effacing words, like the fabled song of the dying swan, will more and more touch the heart of humanity as passion and prejudice melt away in the stream of time.

LAST SPEECH OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Here, as reported, is the last speech of Jefferson Davis, delivered at a meeting near Beauvoir, Mississippi, in 1888:

My Friends: The faces I see before me are those of young men—men in whose hands the destinies of our Southland lie. For love of her I break my silence to speak to you a few words of admonition. The past is dead. Let it bury its dead, its hopes and its aspirations. Before you lies the future—a future of golden promises, a future full of recompense for honorable endeavor, a future of expanding glory before which all the world shall stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and take your places in the ranks of those who will bring about a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Mr. Roosevelt, just before he retired from the Presidency, had the courage and the magnanimity to order the name of

Jefferson Davis restored on Cabin John Bridge. It took England two hundred and thirty-eight years to restore the name of Oliver Cromwell in Westminster Abbey. It has not taken this country quite fifty years to restore the name of Jefferson Davis on Cabin John Bridge, and it will not take the half of two hundred and thirty-eight years to restore it to its proper place in history.

In the eloquent words of Bishop Galloway: "His virtues will grow brighter and his name be writ larger with each passing century. Nothing need cover his high fame but heaven, no pyramid set off his memories but the eternal substance of his greatness."



JOHN MASSEY
AGE 42

CHAPTER XXI.

Move to Tuskegee—Lease of the College for Five Years—History of the College—Dr. Andrew A. Lipscomb—Dr. G. W. F. Price—Dr. Henry D. Moore.

ABOUT January 1, 1876, I was asked to take the presidency of the college at Tuskegee. At first I declined to consider the question. Later in the year I was induced by Dr. Wadsworth and Dr. McCarty to investigate the merits of the place, and in June I went to Tuskegee by special invitation to meet the Board of Trustees. The result of the meeting was that I accepted the proposition of the Board to lease the college for a period of five years on the conditions that the Board was to assume no responsibility in the management, either financial or disciplinary, and that I was to be responsible for the employment of teachers, for the discipline of the school, for keeping the buildings in repair, and for the entire current expenses. If the school should not pay expenses, the loss was to be mine. If there should be anything left after meeting all expenses, the surplus should be mine.

The Board of Trustees with whom I made my contract embraced the following: Gov. R. F. Ligon, President, Dr. W. J. Gautier, Secretary, Mr. J. C. Smith, all of Tuskegee; Rev. W. A. McCarty, D.D., Rev. W. M. Motley, Rev. T. J. Rutledge, Rev. J. W. Rush, D.D., all members of the Conference. These were all true men; men that could be trusted with the most sacred things of life; honest men who never deceived me. I always knew where they stood on any question connected with the college. I remained in my place years after they had gone into the "country from whose bourne no traveler returns," but I always felt that their candid spirits were beholding me from their place within the veil and making me stronger in the performance of duty. It is an honor to have been associated with such men.

In addition to these deceased trustees whom I have men-

tioned, I think it right to mention two others who came into the Board later and who have joined "the innumerable caravan"—C. M. Howard and James E. Cobb.

Dr. Howard was for a number of years Secretary of the Board. He was a man who never deviated from the right as he saw it, a man strong in his attachments and capable of genuine friendships. There is something peculiarly touching in my recollection of him. A few hours before his death he sent for me and requested me to write his will, a tribute to our friendship worthy of mention on personal grounds as well as on account of his services to the college. He was a true man "without fear and without reproach."

Judge James E. Cobb was for many years a trustee. As one of the prominent men of Alabama he deserves special mention in connection with the history of the college. He was born in Thomaston, Georgia, on October 5, 1835, and died in Las Vegas, New Mexico, June 2, 1903.

He was a graduate of Emory College in the class with the famous missionary to China, Dr. Young J. Allen. After his graduation he taught school at Fort Valley, Georgia, studied law under Hon. T. W. Goode, and emigrated to Texas. Upon the breaking out of the war he enlisted as a private in the Fifth Texas Regiment, served in the Army of Northern Virginia, was promoted to second lieutenant, then to first lieutenant, gradually rising in rank till the battle of Gettysburg, when he was taken prisoner July 2, 1863, and kept confined in different forts till after the close of the war.

Soon after the surrender he settled in Tuskegee and engaged in the practice of law till he was elected Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit. He held this position twelve years and made the reputation of being one of the best judges in the State. He had a very fine legal mind that comprehended the principles of law and went to the bottom of every case that came under his jurisdiction. Very few of his decisions were ever reversed. He was nominated for Congress in the Fifth Congressional District and elected five times in succession. As an able judge and an incorruptible statesman he was honored by his State

and by the Nation; but, above all these mere accidents of life, he was a man of sterling character.

Something of his cast of spirit was reflected in the magnanimous proffer of two of his sisters, Mrs. R. H. Wood and Mrs. W. S. Jackson, on one occasion when we were threatened with an epidemic of measles in the college. These self-sacrificing women came forward and offered to take the sick girls to their homes and nurse them. This generous offer has all the more appealed to my grateful admiration, as my wife was sick and not able to undergo the strain of caring for the sick girls. It is a fine thing to have such temper in one's blood and such tone in one's spirit.

HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE.

I consider it appropriate to give a brief history of the institution up to the time I undertook its administration in 1876. The facts embraced in this history I gathered mainly from Dr. J. W. Rush, Dr. Mark S. Andrews, Gov. R. F. Ligon, Dr. W. J. Gautier, Dr. J. W. Hunter, Mr. J. C. Smith, and other citizens of Tuskegee.

Tuskegee was early in its history noted for the intelligence and enterprise of its citizens. Their public spirit had begun to be manifested in the forties when they established a military school for boys, while Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz was conducting a good school for girls in the town. In 1848 the Baptists established a college for girls, which was very flourishing during the next fifteen years.

In 1853 Mrs. Judge Alexander conceived the idea of founding another college for girls. This was taken up by Rev. C. C. Gillespie, the pastor of the Methodist Church; but the raising of funds for the enterprise devolved upon Rev. Mark S. Andrews, a young preacher of the Alabama Conference.

Mr. Andrews canvassed East Alabama in its behalf. In the year 1854 the college was chartered by the Legislature of Alabama under the name of Tuskegee Female College. By the terms expressed in this charter the title to the property and the administration of the college were vested in a Board of

Trustees named in the charter and to be continued by their successors. Ten acres of land were purchased from Mr. William Hora for the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars.

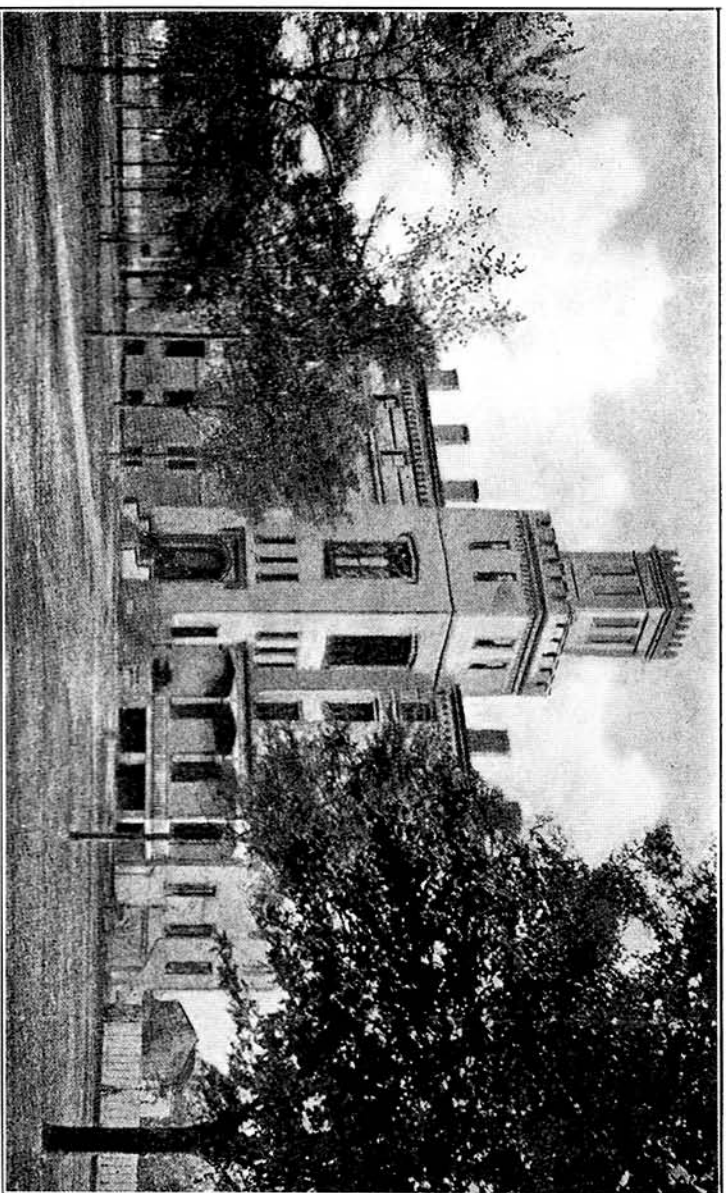
The building was planned by an architect in New York. His plan was an illustration of the infeasibility of architectural ideas modeled on beauty and display rather than on practical use. I doubt if any school building should ever be erected without the approval of some one who has had experience in conducting a school of the kind contemplated. The plan required five stories, including the basement, in which were located the dining room and most of the recitation rooms. The majority of the dormitories were on the upper floor. This arrangement required too much climbing of steps and increased the danger from fire, especially when the rooms were warmed by wood fires. There was no necessity for making the building so high, as there were ample grounds. The idea was that a tall building would make a greater display.

The corner stone was laid on February 11, 1855, by Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, who has been mentioned in connection with Hilliard's Legion. The building was completed during the year following at a cost of sixty thousand dollars; and on February 11, 1856, the college was organized and began its work, which continued for fifty-three years.

DR. A. A. LIPSCOMB.

The first President was Rev. Andrew A. Lipscomb, D.D., LL.D. He was a minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, who had conducted a successful girls' school in Montgomery in the early fifties. He was a man of exceedingly fine taste and literary culture and an eloquent preacher of fascinating style.

I learned from Rev. J. W. Rush that he had extraordinary power in inspiring his pupils with the love of the beautiful. During his administration there was set on foot an educational movement of unique and elevated order in which delicate taste and refined criticism found a higher development than had hitherto been attempted in this State.



A. C. F. COLLEGE, TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA

The Doctor had some of the elements of a great teacher. He ruled altogether by moral suasion, which is a fine method so long as it effectively persuades. His fine sense and fascinating personality made this method of discipline effective.

Dr. Lipscomb's reputation had gone beyond Alabama. Col. W. F. Foster, a prominent attorney in Tuskegee, told me that Hon. Robert Toombs and Bishop George F. Pierce came to Tuskegee to solicit his consent to go to the University of Georgia. As a result of the visit of these distinguished gentlemen he retired from the college in Tuskegee in 1859 and accepted the presidency of the University of Georgia. After serving there a number of years, he was induced by Bishop McTyeire to go to Vanderbilt University as Professor of English Literature, which position he filled till age and feebleness necessitated his retirement from active work.

Some years after I came to Tuskegee I invited him to preach the commencement sermon. In a very affectionate letter he replied expressing his interest in the college and his regrets at not being able to perform the service. He was a man of lovely spirit.

On the retirement of Dr. Lipscomb the college was burdened with debt. For immediate relief the Board borrowed five thousand dollars from the Alabama Conference out of some money known as the Thompson Fund. This Thompson Fund was a donation from a Mrs. Thompson, who sometime in the fifties had left by will to the Alabama Conference sixteen thousand dollars, the interest of which was to be used in paying the board of preachers' daughters in the colleges owned by the Conference. Centenary College, at Summerfield, got seven thousand dollars of this money, Tuscaloosa Female College four thousand dollars, and Tuskegee Female College five thousand dollars, for which the Conference took a mortgage on the property.

DR. GEORGE W. F. PRICE.

Rev. George W. F. Price was chosen as the successor to Dr. Lipscomb. His boyhood had been spent in Tuskegee. Mr. J. C. Smith, who was an intimate friend of his boyhood,

gave me some account of his fine, genial qualities and his fondness for outdoor sports. He said that he and young Price used to go barefooted along the branches around Tuskegee and that he could always tell George's tracks wherever seen by the peculiar shape which his square-toed foot left on the sand. George was destined to leave a more durable impress on his generation than he had left on the sands around Tuskegee. His influence will be seen in the lives of his pupils long after all physical traces of him have vanished from the earth.

After being prepared for college in the home school along with W. M. Motley and J. W. Rush, who went to Emory College, young Price went to the University of Alabama and paid his way by ringing the college bell which called the students to chapel and recitations.

After graduating he went into the ministry and was noted for a style of eloquence characterized by a most refined imagination and delicate taste. He had to locate early on account of a bronchial trouble which prevented the constant use of his voice in public speaking.

He was one of the teachers in the college under Dr. Lipscomb and had just the kind of bright, receptive mind to reap great benefit from association with so able and cultivated a man. This association gave him excellent preparation for the presidency of the college. He was a better financier than his predecessor. He succeeded in reducing the debt on the college during his first years; but on account of the embarrassment caused by the war the Board sold the property in 1862 to Rev. Jesse Wood, who had inherited some money with which it was hoped that he could relieve the critical situation. After one year, Mr. Wood sold the property in 1863 to Dr. C. D. Elliott, who had been successful in conducting a girls' school in Nashville, Tennessee, and who had come to Alabama as a refugee. As he was an experienced man in conducting such schools, his purchase of the property was thought to be a good thing for all parties; but, owing to the stress of the war and lack of money that had any purchasing power, the college was not a success under his administration.

I saw Dr. Elliott in Tuscaloosa in the summer of 1864. He was on a lecture tour in quest of funds, or rather tax-in-kind, for the relief of disabled Confederate soldiers and their families. He evidently could not have been doing much with the school, as it was not engaging his attention. Soon after the surrender he returned to Nashville. He left the college in Tuskegee with most of the old debts hanging over it. The Board of Trustees still had the elephant on their hands. They put Dr. Price back into the presidency, where he remained till the close of the session in 1872. He had been the leading spirit in the school during the administrations of Mr. Wood and Dr. Elliott.

I heard him make a speech before the Alabama Conference in 1871 in which he tried to induce the Conference to make some arrangement for the relief of the college. This was to do what they consented to do the next year—namely, to buy the property and run it as a Church school—but they were not yet ready to take it on their hands.

At the close of the session of 1872 Dr. Price went to Huntsville, Alabama, and took charge of a girls' school in that town. While he was at Huntsville I invited him to preach the commencement sermon in 1878 as a compliment to one of my honored predecessors. When it was announced that Dr. Price would preach the commencement sermon, Uncle Isaac Hill (as he was called), an uncle of Ben Hill, of Georgia, noted for his blunt jokes, said to me: "I understand that you have done a very foolish thing." I answered: "What foolish thing have I done?" "Why," said he, "I understand that you have invited George Price to preach to the college." "Why?" said I. "Isn't he a nice man?" "Yes," said Uncle Isaac, wishing to rub me hard, "he is too nice. He will preach such a nice sermon that he will take all your girls away from you." "Well," I replied, "if my school has not enough merit in it to stand a fine sermon from Dr. Price, let it go down." Dr. Price came and preached a most elegant sermon from the text, "The entrance of thy words giveth light," as brilliant as the text could

suggest. He was not canvassing for pupils. He was too noble a man for such political strategy.

After remaining several years at Huntsville, he went to Nashville and established the Nashville College for Young Ladies, known as Price's College, which had a prosperous career for a number of years. Dr. Price died some years ago highly respected for his brilliant talents and lovable qualities.

The trustees of Tuskegee Female College in 1872 were now getting tired of their financial responsibility. They were being threatened with lawsuits for the collection of debts against the college property. They persuaded the Conference to do what Dr. Price had suggested the year before, to foreclose their mortgage on the property, settle with the other claimants, and run the college as a Church school. All parties agreed to this arrangement; and at the session of the Legislature in 1872-73 the charter was renewed, the name of the college was changed from Tuskegee Female College to Alabama Conference Female College, and a Board of seven trustees was named. This was the Board I made my contract with in 1876. The Conference, through this new Board, settled up all the outstanding debts to the amount of eight thousand dollars. Their mortgage was five thousand dollars; and they had to make repairs on the building to the amount of one thousand dollars, making the property cost them up to 1872-73 fourteen thousand dollars.

DR. HENRY D. MOORE.

After the resignation of Dr. Price in 1872, Rev. Henry D. Moore, from Georgia, was elected President. He was a graduate of The Citadel, a military school in Charleston, South Carolina. I met him first in the summer of 1872 at two or three District Conferences while I was in charge of the male school in Summerfield. He was a man of pleasant address, captivating voice, and incisive delivery, that made him a very effective speaker. I was very much pleased with one of his sermons from Jeremiah xii. 5: "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trust-

edst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

Mr. Moore took the college at a very unpropitious time. The financial panic came in 1873. His patronage was below the numbers in past years, and his collections were poor. He was further embarrassed by the sickness and death of his wife. In the face of these troubles, with no reserve capital to meet expenses that were imperative, his success was an impossibility. He retired from the college at the Conference in December, 1875, somewhat embarrassed with debt. The Conference sent him to the Marianna District, considered at that time a hard appointment. He sustained himself well, brought up his district in fine style, and, be it said to his credit, in a year or two he paid off all he owed. I learned some of this inside history from Mr. J. C. Smith, who was his friend through all his troubles. He was a fine pastor and filled a number of the best appointments in the Conference till his death, which occurred during his pastorate in Opelika some years ago.

Through the interregnum between the retirement of Mr. Moore and my engagement in the June following Rev. Everett Lee Loveless, preacher in charge of the Tuskegee Station, conducted the college, not because he desired the place, but because no one else could be found who would agree to take it in the middle of the year. While Mr. Loveless was a fine preacher, the most eloquent man we have had in the station since my connection with it, he was not adapted to school work. His tastes were averse to teaching. Putting Shakespeare's expression, "I would rather be a dog and bay the moon," into jocular form, he said: "I would rather be a pack of hounds and bay the solar system than run a female college."

When I came, everything was at the lowest ebb. The country had not rallied from the panic of 1873. The boarding department had run down to two girls. There were several private schools in the town, one of which had more pupils than the college. Except Mr. J. C. Smith, not even the Board of Trustees could give much encouragement. Governor Ligon,

the President, and Dr. Gautier, the Secretary, were fine, intelligent gentlemen of the old Southern school. They had been through the war and had seen its crushing effects. They had just passed through the depressing period of Reconstruction. They did not believe that the country ever would come back to its normal condition. Mr. Smith was more hopeful. He said that the college could be made a good thing if the right man could be found to manage it.

In thinking over the proposition made me by the Board I saw that the college was located in a good community, that it was surrounded by a good country, that there was no other school of the kind nearer than Georgia and West Alabama, that there were no public schools outside of the cities, and that Professor J. F. Park was conducting a successful boys' school in the town. I did not believe that an intelligent people could afford to continue without a better school for their girls. I believed that the tide would turn toward a better state of things, that any improvement in the condition of the country would be in favor of the college, and that I could take advantage of any increase in the patronage to carry it on to greater prosperity. The discouraging features of the undertaking called out my best efforts.

The week after I had closed my contract with the trustees I attended the commencement in Auburn. I there met the genial Dr. George Price. One day in a crowd of men I started to address him, but observed that he was in close conversation with another gentleman; so I passed by. As soon as he was disengaged he came to me, saying: "The gentleman that you saw me talking with is Louis T. Wimberly, of Loachapoka. He has a daughter to send to college, but I don't think either of us will get her. I think he will send her to the Wesleyan. I offered to introduce him to you as the new President of the college in Tuskegee; but he declined, saying that he would not send to Tuskegee."

I went to work at once to solicit patronage. I secured two fine girls from Auburn. One of them is now the wife of Dr. O. C. McGehee, of the Alabama Conference. I went to Fort

Deposit; and, through the assistance of Rev. Josiah Barker and Miss Mary, his daughter, whom I had engaged as one of my teachers, I secured two or three girls from that place. I went to Greenville and succeeded in interesting Mr. W. H. Flowers and Mr. W. M. Teague and thus secured two splendid girls from Greenville. I went to Prattville; and, through the assistance of my friends, Rev. J. W. Rush, the pastor, and Dr. S. P. Smith, I secured six girls from that place. So far as possible, I attended all the District Conferences held that summer.

About a month after Mr. Wimberly had declined to be introduced to me I attended the Conference of the Montgomery District, held at Auburn. The presiding elder introduced me to the Conference as the new President of the college at Tuskegee and gave me an opportunity to present its claims. As it had gone down to almost nothing, I did not have much basis for a speech except the general subject of education. I made the best speech I could on education and wound up by saying that I had bound myself to the college for five years, that I could not afford to be bound to a dead body for five years, and that I was obliged to breathe life into it and make it a vital factor in the work of education. As soon as I took my seat Mr. Wimberly came forward and introduced himself to me, saying that he was much pleased with my speech, that he had a daughter to send to college, and that he would send her to me. He sent his daughter, and twenty-five years afterwards I educated two of her daughters.

During one of my canvassing trips I met a young preacher who had been my pupil several years before. He said: "I am sorry to learn that you are going to change from the boys to the girls. I think you are making a mistake. You have great influence over boys. It takes a man to manage boys, but anybody can manage girls." I did not know then how much truth there was in what he said, but during the next thirty-three years I learned that girls cannot be managed by "anybody." It requires as much to hold their respect and loyalty as it takes to hold the respect and loyalty of boys; and without command-

ing their respect and good will, one can do nothing with them. When I wound up my summer campaign, I had visited twenty-one cities and towns, besides many private families, in different parts of the country.

In June my wife had gone from Mobile to Summerfield, where she spent several weeks. She came over to Tuskegee in August. When she saw the amount of work we had to do before we could open school, she was appalled and kept saying: "Mr. Massey, when are you going to stop traveling and help me clean up this place?" I told her that a clean place would not be worth much without girls to fill it. I was compelled to get nearly all my patronage from a distance, as most of the girls of Tuskegee were in private schools.

During the last two or three weeks of the vacation we came as near killing ourselves as was possible by work in getting ready for the opening. When we opened about the 20th of September, nearly all of our girls from a distance came on the first train, as many as the little narrow-gauge railroad could carry, making the largest pile of trunks that had come to the college on one train since the war. This fairly took the breath of the townspeople. So far as I had taken time to observe, they had treated me with courtesy—they were to refined to do otherwise—but they had manifested no enthusiasm. They had taken it for granted that the college was dead. When I walked up the street on the afternoon of our opening, I was greeted by smiles of approbation and hearty congratulations on every hand, in striking contrast with the coolly polite salutations I had been receiving. The Tuskegee people are different from the people of any other community I have ever lived in. They are *sui generis*. If they do not like you, they will let you alone. If they like you, they are very hearty in their manifestations.

CHAPTER XXII.

My First Year's Experience in Teaching Girls—Miss Mary A. Barker—Miss Mary Alice Caller—Dr. Mark S. Andrews—Mr. William H. Flowers—Miss Ella R. Smilie—Miss Mary Belle Dallas—College Sunday School—Inquiries Whether I Would Accept Other Places—Colonel D. S. Troy's Opinion—Fine Music Department.

THIS year of 1876-77 was to be my first experience in teaching girls in a school planned strictly for girls. I had grown up in a family of boys. I had gone to school altogether with boys, except in Dr. Allen's school. I had studied and taught in the Pierce's Springs Academy, composed entirely of boys. I had gone to college with young men. No male college in the State admitted girls at that time. Ever since the surrender I had taught boys and young men. Now I was to change entirely to girls. I tried to find out by letter and through Miss Mary Barker, who had taught with Dr. Price in Tuskegee and also with Professor Vaughn in Franklin, Tennessee, how these Presidents managed their schools. They were both popular and successful and would, I thought, be good models. But in planning my work, and especially in carrying it on, I found in many cases that I could not go by other men's rules. I had to use all the sense I could command and was even then at a loss to know what was best to do in some instances. I found that my wife, who was only twenty-four years old, was wonderfully quick in seeing the way out of difficulties and in suggesting intelligent plans. I was fortunate in having a number of intelligent and studious young ladies who had been well prepared in other schools to form a senior class. They gave tone to the work and made discipline more easy.

In the beginning of the year Dr. McCarty said to me: "You have been teaching in boys' schools and colleges and have high ideals. If you require of the girls what you have been requiring of the boys, you will kill them." I found after a fair trial that I could require as much work of the girls as I had

ever been able to get the boys to do. In fact, I found it easier to get them to study. They were more readily influenced through personal attachment than I had found boys to be, and in matters of taste and facility of expression they were superior to boys of the same age and training. In practical application of mathematics to business forms I found them not so apt as boys. I attributed this to two things: First, they are more susceptible to the influence of beauty and are more interested in its forms of expression; and, secondly, they do not generally grow up in the atmosphere of business, as boys do. In a word, the difference in the ability of the sexes is more a difference in taste than in natural talent. Neither is superior nor inferior. They are different. They are counterparts of each other.

I had an impression that if the school was to succeed it must take on a new growth and must do more thorough work than had generally been done in girls' schools. The work I had seen done by Professor W. J. Vaughn confirmed me in this opinion.

I had a more open field for original work than if I had been going into a flourishing school where I would have been constrained to carry on the work that was already in successful operation. It is true that I was hampered by limited means. While limited means are not usually appreciated, they are sometimes the occasions out of which spring our best efforts and furnish the condition for the best results for the reason that our personality is the main element in the problem. Beginning this year with small means and limited numbers, I had a chance to grow up with the work as it grew.

MISS MARY A. BARKER.

The teacher who was most helpful this year was Miss Mary A. Barker, who was a graduate of Centenary Institute under that unusually gifted teacher, President William J. Vaughn. She was frail in physique, clear in mind, and as firm in the pursuit of right as she saw it as was Fabricius, of whom Pyrrhus said: "You could as easily turn the sun from his course

as you could turn Fabricius from the path of rectitude." She was also as much imbued with the self-sacrificing spirit of Christian work as was Thomas Coke or David Livingstone.

One of the things she did was to organize a prayer meeting among the boarding students, which continued to be held regularly every Thursday evening for thirty-three years, often embracing every girl and many of the teachers who lived in the college. Miss Barker retired from the faculty on account of declining health after about ten years' service, but her spirit seemed to live in the college long after she had gone to her reward. The highest tribute I can pay her is that I never knew a more faithful human being.

We closed the year in the last week of June, 1877, by graduating eight young ladies. In April, 1913, I was invited to attend a meeting of the Birmingham Chapter of the Alumnae of the Alabama Conference Female College, consisting of about forty members. This meeting was held in the elegant home of Mrs. C. C. Snider, who was Lutie Harris when in college. It was a great pleasure to meet with so many of my former pupils and to be kindly entertained by Mrs. Mary H. Rush Norris, one of my first year's graduates, whom I found as bright and cheery as she was in the days of her girlhood thirty-seven years before.

My second year opened with some increase in the boarding department and a considerable advance in the number of local pupils. There was no public school in the community for many years after this. I made it a rule to collect my tuition fees in advance from all who were able to pay, but I never excluded any girl from the college if her family showed any disposition to pay in service or substance that we could use. My wife was very tactful in finding out those who were not really able to pay in money, and nothing delighted her more than to open the way for a worthy girl's education.

MISS MARY ALICE CALLER.

At the beginning of this second year there came into our faculty a woman who was prepared to exercise great influence

in the work of the college. She had taught with my wife in Centenary Institute and had recently been teaching in Marion Female Seminary. She was a graduate of Centenary Institute under President R. K. Hargrove (afterwards Bishop). She was full of plans for the betterment of every enterprise she engaged in. She was a student of good literature, especially of the Bible. Like Dr. Lipscomb, she was fond of Ruskin and everything that embodied good taste. She loved birds and flowers and children. She was the best teacher of children I ever saw.

Several years after coming to us she organized the Currer Bell and Ad Astra Literary Societies, which have been perpetuated in the Woman's College of Alabama. Hundreds of women who were once students in the old Alabama Conference Female College have recalled the name of Mary Alice Caller before they have finished reading this paragraph. For twenty-nine years she was a member of the faculty and would have remained to the end if failing health had not forced her retirement. She died August 2, 1907, mourned by thousands who had known and loved her. It is worth while to live such an unselfish life as she lived.

We closed what was pronounced a very successful year in the latter part of June, 1878. We opened our third year with a larger boarding department and with practically all the girls in the neighborhood. I did a considerable part of the teaching myself, going over pretty much the same ground year after year. This would have become very monotonous if I had had only the subjects taught to interest me; but when I had a new crop of pupils every year, with various talents and temperaments to be studied, I found that I had a field that required the use of all the resources I could command. The study of human development is the greatest and most inspiring of all studies.

On March 19, 1879, in the college, my daughter Mabelle Massey was born. She was baptized by Rev. Josiah Barker during the commencement in June, 1879.

I took charge of her at night when she was only two years



JOHN MASSEY
AGE 55

old. She was ready to go with me anywhere. She felt perfectly satisfied in my care. She seemed to take the place of my dear lost Johnnie, whose devotion to me was singularly touching during the most sorrowful period of my life. She has always been a loyal child.

After graduating at home, she took a two-year course in Randolph-Macon Woman's College. We were desirous that she should accompany her sister to Europe, but she would not consent to go when she knew that her mother's health was precarious. She felt that her services might be needed at home. When this contingency actually occurred, she took up and carried on with remarkable success the work of the home department of the college during the last ten years of my administration. May she have the reward promised to the dutiful: "Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise, that it may be well with thee"!

Soon after the close of my third year in Tuskegee the following letter from Dr. W. A. Cochrane came to me:

TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA, July 10, 1879.

Professor John Massey, A.M., LL.D.—Dear Sir: I have the honor to inform you that the Board of Trustees of the University of Alabama, at their late session, conferred on you the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on account of your distinguished merits and learning.

Very respectfully your obedient servant, W. A. COCHRANE,
Secretary of the Board of Trustees.

I appreciated this all the more because Professors Wyman and Vaughn, who had been my teachers, were in the faculty, which, as I afterwards learned, had unanimously recommended this action to the Board of Trustees.

So the years ran on, and my five-year contract soon came to an end. The trustees expressed themselves as well pleased and offered to renew the contract for a second period of five years on the same terms.

In April, 1882, my daughter Ethel was born, a beautiful child. In July, 1884, she died. I leave her with my other dead in the hands of the Father of Mercies, feeling that all is well.

While I had made a living, I had been obliged to spend most of the income of the school on current expenses and better equipment for the boarding and music departments. Some years passed before I laid away any money that inured to my own benefit. But I do not regret that I spent the money as I did. It gave me a firmer hold on my pupils and on the public than if I had tried to be too rigidly economical. There is such a thing as "killing the hen to get the golden egg."

DR. MARK S. ANDREWS.

During my second period Rev. T. J. Rutledge died; and, at my suggestion, Dr. Mark S. Andrews was chosen by the Conference to fill the vacancy in the Board of Trustees. I had no better friend in the Board to the day of his death. On the day of my twenty-first commencement, the last he ever attended, I asked him to make the opening prayer on commencement day. I never heard a better prayer on any public occasion. It was his last visit to the college. He died during the next spring. I have always been glad that I suggested him as a suitable man for a place on the Board. This honor was due him, as he had been the agent who had raised the money for the foundation of the college.

Each year we had an increase in the boarding department until we were beginning to be very much in need of space for dormitory and practice rooms. I had a piano placed in every nook and corner and in some cases in the bedrooms. It seemed that the time was near at hand when we would be compelled to have more room. The Board of Trustees had no money. I had little and did not deem it wise to spend all I had on property that did not belong to me.

About this time I had offers to go to other colleges. The Board of Trustees seemed anxious that I should stay in Tuskegee and urged the Conference to raise some money for the enlargement of the music and boarding departments. At the session held in Union Springs in December, 1886, they resolved to spend on the college four thousand dollars out of some Mobile County bonds which the Conference owned. I

succeeded in making a few small collections to supplement this fund. The largest was a carload of lumber from Mr. W. H. Flowers, valued at two hundred and fifty dollars.

MR. WILLIAM H. FLOWERS.

This donation was only one illustration of his liberal spirit. While I was attending a District Conference at Bolling, the home of Mr. Flowers, I made an appeal in behalf of girls in limited circumstances. As we walked out of the church he said: "I approve your plan of helping the needy. I will remember you." Years passed. Mr. Flowers went to his reward. But he had not forgotten his promise. He left in his will property which he thought would be worth five thousand dollars. Through some insecurity in the investment of the property, out of which he directed the donation to be made, it yielded only one thousand dollars. He designated John J. Flowers, W. M. Motley, and John Massey as the trustees of this fund, directing us to invest it and use the income in assisting indigent girls in their education. This Board of Trust is self-perpetuating. Since this money has come into our hands we have used the income according to his direction. His works are thus following him.

Without the advantages of a liberal education, Mr. Flowers was a man of fine native intelligence, sound judgment, unswerving integrity, "diligent in business, serving the Lord" in soul and in substance. For many years he was the manager of the Milner, Caldwell, and Flowers Lumber Company, which he conducted with marked success. When he grew old and, as he thought, too feeble to attend to the business efficiently, he offered his resignation. The company declined to accept it. Dr. Caldwell, the leading member of the firm, said, "I would rather have Mr. Flowers's old coat hanging up in the mill than to have any other man superintendent," so much confidence had all the mill people, both stockholders and laborers, in the efficiency, justice, and fairness of Mr. Flowers.

He was a noble patriarch. He reared a large family of excellent people, who are perpetuating his splendid qualities.

I had the honor of educating his youngest daughter and eleven of his granddaughters, a worthy company of elect ladies.

In the vacation of 1887 we built what was known as the Music Hall, which contained the main study hall, the President's office, and enough music rooms for that time. This building gave us much-needed relief in our work. In addition to this building, I cut up the old study hall into dormitory rooms and painted the main building inside and out, from tower to basement.

As I was nearing the completion of this renovation Dr. W. C. McCoy, who was then the agent of the Southern University, paid a visit to his daughter, who was a student in the college. In looking over what I had done he remarked in his deep, sonorous voice: "This is beautiful. It is magnificent. But you are only cultivating evanescent flowers in teaching these girls. You ought to be in the Southern University cultivating sturdy oaks that would stand through the decades." That was a very pretty speech, and I appreciated his complimentary estimate of my ability; but his opinion was different from that of the psalmist who prayed "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," plainly indicating that the conservative, enduring forces in society are to be found in woman's influence in home life. I have often thought of the Doctor's remark, but have never regretted that I changed my sphere of work from the business of educating men to that of educating women.

The improvements I made on the college property in 1887 amounted to about two thousand dollars more than the Conference gave to the institution. Most of this I paid out of the proceeds of the school. With the purchase and improvement of the property at a cost of fourteen thousand dollars up to 1873 and the four thousand dollars in 1886, it had now cost the Conference eighteen thousand dollars. Within the next two years we filled all our available space and opened in 1889 with about twenty-five more boarding pupils than we could accommodate.

It so happened that the Hora property, consisting of a large two-story residence and fifteen acres of land adjoining the college lot, was on the market. We bought it at twenty-five hundred dollars, which Rev. John G. Motley raised in small sums throughout the Conference during the next two years. I paid out of the proceeds of the school the expenses of repairing the building and of fitting up the premises. This Hora place gave us room for about thirty more boarding pupils.

On a former page mention has been made of two teachers who contributed to the early success of the school. For long-continued service and work done outside of the classrooms, several others deserve special mention.

MISS ELLA R. SMILIE.

Miss Smilie came to the college in 1880, when she was only twelve years of age, and remained till she was graduated in the classical course in 1886. She then taught awhile in country schools and returned to the college as assistant teacher and completed the Excelsior Course in 1893. She afterwards took several postgraduate courses elsewhere and grew into an unusually fine character full of energy, good cheer, and religious zeal. During the years she taught with us she superintended the Missionary Society and was the leading spirit in the college devotional meetings. In 1899 she was married to Rev. Thomas F. Sessions, a member of one of the Texas Conferences. Wherever Mrs. Sessions goes she is the inspiration of the community in every good work.

MISS MARY BELLE DALLAS.

Miss Dallas, a niece of Mrs. Massey, was a student in the college from the beginning of our first year. She was graduated in the classical course in 1880 and in the Excelsior Course in 1884. She took additional courses in French and literature in New York. She became one of the best-read teachers in classic literature we ever had in the faculty and is one of the most excellent literary critics I know. She was a member of

the faculty for twenty-eight years and was an associate of Miss Caller in the development of the literary societies.

Upon the resignation of Miss Smilie, in 1899, Miss Dallas took charge of the missionary work. Her religious influence over the girls was very stimulating. Besides aiding them in their devotional meetings, she introduced a study course in the Missionary Society and inspired so much interest in the cause that the College Society became the banner society of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the Alabama Conference. They supported a Bible woman in Soochow, paid a scholarship in the Methodist Training School, in Nashville, and made a contribution of more than a hundred dollars a year to the general fund of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. All this was done by Miss Dallas in addition to her duties as presiding teacher and the instruction of several classes in history and literature.

On account of long, faithful, and efficient service, not only in the matter of instruction, but also in the social, literary, and moral culture of the girls, should be mentioned the names of Miss Lizzie A. Hills, Miss Mary P. Newton, Miss Sarah M. Birdsall, and Miss Mary M. Smith. These teachers have not used their profession as a stepping-stone to something else, as many do, but have gone on year after year cultivating their own minds and seeking better preparation for their work. All honor to them as they have honored the profession!

During the last eight years of the life of the college in Tuskegee another teacher who was remarkably faithful and efficient in the literary and religious work was Miss Adeline M. Tirrell. She is a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Boston University, a woman of fine scholarship and sound religious character, whose mind and heart were devoted to the welfare and happiness of the students.

In the last decade of our work in Tuskegee a Young Women's Christian Association was organized and was frequently visited by the Secretaries of the General Association.

With all these aids we managed to keep the students well occupied and entertained, so that their college life was neither

monotonous nor devoid of interest in ennobling pursuits. I made it a point to employ teachers who would feel some interest in the social life of the girls; and, as far as we could, my wife and I kept ourselves on free and easy terms with all our students. They were generally cheerful and as contented as they could be away from home. On one occasion a gentleman was spending a day in the college and seemed surprised at the cheerfulness of the girls. He asked me how I managed to keep them in good spirits. I answered: "By hard work and hard-tack." This was a jocular way of putting the philosophy of keeping a houseful of girls contented. To put it in more exact words: "Keep them busy and feed them well." They will not all be contented on this plan, but most of them will be reasonably well contented most of the time. I might add another item to this: Treat them kindly, but never yield to their unreasonable requests. To hold the respect of pupils, teachers must stand for the right.

I may here mention a statement made by Miss Sarah M. Birdsall, who taught in the college eight years. The statement is remarkable when it is known that Miss Birdsall is a native of New York, a lady of great intelligence, wide experience, and real candor. She had studied and traveled in Europe and taught in various schools of note both North and South. She said frequently while she was with us and also after she left us that she had never seen a school so homelike.

COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

When I entered upon the administration of the college in 1876, I organized the students of the boarding department into classes for Sunday school work. For eleven years I united these classes with the Sunday school at the church. As the boarding department gradually increased, the college classes occupied the greater part of the auditorium of the church and crowded out the local Sunday school.

When the new study hall was completed, in 1887, it gave a commodious and comfortable place for the assembly of the college classes. Thereafter we conducted the work in the

study hall. This left in the church ample room for the local Sunday school, obviated the necessity of exposing the girls to inclement weather, and gave much more time for the recitations.

In order to give a just and more adequate idea of the work done, some statement should be made in regard to this feature. In the selection of the teachers for the general work I had an eye not only to ability in their particular departments, but also to soundness of moral and religious character. I preferred and generally secured teachers who felt an interest in Sunday school work. Thus in using my best judgment in the employment of teachers, in the organization of the classes, and in the oversight of the work, we succeeded in making what was pronounced by all who were acquainted with it a remarkably efficient Sunday school. In it was done as thorough work as was done in any other department of the institution. It was surprising and gratifying to find how well these students, who were in the habit of using their minds, could answer questions which no one could anticipate and how much a company of young people under favorable conditions can be inspired with absorbing interest in the study of the Bible. In addition to this work done in the Sunday school, we had regular courses in Bible study as part of our curriculum.

INQUIRIES WHETHER I WOULD ACCEPT THE PRESIDENCY OF OTHER SCHOOLS.

As the success of the school became assured, various inquiries were made from time to time whether I would accept the presidency of other schools.

I have a letter from Dr. J. E. Evans, trustee of the Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Georgia, dated July 10, 1883, inquiring whether I could be had for the presidency of the Wesleyan, if elected. The same inquiry was made nearly twenty years later.

From Judge H. D. Clayton, then a trustee of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Auburn, I received a com-

munication April 2, 1884, in which he inquired whether I would accept the presidency of the college, if elected.

Colonel A. C. Hargrove, of Tuscaloosa, wrote me May 28, 1890, asking if I would accept the presidency of the University of Alabama, if elected. The same inquiry was made by some of the trustees on two other occasions.

A letter from Dr. J. M. Mason, trustee of the Southern University, dated January 21, 1899, inquired whether I would accept the presidency of the Southern University, if elected. The same question was asked by other trustees.

In June, 1899, I was elected to the presidency of the Girls' Industrial School, at Montevallo, notwithstanding that I had notified two members of the board that I did not see how I could accept under the circumstances.

Some of my friends thought that I acted unwisely in not consenting to leave Tuskegee, as all these places were more prominent than the one I held; but I have no regrets for having acted as I did. I had as many pupils as I could accommodate, pupils from the best people of the whole country. The Board of Trustees put no restrictions upon me. I had the most free and independent position in the State. I did not believe that I could do any better in the way of public service than by contributing to the important work of making good women; and now, in looking over the past, I do not believe that I would have done better in any one of these places, if I had been elected.

COLONEL D. S. TROY'S OPINION.

In a conversation with Colonel D. S. Troy sometime before his death he said: "Adjutant, I believe it was a good thing that you did not go into law, as you once thought of doing. I have no doubt that you would have made more money in the practice of law, but you have made enough to keep the wolf from your door. If you had gone into law, you would have had to deal with the most unfavorable classes of people to exercise any good influence over. In your present position you have had the purest and most impressible part of human

nature to cultivate. You have had girls from the best people of this country as the medium through which you are projecting your influence upon the world. You are to be congratulated upon your work." So spoke a candid friend whom I had known under the most trying circumstances and whose house was always open to me. Though we differed widely in many things, we were warm friends to the day of his death.

FINE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

It was said by a good many intelligent people that we had one of the finest music schools south of Cincinnati. On it I spent money freely in order to have the best. Through Professor Theodore Bohlmann, who had taught Miss Eva Slaton, one of the most successful music teachers I ever had, I got in communication with Professor Karl Klindworth, of Berlin, who was very obliging and very trustworthy in recommending teachers. Through him I employed several fine musicians, who are now occupying prominent places in this country.

In maintaining a first-class music department I found that I had to counteract some tendencies that were hurtful to the work of the broadest and best education. Fine music attracts attention and excites a desire to study it for display. I found that the majority of the girls imagined they wanted to study music. If they did not, their mothers generally wished it. I found that too many proposed to drop everything else and devote all their time to music. So general did this fashion become that I had to decline to take such students unless they would agree to carry a reasonable amount of work in the regular literary course. Adherence to this decision sometimes caused me to lose patronage. Not unfrequently pupils wanted to study music who had no talent for it and who ought not to have wasted time and money on it. After a fair trial in such cases, my plan was to try to direct them to something else that they could do successfully. In this effort I sometimes succeeded; sometimes I lost scholars. I found that the best musicians I ever turned out were students who carried a full literary course, often including the languages. This convinced me

that æsthetic culture reaches its highest degree in connection with general culture.

As I am now out of the business and cannot be suspected of a selfish motive in making the statement, I will say that I believe the A-grade women's colleges should provide for the best musical instruction, have a high grade of work done, and give it full value in the requirements of graduation instead of discouraging work in this department. Music properly studied has as great educational value as some other subjects in the curriculum.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Conditions That Favored My Work—Loyalty and Coöperation of My Teachers—Professors of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute—Major W. W. Screws—Chautauqua, New York—Changed Conditions—Woman's College of Alabama—Booker Washington—Trials and Their Issue—On Entering My Eighty-Second Year—Our Home.

I FOUND a belief prevalent in the public mind which was expressed by a young man who said that he would like to be the president of a girls' college. When asked why, he said: "It is a gold mine." Some men may have made more out of such schools than was good for the pupils or promotive of the cause of education; but the truth is, not every man that tried it found a "gold mine" in this field. I can count on the fingers of one hand all the teachers I have ever known who made more than a decent living out of girls' schools, or any other sort of schools for that matter.

It is true that I made a little more than a living in the thirty-three years I was in charge of the college, but I take no credit to myself for good financiering. My success was due to a combination of good providences and propitious circumstances. I had the place a long time, longer, I believe, than any other man ever held the same position in this State except Dr. William S. Wyman. The adage of the "rolling stone," which applies to so many teachers, did not apply to me. Most of the time I was able to do some of the heavy work myself. I had the greatest possible assistance in the good judgment, indomitable energy, and economical management of my wife. Without her assistance I never could have accomplished what I did. I passed through a period of more than twenty years of the lowest cost of living I have ever known. I had a good patronage from a class of people who were nearly always prompt in paying their bills. While I was in great danger of fire, I never had a destructive fire. Though we had nearly every kind of epidemic that passed through the country, we were never seriously interrupted on that account,

except once for two weeks on account of smallpox, when I sent the girls home as a precautionary measure. This was on the 9th day of March, when one-third of the school year remained to be completed. What the outcome might be, I did not know. If there should be any further development of the disease, I knew that we would have to close the college for the remainder of the year. Two questions came up for my answers: (1) Shall I refund the money to my patrons for the unexpired term? Of this I had no doubt. (2) Shall I pay my teachers their salaries for the entire year? This was not so easy to decide. They were subject to calamity like myself and with some reason might be required to share the loss with me, but they could not get work elsewhere for the remainder of the year and needed their salaries. I endeavored to decide the questions according to the Golden Rule. I resolved to pay them their full salaries for the year. I had the consciousness of having obtained my consent to hold moral obligation above financial considerations.

After thoroughly disinfecting the buildings and having no further development of smallpox, at the end of two weeks I recalled the girls. They all returned except seven. No one believed that they would return; and they would not have done so unless they and their parents had believed my statements. This they would not have done unless I had been willing to act in a way that God could approve by his help.

In addition to these favorable circumstances, I had the support of the Conference, the approval of the Board of Trustees, the friendly influence of the citizens of Tuskegee, and the loyalty of my old pupils and patrons generally. I deem it just and proper to make this public acknowledgment of God's good providence over me and my work during my connection with the college.

TEACHERS.

A number of excellent men and women had served in the faculty before my administration began. As I have given a brief history of the school, I include their names in the list below, as far as known. From the beginning of my adminis-

tration I sought the best-equipped talent to be found anywhere. Some of my assistants came from such institutions as the following: Southern University, Emory College, Wellesley College, Boston University, Vanderbilt University, Johns Hopkins University, University of Berlin, University of Chicago, Goucher College, and Randolph-Macon College. I was fortunate in having, almost without exception, the loyal coöperation of my teachers. It may be interesting to preserve the names of these excellent people who helped to make the college a success:

Rev. M. S. Andrews, D.D., Rev. J. W. Rush, D.D., Professor E. R. Dickson, A.M., LL.D., Professor John Darby, A.M., Professor W. H. C. Price, A.M., Professor Anderson, Professor Funk, Professor Corbin, Colonel John A. Jones, A.M., Miss Julia Spear, Miss Susan B. Lipscomb, Mrs. H. D. Moore, Miss Mollie St. Clair, Mrs. E. H. Stuart, Miss Kate Edmonds, Miss Clara Stafford, Mrs. E. F. Massey, Miss Mary A. Barker, Miss Emma Watkins, Miss Mary H. Rush, Miss Anna Vasser, Miss Mary Alice Caller, Miss Mattie B. Porter, Professor Erwin Schneider, Miss Nita Smith, Professor C. L. Doll, Mrs. C. L. Doll, Miss Leila Griggs, Professor L. F. Whitaker, Miss Mary Belle Dallas, Professor J. B. Grass, Miss Annie G. Carson, Miss Lizzie A. Hills, Miss Minnie Gardner, Miss Mary P. Newton, Miss Nettie Florence Griggs, Miss Ella R. Smilie, Miss Eva Slaton, Miss Lelia L. Wheeler, Miss Gussie Brewer, Miss Sarah M. Birdsall, Professor Edwin L. Gardiner, Miss Mary M. Smith, Professor Kurt Mueller, Mrs. Clara Mueller, Miss Gertrude Graham, Miss Grace Lee Brown, Miss Penelope McDuffie, A.B., of Vanderbilt, Miss Florence E. Loup, A.B., of Wellesley, Professor R. E. Brooks, A.B., of Emory, Miss Adeline M. Tirrell, A.B., of Boston University, Mr. L. V. Massey, A.B., of Southern University, Miss Theodora Morgan, Miss Minna Grote, A.B., of Southern University, Miss Emily Robinson, Miss Estelle R. Delano, Professor Grantland Murray, A.B., of Emory and Johns Hopkins, Miss Louise P. Bang, A.B., of Vanderbilt, Miss Roberta Du Bose, A.B., of Vanderbilt, Miss Esther Crawford, Miss B. McAr-

thur, Miss Reba Stuart, A.B., of Randolph-Macon, Miss Martha McAdory, A.B., of Randolph-Macon, Professor Johannes Magendenz, University of Berlin, Miss Nelson Hackett, Miss Stella Chapman, Professor Leon Sampaix, Miss Mabelle Massey, Miss S. C. Mayes, A.B., of Randolph-Macon, Miss Jane Gibbs, Miss Olive Dhu Owen, Miss Isabel Wooldridge, A.B., of Goucher College, Miss Mary Ebaugh, A.B., of Goucher College, and Miss Florence Trumbull, of the University of Chicago.

PROFESSORS OF THE ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

For nearly a quarter of a century I was greatly assisted in my work by the professors of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, at Auburn, twenty miles from Tuskegee. Drs. William Leroy Broun, O. D. Smith, N. T. Lupton, P. H. Mell, C. C. Thach, George Petrie, B. B. Ross, C. A. Ross, C. A. Carey, and others delivered courses of lectures on mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, hygiene, history, and literature. These lectures were illuminating and inspiring and added much toward the success of our work.

For many years I engaged the best platform and musical talent to be had from the lecture bureaus and musical conservatories. The expenses incurred I paid largely out of the income of the school, as a reasonable fee from the students and the door fees from the public were not sufficient to meet the expenses of the best attractions. These performances gave to the pupils of the school the opportunity of hearing some of the best things that passed through the country, and the record of the work done in the college from 1876 to 1909 would not be complete without this statement.

MAJOR W. W. SCREWS.

In my early years in the college I was greatly assisted by the complimentary editorials in the *Montgomery Advertiser* written by Major W. W. Screws and Mr. George P. Keyes, two of my comrades in the war. When the president of a prominent college complained that the paper more warmly in-

dorsed Massey than it did him, the answer of Major Screws was: "I knew Massey in the army."

When I went out of the college in 1909, Major Screws wrote an editorial from which the following paragraphs are taken:

When Dr. Massey retired from the Alabama Conference Female College, one of the most remarkable careers and one of the most useful in the whole history of Alabama closed. Dr. Massey lived away from the strife of politics and, therefore, away from the light of publicity. But it is meet that his splendid life and achievements should receive acknowledgment. It is due him, it is due the Church which his life has honored, it is due the cause of education which his labor has uplifted that tribute should be paid him and his remarkable work.

Those who know him as the gentle educator can hardly reconcile their ideal of him with that of the men who knew him as a gallant soldier. It is all the more to his honor that this educator of deep piety should be recalled as the dashing adjutant who bore himself well on every field of battle.

The daring are the tender, it is said; and it is not incongruous that a dashing Confederate soldier should become the lovable and able president of a school for girls and should in this rôle achieve greater success than he did as a soldier.

As an educator of young women his career has been without a parallel in this State, not only in its length of activity, covering thirty-three years, an entire generation, but in its influence and impress upon the many hundreds of his students and through them upon his Church and his people.

However exaggerated these statements may seem, they are the expressions of a sincere friend. It is meet that I should make some reference to him in my reminiscences.

William Wallace Screws was born February 25, 1839, in Barbour County, Alabama, and was educated in Glennville High School under such men as General Alpheus Barker and Dr. Allen S. Andrews.

We first met in 1862, when I was the adjutant of the First Battalion of Hilliard's Legion and he was a member of Company A. In those times that tried men's souls I was glad to count in my circle of friends this bright, clean young man. I wish now to pay him this tribute, that through all the obliterating influences of fifty-one years his generous spirit and his manly character have retained for him an honored place in my circle of friends.

As a soldier he had the consecration and the courage to place his life upon the altar of his country. As a patriot he fought for the rights of his people in the dark days when it was neither popular nor safe to do so. As a public-spirited citizen he was foremost in every good cause. As an editor he ranked among the ablest in the State. This brave, strong, public-spirited citizen has won a secure place in the history of Alabama; but it was in private life that he shone in the loveliest colors. I learned from mutual friends that he did more unheralded deeds of charity, visited more bereaved homes, attended more funerals, and spoke more cheering words to the disconsolate than any other layman in Montgomery. When W. W. Screws passed away on the night of August 7, 1913, the lamentation of the prophet was realized: "How the strong staff is broken, and the beautiful rod!"

CHAUTAUQUA AND EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Among the private individuals and the public institutions that have modified and ameliorated my life, I should not fail to mention the Chautauqua Institution. The Chautauqua idea sprang from the brain of a man who first saw the light under the genial skies of Alabama. His parents, of sturdy Huguenot stock, came to Tuscaloosa in the early settlement of the State. On February 23, 1832, there was born to them a son who was destined to exercise a large influence on the civilization of the world. After living some years in their Southern home, the family returned to Pennsylvania, whence they came. Southern in his birth and Northern in his education and residence, this distinguished son of both sections of our country is universal in his sympathies and has done as much as any man I have known in obliterating the bitterness between the North and the South. If I ever saw a man whose name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, "leads all the rest" in love to his fellow men, that man is John Heyl Vincent. He is always planning for the welfare of the human race. Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, one of his associates in the Chautauqua movement, said: "Bishop Vincent can think of more things before six o'clock in the morning

than we can do all day." In his plans for the spread of useful knowledge he was the forerunner of the University Extension Movement, which is doing much for the popularization of learning that used to be confined to the universities.

I have never known any man who manifested more concern for the cultivation of deep personal piety, for the right kind of family government, and for the proper training of children than Bishop Vincent. Upon these essential things he believes the stability of our civilization depends. His name will be remembered and honored when the names of many captains of industry shall have been forgotten.

I first visited Chautauqua in the summer of 1884. I made several short visits after this and would have gone every year but for my detention in Alabama in the interest of the college. From 1892 till the year of her death, in 1912, my wife, unless hindered by sickness, paid a yearly visit to Chautauqua. It was to her a Mecca of inspiration. During the eight years from 1905 to 1912 I spent from six to seven weeks in the assembly. Here I heard many of the finest preachers and lecturers in the English-speaking world. From them I received great mental and spiritual profit. The benefits I received were not, however, confined to the public platform. I found it a liberalizing thing to mingle with cultivated people from all sections of our country. Such association does away with some of our provincialism without diminishing our interest in local affairs. Such intercourse dulls the edge of some of our sharp prejudices without deadening our zeal for the duties that lie nearest to us. Such interchange of civility clarifies our vision, quickens our interest in people beyond our circle, and enables us to fasten our spiritual tendrils on the universal good that comes from our coöperation in God's government of the world.

Lawyers have their bar associations; physicians have their medical associations; scientists have their special associations for comparing notes and cultivating good fellowship. Every teacher should belong to some educational association. Since 1881 I have been a member of the National Educational Association and part of the time of the Southern and Alabama

Associations. I have made it a rule to attend their sessions whenever possible. The volumes of their proceedings have always been sent to me. Through these agencies I have been greatly benefited as a teacher. I have been able to keep abreast with the trend of educational thought in its various phases as it has developed from decade to decade. My views have been enlarged. New methods have often been suggested. Interest in my work has been stimulated. I was made more fully conscious that I belong to a great company of workers all striving toward the same noble end. It is an inspiration to feel that we are not alone in our work, in whatever field it may fall. Coöperation is God's order of the world's work. "Bushwhackers" never achieve any great victories nor gain any lasting fame. The reasons assigned in the preceding paragraph for cordial coöperation apply with emphasis in the case of professional teachers.

CHANGED CONDITIONS.

During the last years of my administration I began to see that the college would have to be moved from Tuskegee if it was to be maintained as an educational plant adequate to the demand of the times. Great changes had occurred since the Tuskegee Female College was founded, in 1854. Then there were no centers of population north of Mobile much larger than Tuskegee. Then the population of the State consisted mainly of country people who lived on their plantations. Beyond the boats on the rivers, their means of travel were horses, buggies, carriages, and spring wagons. It was considered a small matter to go a hundred miles through the country to take a boy or girl to school. The war completely changed the status of plantation life. Railroads brought about new and rapid modes of travel, built up new centers of population, and concentrated business in points favorable to trade. The whole commercial condition of the State had undergone a marvelous transformation; and the educational conditions had also changed, if possible, more than the material. Now, in the second decade of the twentieth century, public schools are doing

the work of elementary education in every community. Town, city, and country high schools are doing much of the work that the college in Tuskegee formerly did. The time came when there was little left for the college to do below the field of collegiate education. This grade of work cannot be done without ample endowment, unless generously supported by the Church or by the State. No institution can stand against the changing currents of popular sentiment any more than a house can stand against the shifting currents of the Mississippi River. The old order had passed away.

The money and land could be secured for the foundation of an adequate plant in Montgomery, one of the railroad centers of the State. The only sensible thing to do was to close the old college in Tuskegee and transfer its influence to the new woman's college in Montgomery. This change of location was the inevitable result of changed conditions. No one was to blame for this change; and, furthermore, no one has been injured financially by the change.

The old college cost the Conference, as I have stated, about twenty thousand dollars. The endowment of the old college, which was turned over to the new college in 1909, was a little over sixteen thousand dollars. This, with the sum realized from the sale of the property, amounted to considerably more than the property cost the Conference, to say nothing of the five thousand dollars in cash, along with the furniture, apparatus, and pianos, which went as my donation from the old college to the new. The Conference had the use of the property in its own right for nearly forty years. During this time preachers' daughters were charged only half the usual rates. I made this deduction on account of the five thousand dollars of the Thompson Fund which had gone into the college.

The Tuskegee Female College cost the original trustees sixty-three thousand dollars. The people of Tuskegee were far from being financial losers by their donations to the college. It was in operation fifty-three years. A patronage of seventy-five girls from a distance, counting boarders in the college and in the town, is a conservative annual estimate. Consider the

money they brought to the college at only two hundred dollars apiece, which is less than they generally paid, and it will be seen that fifteen thousand dollars a year is a moderate estimate. Multiply this by fifty-three years, and it appears that nearly a million dollars came to the college during its life in Tuskegee. A large part of this was spent in the town, besides considerable sums spent by teachers and students not counted in this estimate.

The girls of the community were educated for a half century as well as it could have been done in any other school in the land at that time for about one-fifth of what it would have cost to send them off to college. These estimates take no account of the refining influence which an institution of learning always exerts on a community. Tuskegee never invested in anything that paid better dividends than the money it invested in the college.

So far as people at a distance who contributed to the college are concerned, they did not get their money back dollar for dollar; but if the college has exerted the beneficent influence on society at large which has generally been attributed to it, they have had their reward in this public benefaction.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF ALABAMA.

A word in regard to the Woman's College of Alabama. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Flowers had for several years before his death been thinking seriously of doing something worth while for the benefit of humanity. They had about fully determined to do this when he was called away from the world. This left Mrs. Flowers as the real promoter of the college. She and her children knew his generous intentions and stood ready to carry out his wishes. They proposed to give fifty thousand dollars for the founding of a woman's college in Montgomery upon the following conditions: That an approved site of ample grounds be donated, that the city of Montgomery give fifty thousand dollars, and that the two Alabama Conferences raise twenty-five thousand dollars each. These conditions were acceded to. Mr. J. G. Thomas gave fifty-eight

acres of land, and the city of Montgomery contributed fifty thousand dollars. Two handsome buildings have been erected, and the plant was (in 1913) estimated at two hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars.

The success of the business side of the enterprise has been largely due to the courage, energy, and tact of Dr. J. M. Dannelly, who was the financial agent from the beginning.

When the trustees were canvassing the subject of the presidency of the Woman's College, they offered the place to me. I appreciated this honorable offer, but felt it my duty to decline on account of advanced age and a firm belief that a young man could do the work better than one who had spent his energies on the past generation.

I consider it appropriate to make special mention of a teacher who was for years a student in the old college and who, after taking the degree of A.B. in Randolph-Macon Woman's College, was a most efficient teacher during the last two years of the old college and the first three years of the new, Miss Sallie C. Mayes, who enjoys the unique distinction of forming the vital connection between the two institutions. I am sure that the friends she made in both colleges will unite in felicitations upon her marriage to Mr. Albert S. Danner on June 25, 1913.

BOOKER WASHINGTON.

In my travels either North or South, when it becomes known that I live in Tuskegee, the question is sure to be asked: "What do you think of Booker Washington?" Almost every one is curious to look at this remarkable man through the eyes of a near neighbor. As I am giving reminiscences of people I have known, I will not avoid this question because there have been diversities of opinion in regard to the subject of it.

In the year 1880 Hon. W. F. Foster and Hon. Asa Brooks, respectively Representative and Senator from Macon County, had a bill passed through the Legislature of Alabama appropriating two thousand dollars annually for the maintenance of a normal school for the education of colored teachers. Four years later this appropriation was increased to three thousand.

George W. Campbell, Esq., an honored citizen and the only banker in Tuskegee at that time, Lewis Adams, a colored man, a shoemaker and tinner by trade, and Raymond Threat, a colored carpenter, were appointed trustees of the school. They wrote to General Armstrong, of Hampton, Virginia, requesting him to send a man to take charge of the school. General Armstrong recommended Booker Washington, a young man about twenty-three years of age. He came in the fall of 1881, took charge of the school, and conducted it in an old church till better quarters could be provided. To supplement the State appropriation, contributions were solicited, mainly from Northern people, who alone had the money to give. But money did not come in large sums for some years. The school was often hard pressed for means to meet its expenses during its early history and was sometimes carried through its impecunious periods by Mr. Campbell, who never lost faith in Washington while he was endeavoring to gain the confidence of Northern friends. When Mr. Collis P. Huntington was first approached for a donation, he gave two dollars. Years afterwards, when he saw what Washington was doing, Mr. Huntington gave fifty thousand dollars.

As soon as Washington could get the means he started a brickyard and a carpenter shop and began trying to inculcate ideas of industry and orderly conduct among the negroes, some of whom had been too long waiting for "forty acres and a mule from the government." Thinking that it would be a good thing to help the industrial feature of the school, I suggested to Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, who was then the agent of the Slater Fund, that I believed a donation would be worthily placed at this point. Dr. Haygood visited the school, was pleased with the work, and induced his board to make an annual contribution, which was continued for a number of years.

Some years ago a grant of twenty-five thousand acres of mineral land came to this school through an act of Congress, which donated the same number of acres to the Girls' Industrial School, at Montevallo. Thus out of the State appropriation as its first support and the old church as its first home, the

school has grown until it now has over one hundred public buildings, constituting a plant worth several millions, and an annual patronage of about sixteen hundred students.

How did Washington do this? In a conversation with an intelligent citizen about fifteen years ago we were discussing the growth of the Normal School. My friend was apprehensive that it would be a menace to the country when it got strong enough to show its real animus. I cited several facts showing the fine discipline of the school and the restraints which Washington preached and practiced. The gentleman replied: "Yes, he shows a tact and a self-control that are almost superhuman." Now, I do not believe that tact and self-control alone could ever have accomplished such results.

Some years ago Washington made a speech in Tuscaloosa. A gentleman who heard it said that he was at a loss to account for his influence over an audience; for, said he, "he is not an orator." The editor of the paper from which I read the account asked this question: "Wouldn't any man like to be able to exercise the influence which Washington has over an audience, whether of the most intelligent class or the ignorant and illiterate?"

While he may not have been considered an orator in the usual acceptance of that term, he had the power to state his thoughts in clear-cut, forcible language and to elucidate his meaning by apt illustrations and sprightly anecdotes—all pervaded by good humor and expressed by a voice, not particularly melodious, but of great carrying power. No doubt this faculty helped him in his work, but his oratory alone fails to account for his achievements. He could never by his eloquence, like George Whitefield, have induced Benjamin Franklin to empty his whole purse into the collector's dish. Something else besides his tact, his self-control, and his oratory is necessary to account for his success.

Now, with a full share of innate feeling against the amalgamation of the races, I have observed Washington and his work from the beginning. I have been, I think, ready enough to see any objectionable features that might crop out during this

extraordinary growth. I have also been striving to be a fair and open-minded man, seeking to do the right thing by every human being.

During the last fifteen years I heard Washington speak in Charleston, South Carolina, in New Orleans, Louisiana, and in the North, as well as here at home. All these speeches were characterized by the same sentiment expressed in his Charleston speech, in which he exhorted his own race to cherish friendly feelings toward the white people among whom they live. He said he thanked God that he had so far gotten the victory over all malevolent prejudices that he would not harbor in his breast unkind feelings toward any man. So far as I have been able to judge, his actions at home and abroad have been in accord with this sentiment. No provocation threw him off this line of pacific conduct. In the language of my friend: "His tact and his self-control have been almost superhuman." This course has awakened the idea of justice that slumbers in the human breast, has appealed to the generosity of the benevolent, disarmed the prejudices of the unsympathetic, and opened the way for a success which has been wrought out by most untiring and unselfish labor.

On a former page I have mentioned the estrangement of the races as the most deplorable result of the Reconstruction period. Since the two races are to live here side by side, some amicable plan must be found upon which we can live in peace. Animosity always magnifies and multiplies evils, which dissolve and melt away under the power of good will like dismal fogs before the rising sun. I do not know any man who has done so much to blot out estrangement between the races and bring in an era of good feeling as Booker Washington. Dr. Washington modestly wore the highest honorary title conferred by the universities of this country; but his unselfish work, his peaceable conduct, and his law-abiding example far surpasses any complimentary title that can be conferred.

Born in slavery in 1858, he lived in poverty during his childhood, worked in the coal mines in his boyhood, went to night schools, walked to Hampton Institute, graduated with dis-

inction, and taught Indians because they most needed help. He died on Sunday morning, November 14, 1915, at the age of fifty-seven, worn out with overwork. "He that loseth his life for my sake," said Christ, "shall find it." Washington has found his life in the success that crowned his labors, in the good example he has left behind him in the world, and in that larger life of the eternal years.

I have never known in this State any other man to go to his grave more honored than Dr. Washington. I believe that it is the patriotic and humane duty of all men to encourage the good work which he left as his monument.

TRIALS AND THEIR ISSUE.

In my boyhood I used to feel an apprehensiveness of danger which could hardly be reconciled with a high order of natural courage. I have been able to overcome this to some extent by appealing first to pride, then to reason, and later to a sense of duty and to confidence in God's care. I have thus been able to stand in the places which I have been called to fill without compromising my manhood, though not always without some dread of danger.

At intervals during the first part of my life I did not expect to reach the goal of threescore and ten years. This had a tendency to depress me. By cultivating temperate habits, by cherishing hopeful views of life, and by calling on the Lord to deliver my soul from death, I have reached more than fourscore years, profoundly thankful for the goodness and mercy that have followed me all the days of my life.

While I usually had the satisfaction of feeling that I was achieving a moderate degree of success, I was occasionally made to realize that any one who resolutely performs all his duties may expect to find a band of "blue" in his life's spectrum. The colors will not always blend in pure white light to shine on his path. While trying to make the most out of children who did not always want to make the most of themselves, I sometimes caused misunderstandings and called forth

angry criticisms from patrons who desired their children to have exceptional privileges. In some instances these censures were so unreasonable and unjust that my blood boiled to answer in the same acrimonious tone. On several of these occasions my wife came to my aid and advised me to be patient and to take time to cool off till, with her assistance, I could state the case in a calm and respectful manner. By thus conquering my anger and getting all bitterness out of my heart I was nearly always able to reconcile my patrons and to retain their good will and this, too, without any sacrifice of my self-respect. But such a course required the crucifixion of my natural impulse to passionate resentment.

Several times while I was running the college my wife was desperately ill and had to be sent away for treatment and recuperation. In addition to my solicitude for her recovery, I always felt keenly the lack of her wise counsel and courageous spirit, especially as I could not tell in her absence what evil influences might be brooding among our crowd of inexperienced girls susceptible to temptations which, like the old serpent, were always lying in wait for opportunities to enter. At such times the impatient desire stirred within me to get out of the fiery furnace of trial. While I was in one of these seasons of temptation I saw a countryman riding along the street whistling and apparently so care-free and contented that I longed for a quiet little farm out in the country, far from the consuming responsibility of taking care of the health, the good name, and the moral character of a throng of careless young people. It required all my resources of reason and constant recourse to prayer to enable me to stand firm in those periods of tribulation. Through all the succeeding years my heart has been singing a grateful pæan that I was able to stand, but conscious that, like one on a dizzy height, I might have fallen. With Robert Louis Stevenson, I have felt some of the triumph of victory and some of the solemnity at the narrow escape from failure.

IF THIS WERE FAITH.

"If to feel in the ink of the slough
 And the sink of the mire
 Veins of glory and fire
 Run through and transpire and transpire,
 And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
 And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
 To thrill with the glory of girded men,
 To go on forever, and fail, and go on again,
 And be mauled to the earth and arise,
 And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen with
 the eyes;
 With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
 That somehow the right is the right,
 And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
 Lord, if that were enough!"

Or, viewing it from a purely religious standpoint, we may put it in the language of St. Paul: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed: because the love of God [that is, God's love to us] is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

ON ENTERING MY EIGHTY-SECOND YEAR.

On this the 16th day of December, 1915, I am entering upon the eighty-second year of my pilgrimage. I look back upon my life barren of any results that can be seen. I have planned no business enterprises. I have made no useful discoveries in science. I have founded no institutions of learning. I have failed to see the realization of a well-coördinated plan for the educational work of Alabama Methodism, such a plan of united action as would, I sincerely believe, be most promotive of the kingdom of God within our borders. Whatever may have been the results of my endeavors to lead the young into the just fear of God, whatever may have been the result of my endeavors to keep the work of education thoroughly Christian, whatever may be the outcome of my efforts to secure

united action in the future, I am thankful for every effort I have put forth toward these ends that lie in the realm of spirit where character is formed. I am thankful that I have had some desire to aid in the proper cultivation of the invisible spiritual capacities of my fellow human beings who have in Christ the birthright to mature in righteous character and shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of God.

I am impressed, however, with the solemn reflection that my work might have been more fruitful if I had made more prayerful efforts to live in an atmosphere of pure universal love. But, in view of my shortcomings, I am saying with the Psalmist: "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." "He only is my rock and my salvation." Jesus, the crucified Saviour, the risen Lord, the imperial Christ, commands my adoration. All my trust is stayed on him. Toplady's expressive hymn finds an echo in my spirit:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee."

OUR HOME.

From the time I left my boyhood home in January, 1854, except for two years in the war and a short while in Summerfield, I had always lived in the buildings of schools and col-

leges. On retiring from the college in 1909 it was a question with my wife and myself where we should build a home of our own.

As the best evidence of our high regard for the people of Tuskegee, let it be remembered that we decided to spend our last days among those with whom we had lived the larger part of our lives and with whose dead we wished to be buried. We bought a lot nearly opposite the old college site, built a modest home in the midst of graceful shrubbery and lovely trees, the growth of half a century. She furnished the house to suit her own taste, planted green lawns, fruit trees, and fragrant flowers, till the place grew restful in its attractions. But her soul was too great to find rest in any pleasures the world can give. Beyond earth's charms she had caught a vision of blessedness which her heart yearned to reveal to those whose lives had been blighted by sin and suffering. Her feelings were drawn out not only toward the sick, the destitute, and the distressed around her, but her thoughts flew to the ends of the earth on wings of strong desire to send the evangel of hope wherever sin and sorrow are found. Care for the erring, compassion for the fallen, and love for the lost found a responsive echo in her sympathetic spirit. For the relief of human woe she drew on every resource at her command, whether of mind, body, or estate. Thus she lived for three years in the home which her own hands had beautified till, October 21, 1912, she entered the ministries of the life eternal, which to her meant, as it meant to Bishop Marvin, a state of continued activity, with the limitations of earth removed. The lines of Richard Watson Gilder, written on the death of Alice Freeman Palmer, may fitly close this paragraph:

"When fell to-day the word that she had gone,
Not this my thought: Here a bright journey ends;
Here rests a soul unresting; here, at last,
Here ends that earnest strength, that generous life—
For all her life was giving. Rather this
I said (after the first swift, sorrowing pang):
Radiant with love and love's unending power,
Hence on a new quest starts an eager spirit;

No dread, no doubt, unhesitating forth
With asking eyes; pure as the bodiless souls
Whom poets vision near the central throne
Angelically ministrant to man.
So fares she forth with smiling, Godward face;
Nor should we grieve, but give eternal thanks—
Save that we mortal are and needs must mourn."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Memoriam: Mrs. E. F. Massey.

THREE memorial services were held in memory of Mrs. Massey. The first was held at the Woman's College, in Montgomery, on the Sunday following her death. Later two services were held in Tuskegee, one by the resident alumnae, who had known and loved her from childhood, and the other, which forms the subject matter of this chapter, by the women who had been fellow workers in the upbuilding of the Woman's Home Mission Society and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in his heaven."

Elnora Frances Dallas Massey was born in Tishabee, Greene County, Alabama, on November 6, 1852. The first seven years of her life were spent in the country on her mother's plantation. Her father died in her early childhood, leaving a large family of children. The mother gave up the plantation and moved to Summerfield, where there were good schools for both boys and girls. Some of the older children married and moved to Texas. After a few years the mother decided to follow them. "Nonie," as Mrs. Massey was always called, was then about fourteen years old. She was given the choice of going to Texas or remaining in Summerfield to finish her education. It was a great struggle for her to decide between being separated from her family and giving up her only chance of an education. Her niece tells of finding her alone praying for guidance. Her final choice was to remain in Summerfield with her sister, Mrs. Canning.

One marked characteristic of her whole life was her great eagerness for knowledge. She was a most earnest student as long as she lived. Even after the condition of her eyes and

(324)

health made reading a great burden, she continued her efforts to gain useful knowledge.

She graduated in Summerfield under President W. J. Vaughn, for whom she always had great love and reverence. She was married on July 9, 1873, to John Massey, who had two sons and one daughter by his former wife. The oldest son died one year after his second marriage. The other two children still live. To these children Mrs. Massey was a loving and faithful mother throughout her life.

After their marriage they lived one year in Summerfield, two in Mobile, and then went to Tuskegee to take charge of the Alabama Conference Female College, where they remained thirty-three years. These early years were full of cares and the hardest kind of work. Mrs. Massey gave herself as a mother to every girl who entered the school. As the years passed and her cares and labors were somewhat relieved, she began to take an active part in all the good work of the town.

Ten years before leaving the college her health gave way completely, and it became necessary for her to be relieved of all onerous household duties. As soon as she began to regain some degree of strength she took up her Church and charitable work with renewed zeal, which never abated as long as she lived.

The last three years of her life were spent in her own comfortable home, where every want was supplied and her days could have passed in ease and rest. But for her there was no rest while sin and sickness and suffering remained in the world. Up to the very end, along with her own increasing burden of failing health, she bore on her heart the burdens of the whole world. At last came the call: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." She obeyed the call and has gone to "the rest that remains to the people of God."

MEMORIAL MEETING.

On November 4, 1912, the Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Societies met in the ladies' parlor of the Methodist church and held a memorial meeting in honor of Mrs. Massey,

whose zeal for the cause of missions exerted an incalculable influence for the uplift of the organizations of which she was the ruling spirit. The meeting was presided over by Rev. J. A. Thompson. The following tributes were feelingly given:

BY DR. J. A. THOMPSON.

If I were to speak of the life of Mrs. Massey just as she lived among us to an audience that had not known her, I should be charged with the use of extravagant language, so strenuous, so efficient, so beautiful was her life.

Possessing more than ordinary natural endowment, she was a student all of her life, availing herself of every opportunity which was within her reach. She kept abreast with the advancing column of progress.

She found a broad field of activity by her intimate relation with the Alabama Conference Female College, which for a third of a century stood for the most thorough education available at the time.

The large family of girls annually assembled within its consecrated halls came under her skillful formative hand. The excellence of her work is evidenced in the character of the alumnae who adorn the various walks of life.

She possessed a constant and burning enthusiasm for missions. Her labors for this cause were unceasing. She brought to it a thorough preparation. Her comprehension of the cause was conspicuous. I have thought that she was the best informed on missions, man or woman, I have ever known. That knowledge was not confined to the Woman's Department, but embraced the whole cause. She gave to it her time, her talent, her toil, and her means cheerfully and without stint.

As a member of the Church she was all that could be reasonably expected. She was present at all the services, an attentive, devout worshiper. A friend to the pastor, her presence and words gave encouragement when she was herself laboring under burdens of crushing weight.

Mrs. Massey exalted and illumined every station in life which she was called to fill. She was, indeed, the complement of the strong man with whom she was so intimately associated in the arduous work of the college. No one so fully appreciated her worth. I was in his study at the time of her departure. He said: "I consider it a great honor to have been the husband of such a woman." She did not hear. She did not know. But this is her greatest eulogy.

She was a woman of large sympathy for all the distressed conditions of humanity. She did what she could to alleviate suffering. She was Mother Bountiful to the poor. No one was permitted to hunger if within her reach. She visited the sick; she clothed the naked; she mourned with the mourners. For these she broke the vessel containing the precious ointment and anointed our Lord for his burial. As peacemaker she sought to reconcile differences and prevent the infelicities that spring up in social life.

Those who knew her best and were familiar with her condition were astonished at what she did. Many times the remark has been made to me: "Mrs. Massey was much of the time engaged in active work when she should have been at home in her room." Such was her zeal, such her love for the Master's work.

Perhaps the most pronounced trait in her character was her absolute "self-effacement." Nothing could induce her to come out into the public eye.

The death of Mrs. Massey is a great loss to this community. We perhaps shall not see her like again. A life so noble, so unselfish, so efficient, so productive is not seen many times in a generation.

God grant that your society may indicate your love for this grand woman by renewed zeal and efficiency in the things so near her heart and to which she gave her life!

BY MRS. L. W. JOHNSTON.

Death has again entered our ranks and claimed one of our most beloved and valuable members. What sad reflections crowd upon us when we contemplate how great a loss we have sustained, not only as individuals, but as societies! We have gathered here this afternoon to offer the tribute of love and esteem to the memory of one who was endeared to many of us by the ties of friendship and to all by the magnanimity of her nature. Her death is a great grief to the Church, the societies, the community, and to her friends and to loved ones an irreparable loss. The dearest memory to us who have felt the pressure of her hand and seen the sunlight on her face is the abiding vision of the woman herself, as she lived a pure, noble, unselfish, and useful life. We cannot tell what things may be given her to do; but we are sure that her higher life in that glorious world will be one of activity, of ministry to others, perhaps to us in ways we cannot understand.

Words fail me to express how heavy the blow. May her beautiful example of Christlike faith live with us forever, calling us to higher and more glorious things!

BY MISS ISSIE STEVENS.

The memory of a beautiful life is a benediction. Such was the life and such is the memory of Mrs. E. F. Massey, whose going away so recently has left a vacancy in our hearts and ranks, a vacancy that cannot be filled. With a bright and cultured mind there was blended a sweet Christian character which gave her an influence that brightened and inspired the lives of those who knew her. Hers was a large and generous personality; great because as a little child she walked with God in humility, seeking not the fame of this world, but striving to uplift fallen and suffering humanity in every way possible. This sweet and godly life will make the world more beautiful for many years to come. Let us who live carry forward her works of love and mercy.

BY MRS. ERIN I. HOWARD.

As I attempt to write a memorial of Mrs. Massey a picture rises before me so full of wonderful strength and tenderness that I scarcely know how to blend the colors of a written page into a description of her life. The conspicuous elements of her character were love of truth, simplicity, tenderness, and justice. Those qualities that dominated her Christian life were activity in service, cheerful submission in suffering, patience, and forgiveness under wrong. Her friendship was the same in quality to the servant who did her bidding, the neighbor in poverty and distress, as to the cherished friend in equal station. Verily she moved among us as "one who delighted to do good," spending herself for the sake of others, letting no opportunity pass through which she might lead a soul to Christ.

Her love for souls did not stop with those with whom she came in daily contact. She considered herself a debtor to the Christless world. She loved the God-appointed work of missions with a consuming passion. When the work grew, she glorified in its prosperity; if it languished, she agonized over it, always watching it with a love stronger than life. To this cause she gave her service, her means, her talents. Such lives do not end. The "mortal having put on immortality," she is still a fellow worker with her Lord and so with us in the interest of his kingdom. Let us look forward to the coming of the morn when "those angel faces smile which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

BY MRS. D. E. LASLIE.

It is with an effort that I attempt to pay an humble tribute to our beloved friend and leader. In the first place, all that her friendship meant to me can never be put into words. In the second place, her life of unselfish devotion to the Master's cause speaks so eloquently for itself that there is nothing left to be said.

I have sat at her feet, physically and spiritually, since the days of my earliest childhood, and the love I felt for her then has only grown deeper and purer as my maturer judgment has enabled me to see and appreciate the manifold beauties of her character. No eulogy I may pronounce can add to the luster which surrounds her name. Who of us that have felt the influence of her dominant personality, have listened to her loving counsel, or known her gentle ministrations in sickness or sorrow could ever forget it? Her clear insight into the spiritual world, her unwavering faith in God made her presence a benediction in the home where trouble or grief had entered. There is hardly a family in town that does not recall a time when she brought comfort and strength in their hour of need.

With an uncompromising attitude toward sin she combined a compassionate pity toward the sinner. More than one whose feet had strayed have felt her firm hand lift them from the depths of despair. None ever sank too low for her to cease to believe that the divine spark still lived and that there was a chance for reclamation.

The scope of her charitable activities was so great, her self-forgetfulness so absolute, as to constitute a great tax on her failing strength. We have all seen her on errands of mercy or lending the inspiration of her presence to these meetings when her physical condition did not warrant her being out of bed.

Her tomb was built of bricks from the dear old college in which she had spent thirty-three years. It seemed to me a beautiful thing that the walls which had so long been her home should shelter all that was earthly of her to the end of time.

Dr. Grogan, of Montgomery, in the memorial held there, extracted from this fact a thought worthy to be remembered. He said that, while all that was mortal of her was inclosed in the old college bricks, her soul, her high ideals, infused into the hearts and characters of so many of the women of Alabama, would live on and on into eternity.

I cannot close without a word about our beloved Dr. Massey. His devotion to her is too well known for comment. She was the lodestar of his life, and yet the simple dignity and grandeur with which he has met this overwhelming grief transcends anything I can say. It can only be described by Goldsmith's beautiful simile:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

We have lost a friend, one whose place in our hearts and lives cannot be filled; but may her death only help us to realize as never before that

"The tomb is not an endless night:
It is a thoroughfare, a way,
That closes in a soft twilight
And opens in eternal day!"

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas our Heavenly Father in his inscrutable wisdom has removed from earth in the prime of her consecrated usefulness Mrs. Elnora Frances Massey; and whereas for more than thirty years she stood at the forefront of the influences that have tended to righteousness; and whereas in her latter years, when she was relieved of the heavy burdens of college life, she became a leader among women and by her engaging personality and spiritual strength infused much of the enthusiasm she felt in the cause of missions into the society of which she became the ruling spirit and honored President; therefore be it

Resolved, That in her death our society has sustained an irreparable loss, but a loss which is her gain, in her translation from earthly pain to the joys of Paradise.

Resolved, That, inspired with the memory of her beautiful life, we will

pray that its influence may go on and find its outcome in lives of greater efficiency and consecration.

Resolved, That we tender our deepest sympathy to her loved ones, who in their daily walk will sadly miss her genial companionship.

Resolved, further, That copies of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our society and be sent to the bereaved household and to the *Alabama Christian Advocate*.

By order of the President.

MRS. C. H. COBB,
MRS. S. L. BREWER,
Committee.

